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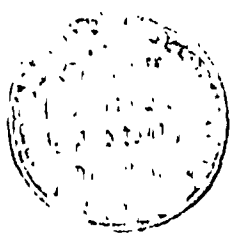
Brathwaite's
Natures Embassie.

Natures Embaſſie

Divine and Morall Satyres: Shepheards Tales, both parts: Omphale: Odes, or Philomels Tears, &c.

BY

R. BRATHWAITE.



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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

RICHARD BRATHWAITE,

Author of "Natures Embassie."

F the Life and Works of RICHARD BRATHWAITE, the author of the present volume, all that it is now desirable or possible to know has been told by Haslewood* with such copiousness of detail, that the writer of any new memoir has rather to sift and winnow what has already been gathered and gleaned, than to glean anything new of his own.

Richard Brathwaite, the great-grandfather of our author, lived at and was owner of Ambleside, in the barony of Kendal, in Westmoreland. His grandson, Thomas Brathwaite, the father of the poet, purchased of John Warcop, after a family possession of more than

* *Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal; by Richard Brathwait, A.M. With a life of the Author, a Bibliographical Introduction to the Itinerary, and a Catalogue of his Works. Edited from the first Edition,* by Joseph Haslewood. Lond. 1820 (only 125 copies printed).

three centuries, the manor of Warcop near Appleby, and resided there probably until the death of his own father, Robert Brathwaite, when he became possessed of the paternal estate of Burneshead. He married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Bindloss, of Haulston, Westmoreland. Of this marriage our poet, RICHARD BRATHWAITE, was the fourth child and the second son.* He is supposed to have been born about the year 1588, at his father's seat of Burneshead, above-named, in the parish of Kendal. In two or three copies of verses addressed to the Alderman, to the Cottoneers, and to the Worshipful Recorder of Kendal,† he alludes to the latter place as the locality of his birth. He may therefore be considered as

* Fuller particulars of the names, order of birth, and marriages of the poet's elder brother and five sisters are subjoined for those who are interested in them :—

1. Agnes, who married Sir Thomas Lamplew, of Downby, Cambridgeshire.
2. Thomas (afterwards knighted), married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dalston, of Dalston, Cumberland.
3. Alice, married Thomas Barton, of Whenby, Yorkshire.
4. Richard, the poet.
5. Dorothy, married Francis Salkeld, of Whitehall, Esquire.
6. Mary, married John Brisco, of Crofton, Esq.
7. Anne, married Alan Askoughe, of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Brathwaite's *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619, was inscribed "to his five equally affectionate Sisters, all vertuous content."

† *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, pp. 173-210. These pieces contain some very curious local allusions.

one of the worthies of Westmoreland, and the father of the Lake Poets of that country, though he had little else but the accident of his dwelling-place in common with the three or four distinguished writers who two centuries later were destined to bear that designation.

In 1604, at the age of sixteen, Wood states that BRATHWAITE became a gentleman-commoner of Oriel College, Oxford. Having graduated here, and been very successful in a college exercise, he was desirous of accepting the encouragement and preferment that seemed to open out to him, and to continue peacefully in those hallowed cloisters the study of literature and poetry. His parents, however, desired him to pursue the profession of the Law,* and after a short stay at the sister University of Cambridge, where his tutor was Lancelot Andrews, afterwards bishop of Winchester, he began to devote himself rather distastefully and reluctantly, to its 'brawling courts' and 'dusky purlieux.' This restraint, however, instead of forcing him into the vortex of dissipation, seems to have rather deepened his love of literature, and his

"Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse."

In his *Spiritval Spicerie* (1638), he writes as

* He seems to allude to this in some speeches of Technis, in the first Eglogue of his *Shepheards Tales* (see pp. 190-191 of the present volume).

follows:—"Amidst these disrelishing studies, I bestowed much precious time in reviving in mee the long-languishing spirit of Poetrie, with other morall assayes; which so highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that loose kind of libertie, which through fulnesse of meanes and licentiousnesse of the age, I saw so much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved mee sometimes to fit my buskin'd Muse for the Stage;* with other occasionall Presentments or Poems; which being free borne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into opinion by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and spirits of that time †) to the Stage, or committed by me to the presse; which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world."

From the Inns of Court BRATHWAITE seems to have adventured for a time among the merchants, and finally to have left Court and City to turn country squire, his parents having settled a sufficient estate upon him.

* No dramatic piece of Brathwaite's of this early period is known to be extant.

† William Shakespeare, perhaps (who was still living), or 'rare Ben Jonson.' Who knows?

This resolution was taken soon after the death of his father in 1610; an event which probably led to an arrangement by which possession was given, at no very distant period, of the landed property limited and assigned for his use. Certain it is, the death of BRATHWAITE'S father created some family differences, that were only set right by the prudent intervention of friends. BRATHWAITE specially refers to this subject in the dedication to his uncle—a certain Mr. Robert Bindloss—of his earliest known printed work,* when speaking of "the troubled course of our estates and the favourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now so happily confirmed." In addressing his elder brother he also alludes † to the same subject:—"Our ciuill warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction hath prevented the current of ensuing faction," &c.

The full-title of BRATHWAITE'S maiden publication is as follows:—

1. *The Golden Flecce. Whereto bee annexed two Elegies, Entitled Narcissvs Change. And Æsons Dotage. By Richard Brathvvayte*‡

* *The Golden Fleece*, by Richard Brathvvayte, *Gentleman*, 1611, p. 176.

† *Ibid*, p. 178.

‡ It may here be remarked that the name of Brathwaite was spelt by his contemporaries with as many capricious variations as those of his more illustrious contemporaries Dekker and Shakespeare, *e. g.*—Braithwaite, Braythwait,

Gentleman. London, Printed by W. S. for Christopher Pursett dwelling in Holborne, neere Staple Inne, 1611. Octavo. Sig. G. 8.

The Dedication, as we have seen, is to his uncle Bindloss. The principal poem of *The Golden Fleece*, including the *Pieridum Invocatio*, &c., extends to forty pages, in six-line stanzas, and annexed the two Elegies, of similar measure. At sig. E. 3 appears a new title-page; this later portion of the work containing "Sonnets or Madrigals. With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto by the same Author," and being dedicated "to the worshipfvll his approued brother Thomas Brathwaite, Esquire." It is probable that while BRATHWAITE'S "first-birth" was printing, the "pensive tidings" announced the death of his father; and two stanzas follow addressed by "the Authour to his disconsolate Brother." The Sonnets or Madrigals are seven in number.

On the last page of sheet G the catch-word 'The' appears; and there can be little doubt the *Art of Poesy* was printed. In the two copies, however, referred to by Haslewood, it

Braynthwayt, Branthwait, Braythwayte, Brathvvayte, (as in the title cited above), Brathwaite and Brathwait. The spelling of his autograph is perfectly clear for "Brathwait" in three extant specimens of 1629, 1663 and 1672; though in a fourth specimen of the last-named date he has added a final *e*, and writes it "Brathwaite." Between these two forms then, it would appear, lies the choice: the rest are all incorrect.

was deficient, nor does it seem to have since turned up in any.

Three years later (1614) BRATHWAITE published

2. *The Poet's Willow: or the Passionate Shepheard: With sundry delightfull, and no lesse Passionate Sonnets: describing the passions of a discontented and perplexed Lover. Diuers compositions of verses concording as well with the Lyricke, as the Anacreonticke measures; neuer before published: Being reduced into an exact and distinct order of Metricall extractions. Imprinted at London by John Beale, for Samuel Rand, and are to be sold at his shop at Holborne bridge*, 1614. Sm. 8vo, 48 leaves.

The work is dedicated to one William Ascham, a fellow-collegian, in six seven-line stanzas signed with the author's name. Then follows an Elegy on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, which had been the theme of so many of the poets of that time. *The Poet's Willow*, which gives its name to the volume, is a pastoral in forty-four eleven-line stanzas, preceded by a prose argument. Amatory poems to Eliza and Dorinda form the remainder of the collection: the "Pensive thoughts of Gastilio," in sapphics, is remarkable for its novelty of measure.

His next book, published in the same year (1614), Haslewood calls "an excellent little

work, written in animated language, and evidently from the heart." Its full title is :

3. *The Prodigals Teares : or his fare-well to Vanity. A Treatise of Soueraigne Cordials to the disconsolate Soule, surcharged with the heavy burthen of his sinnes : Ministring matter of remorse to the Impenitent, by the expression of Gods Iudgements. By Richard Brathwait. London, printed by N. O. for T. Gubbins, and are to be sold at his Shop, neere Holborne Conduit,* 1614. Small 8vo. pp. iv. 139.

Again in the same year was published BRATHWAITE'S fourth work—

4. *The Schollers Medley, or an intermixt Discourse vpon Historicall and Poeticall relations.....By Richard Brathwayte Oxon. London, printed by N. O. for George Norton, and are to bee sold at his Shop neere Temple-barre,* 1614.* 4to, 63 leaves.

It is in this work (p. 31) that BRATHWAITE speaks of the intention then entertained by his friend Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, to write a general though summary description of the Lives of the Poets.

There were two works published by BRATHWAITE in 1615 :—

5. *A Strappado for the Diuell. Epigrams and Satyres alluding to the time, with diuers*

* This original edition is now become very rare. The book was reprinted, with additions and corrections, in 1638 (and again in 1652), under the title of "A Survey of History."

measures of no lesse delight. (12mo, 16 unnumbered pages of prefatory matter, and 234 numbered pages.)

The title is followed by "the Authors Anagram RICHARDE BRATHWAITE. Vertu hath bar Credit." We have already had occasion to quote from some pieces in this work, as verifying the fact of the author's birthplace being at or near Kendal. Mr. Payne Collier says there is no work in English which illustrates more fully and amusingly the manners, occupations and opinions of the time when it was written. In the lines "Upon the General Sciolists or Poettasters of Britannie" there is an interesting passage of encomium on George Wither and William Browne. One of the most amusing pieces in the collection, partly from its humour, but more from its allusions, is entitled "Upon a Poet's Palfrey, lying in lavander for the discharge of his provender:" it reminds us in some degree of the Italian artist Bronzino's stanzas upon a horse given to him by one of his patrons, but never delivered. He alludes in the first stanza to Richard III's exclamation of "A horse, a kingdome for a horse" in Shakespeare, and later on to Don Quixote (Shelton's translation of the first part of which had recently been published) and his Rozinante, and to Tamburlaine's exclamation,

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,"

in Marlowe's play. Altogether *The Poet's Palfrey*, with its refrain

> "If I had lived but in King Richards dayes,"—
> "If I had lived but in Don Quixotes time," &c.

is one of BRATHWAITE'S liveliest and happiest productions.

6. *Loves Labyrinth: or the true-Louers knot: including the disastrous fals of two star-crost Louers Pyramus & Thysbe. By Richard Brathwayte.* 12mo, 104 numbered pages and 5 supplementary unnumbered pages "To the Reader." The pagination is distinct from that of the previous work, but the printer's signature is continuous. The imprint is the same in both: "*At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre.* 1615."

In some verses prefixed to Humphry Mill's *Night's Search*, 1646, is a curious allusion to the popularity of the earlier portion of this double volume:—

> If Dekker deckt with discipline and wit,
> Gain'd praises by the *Bell-man* that he writ;
> Or laud on Brathwait waiting did abound,
> When a *Strappado for the devill* he found,
> Then may this Mill of Mills, by right of merit,
> Equall, if not superior fame inherit.

Love's Labyrinth is a long poem in easy heroic numbers; and Haslewood pronounces that whatever may be its imperfections, it is "not discreditable as the production of early youth."

BRATHWAITE first married in 1617, Frances daughter of James Lawson, of Nesham, near Darlington. The licence was dated May 2nd, 1617, and the marriage ceremony took place at Hurworth, a village about three miles from Darlington, and in the parish of which Nesham is situated. Six sons and three daughters were the issue of this marriage; John, the youngest of the nine, was born 19th February, 1630. BRATHWAITE wrote of him in his *Whimzies** as follows:—

> "Thou art my ninth, and by it I divine
> That thou shalt live to love the Muses nine."

Whether this truly *whimsical* prophecy was fulfilled or not, we cannot say.

To continue our list of the works of BRATHWAITE. Two extremely curious volumes from his pen issued from the press in this year of his first marriage. The title-page of the first is in itself a curiosity, and runs as follows:—

7. *A Solemne Ioviall Disputation, Theoreticke and Practicke; briefely Shadowing the Law of Drinking; together with the Solemnities and Controversies occurring: Fully and freely discussed according to the Civill Law. Which, by the permission, priviledge and authority, of that most noble and famous order in the Vniversity of Goddesse Potina; Dionisius Bacchus*

* See Art. 17.

being then President, chiefe Gossipper, and most excellent Governour, Blasius Multibibus, alias Drinkmuch. A singular proficient and most qualifi'd Graduate in both the liberall Sciences of Wine and Beare; in the Colledge of Hilarity, hath publikely expounded to his most approvcd and improved Fellow Pot-shots; Touching the houres before noone and after, usuall and lawfull..... Faithfully rendred according to the originall Latine Copie. OENOZYTHOPOLIS, *at the Signe of Red eyes.* CIↃIↃCXVII. 12mo.

Prefixed is a spirited and minute engraved title in two compartments, by Marshall, exhibiting Wine-drinkers and Beer-drinkers.*

8. *The Smoaking Age, or the man in the mist: with the life and death of Tobacco. Dedicated to those three renowned and imparallel'd Heroes, Captaine Whiffe, Captaine Pipe and Captaine Snuffe... Divided into three Sections.*

1. *The Birth of Tobacco.*
2. *Pluto's blessing to Tobacco.*
3. *Times complaint against Tobacco.*

OENOZYTHOPOLIS. *At the Signe of Teare-Nose.* CIↃIↃCXVII.

Prefixed is another engraved title from the masterly *burin* of Marshall. There is a poem at the end of this volume entitled "Chavcers incensed Ghost," in which allusion is made to

* This was afterwards used as a frontispiece to the *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, and a facsimile of it is given in Ebsworth's *Reprint of Choice Drollery*, 1876.

some Comments "shortly to bee published" on "The Miller's Tale" and the "Wife of Bath"; but which BRATHWAITE does not seem actually to have published until nearly half a century later.*

At the end of Patrick Hannay's poem of *A Happy Husband* (1619) appeared the following piece by BRATHWAITE:

9. *The Description of a good Wife: or, a rare one amongst Women. Together with an Exquisite discourse of Epitaphs, including the choysest thereof Ancient or Moderne. By R. B. Gent. Printed at London for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shop at the West end of Saint Pauls Church.* 1619. 12mo.

The Essay on Epitaphs, in which he anticipated by nearly two centuries his fellow countryman and poet of the Lake District, William Wordsworth, bears a separate title, with BRATHWAITE'S full name, and an imprint of the previous year—"*By Richard Brathvvayte Gent. Imprinted at London by John Beale.* 1618." Among the obituary verses is "a funerall Ode" in memory of his elder brother, Thomas Brathwaite.

His next publication was:—

10. *A new Spring shadovved in sundry Pithie Poems. London, Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Baylie, and are to be sold at his Shop in the middle-row in Holborne, neere Staple-*

* In 1665. *Vide infrà.*

Inne, 1619, 4to (containing E in fours, last leaf blank).

There is a curious woodcut on the title, representing a Well enclosed within spikes, and various persons, male and female, filling their pitchers from it. Besides some spirited and harmonious lines entitled "Bound yet Free," the collection has several small Poems, some serious, some jocose. Haslewood considered it "on the whole, a curious and entertaining tract."

In 1620 appeared :—

11. *Essaies vpon the Five Senses, with a pithie one vpon Detraction. . . By Rich. Brathwayt Esquire. London, Printed by E. G. for Richard Whittaker, and are to be sold at his shop at the Kings head in Paules Church-yard.* 1620. 12mo. 76 leaves.

At the end of this volume is the character of "a Shrow," which is omitted in the Second Edition, "revised and enlarged by the author," published in 1635.

12. *The Shepheards Tales. London, Printed for Richard Whitaker*, 1621. 8vo, 25 leaves.

This was separately and subsequently published, and is very rarely found bound up with the work of which a facsimile reprint is now offered to the reader, and in which a continuation of *The Shepheard's Tales* appeared, viz.

13. *(a) Natvres Embassie : or, the Wildemans Measvres : Danced naked by twelue*

Satyres, with sundry others continued in the next Section.

Wilde men *may dance* wise measures; *Come then ho, Though I be wilde, my* measures *are not so.*

(b) The Second Section of Divine and Morall Satyres: With an Adivnct vpon the precedent; whereby the Argument with the first cause of publishing these Satyres, be evidently related.

*(c) The Shepheards Tales.**

(d) Omphale, or, the Inconstant Shepheardesse.

(e) His Odes: or Philomels Teares.

These all bear the same imprint, "*London, Printed for Richard Whitaker.* 1621."

The Satires are divided into two sections, the first containing twelve and the other eighteen, levelled against the common vices of society, with illustrative examples from ancient history. In the first satire on Degeneration as personated in Nature, the following stanza must clearly allude to one of the writings of his contemporary, George Wither :—

> But I will answer thee for all thy beautie :
> If thou wilt be an Ape in gay attire,
> Thou doest not execute that forme of dutie,
> Which Nature at thy hand seemes to require :
> Which not redrest, for all thy goodly port,
> Thou must be *stript, and whipt,* and chastisd for't.

* He alludes in the Dedication to "a former part as yet obscured." See ART. 12.

The "Sir T. H. the Elder, Kt.," to whom *Natures Embassie* is dedicated, Sir Egerton Brydges* conjectures to be Sir Thomas Hawkins, of Nash Court near Faversham in Kent, the translator of Horace, or his father.

The 12th & 13th Articles, *i. e.* *Natures Embassie* with the addition of the separately printed first part of *The Shepheards Tales* were reissued together in 1623 with a new title-page running as follows:

Shepheards Tales, containing Satyres, Eglogves, and Odes. By R. B. Esquire. London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1623

The four other title-pages in the course of the volume remain unaltered and severally bear the date of 1621 as before. *Shepheards Tales*, however, appears to have been considered by the stationer a more taking title than *Natures Embassie* to work off the copies still remaining on his hands two years after the original publication of that volume. Mr. Payne Collier considers that "the volume displays much talent and possesses much variety," and he selects for special commendation, as a most lively and attractive performance, "*The Shepheards Holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinolls Galliard, or John to the May-pole*" The opening of this Musical Dialogue is very spirited, and proceeds through many stanzas,

* *Archaica*, Part vi. (Lond. 1815, 4to.) p. xvii. of Preface to the reprint of Brathwaite's *Essays upon the Five Senses*.

all very animated, and pleasantly descriptive of country-life. In one of her replies the Shepherdess is rather bold in her invitation, and free in her talk. The book, and especially this part 'of it,' contains many allusions to May-games and other country sports, and to ancient customs, proverbs, &c., and is therefore important to students, as throwing some light on the England of Shakespeare's time.

A song in the Third Eglogue of the second part of *The Shepheards Tales* is characteristic of that period, and preserves the names of several tunes or ditties now obsolete.

> Roundelayes,
> Irish-hayes,
> Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,
> Spaniletto,
> The Venetto,
> Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.*

The Odes *(e)* were reprinted in 1815, with modernized spelling, at the Lee Priory Press, by Sir Egerton Brydges.† As the impression, however, was limited to eighty copies, this cannot be said to have hitherto much affected the rarity of the original. In a short preface the accomplished Editor asserts that all BRATHWAITE'S poetical productions having

* Page 259 of the present volume.

† *Brathwayte's Odes; or Philomel's Tears. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Kent: Printed at the private press of Lee Priory; by Johnson and Warwick*, 1815, pp. xii. 36.

become very rare, this short specimen of his genius was selected for revival. "And if the Editor's taste," he adds, "be correct, it will prove him not to have been without merit, either for fancy, sentiment, or expression. *Readers of narrow curiosity may think such revivals of forgotten poetry useless; and the superficial may deem them dull: the highly cultivated and candid mind will judge of them far otherwise!*"

Passing now from the work which the reader holds in his hands, the next publication of BRATHWAITE'S we have to notice is

14. *Times Cvrtaine Dravvne, or The Anatomie of Vanitie. With other choice Poems, Entituled; Health from Helicon. By Richard Brathvvayte Oxonian. London Printed by Iohn Dawson for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be sould at the south entrance of the Royall-Exchange.* 1621, 8vo, 100 leaves.

The collection entitled "Health from Helicon," which forms the second section of this volume, has a separate title, with the same imprint, running as follows:—

Panedone: or Health from Helicon: containing Emblemes, Epigrams, Elegies, with other continuate Poems, full of all generous delight; by Richard Brathvvayte, Esquire.

Two hitherto undiscovered works of BRATHWAITE, alluded to in his other writings, claim to be briefly mentioned here. In his *Survey*

of History, 1638, speaking of the Earl of Southampton, he says "A Funeràll Elegy to his precious memory was long since extant; being annexed to my *Britains Bath*, Anno 1625."

In his *English Gentleman* (Art. 15), p. 198, he says, "What more admirable than the pleasure of the Hare, if wee observe the uses which may bee made of it, as I have elsewhere *(in a Treatise entituled The Huntsmans Raunge,)* more amplie discoursed?"

In 1630 BRATHWAITE published:

15. *The English Gentleman; Containing Sundry excellent Rules or exquisite Observations, tending to direction of every Gentleman, of selecter ranke and qualitie; How to demeane or accōmodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affaires. By Richard Brathwait Esq. . . . . London, Printed by Iohn Haviland, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock at his shop at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard.* 1630, 4to. pp. 487.*

A brief analysis of the contents of this volume, for the purpose of detecting imperfect copies, may not be unacceptable. In conjunction with the "Compleat Gentlewoman," which forms a second part, no work of that age can have been more uniformly read or more highly appreciated. On opening the

* A second edition of *The English Gentleman* appeared in 1633.

volume it exhibits a glowing specimen of the burin of Robert Vaughan, in ten compartments, for the frontispiece, with a folding broadside prefixed as an explanatory draught of it. The printer's title is followed by nine leaves of Dedication, copious tables, and other matter. After p. 456 is a sheet without pagination, under signature *N n n*. The first two leaves have "The Character of a Gentleman," another has an "Embleme," recto, and reverse "Upon the Errata," and fourth leaf blank. Then follows a new title :—

Three Choice characters of Marriage, fitly sorting with the proprietie and varietie of the former Subject : Having especiall relation to one peculiar Branch shadowed in the Sixt Observation.

These characters complete the volume with p. 487.

A sort of sequel or complement to the above work is another published in the following year, and entitled—

16. *The English Gentlewoman, drawne out to the full Body : Expressing*

What Habilliments doe best attire her,
What Ornaments doe best adorne her,
What Complements doe best accomplish her.

By Richard Brathwait Esq. . . . London, Printed by B. Alsop and T. Favvcet, for Michaell Sparke, dwelling in Greene Arbor. 1631, 4to, pp. 221.

The Frontispiece in compartments, intended as a companion to the one before the *English Gentleman*, is engraved by W. Marshall, and has a folding broadside prefixed explanatory of the subjects. After the printer's title twenty-two leaves of Dedications, and a table. After p. 221 is the character of "A Gentlewoman," four leaves, not paged, the "Embleme" and "Upon the Errata" two more. Some copies have an "Appendix upon a former supposed Impression of this title," consisting of five leaves, with signature in continuation, but not paged.

In the same year appeared

17. *Whimzies: Or, a new Cast of Characters. London, Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by Ambrose Rithirdon, at the signe of the Bull's-head, in Paul's Church-yard.* 1631. 12mo, 117 leaves.

Notices of this little volume will be found in Dr. Bliss's edition of Earle's Microcosmography,* and in Sir Egerton Brydges' Restituta;† but neither of these celebrated antiquaries and bibliographers seems to have been aware of its authorship. If the presence of the usual irrepressible note "Vpon the Errata's" did not alone suffice to authenticate it, some verses, at the end of the volume already quoted,

* Lond. 1811, p. 282.

† Vol. iv. p. 279. This notice was written however by Thomas Park.

'Upon the Birth-day of his sonne John,' certainly would.

The last 24 leaves of this book have a new title,—thus :

A Cater Character throwne out of a Boxe by an Experienc'd Gamester. London, Imprinted by F. K. and are to be sold by R. B. 1631. 24 leaves.

In both sections of the book BRATHWAITE assumes the name of "Clitus Alexandrinus," and both are dedicated to Sir Alexander Radcliffe.

On 7th March, 1633, after a married life of nearly sixteen years, BRATHWAITE had the misfortune to lose his wife, whom it seems he tenderly loved, and whose death he piously and sincerely mourned. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgment of her worth and virtues, he published for several years verses as the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete;* and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses* in 1635 he availed himself of the occasion to deliver a moral admonition to their youthfull offspring by introducing therein "Love's Legacy, or Panarete's blessing to her children," which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage as a matter beyond the apprehension of their tender years.

The first of these elegiac tributes appeared in the year following his wife's death, and is entitled :—

18. *Anniversaries upon his Panarete. . . . London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock, at the Kings Head in Pauls Church-yard.* 1634. 8vo, (containing 24 leaves not numbered—signature A, B, C.)

"To the indeered memory," the text begins, "of his ever loved, never too much lamented Panarete, M^ris^ Frances Brathwait," and he celebrates with much earnestness and eloquence her virtues, her person and her birth.

In 1635 BRATHWAITE published

19. *Raglands Niobe: or Elizas Elegie: Addressed to the unexpiring memory of the most noble Lady, Elizabeth Herbert, wife to the truly honourable Edward Somerset Lord Herbert, &c. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq.* 12mo, 14 leaves.

The imprint is substantially the same as that of the last article. At the end was appended a continuation of the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete.*

In the same year appeared

20. *The Arcadian Princesse; or the Triumph of Ivstice: Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke, for a sicke Iustice. Digested into fowre Bookes, and faithfully rendred to the originall Italian Copy,* By Ri. Brathwait Esq. London, Printed by Th. Harper for Robert Bostocke.* 1635. 12mo.

Prefixed is an engraved title, by W. Marshall, of the figure of "The Arcadian Prin-

* By Mariano Silesio.

cesse" seated on a throne holding the scales of Justice, wherein an old man labelled "*forma pauperis*" weighs down another well clothed, labelled "*Ira potentis.*" Other sentences appear in several labels, and on the foot of the throne "by Ric. Brathwait Armig." Dibdin bestows high praise in his *Bibliomania** on the poetical portion of this volume. "Whoever does not see," he says, "in these specimens, some of the most powerful rhyming couplets of the early half of the seventeenth century, if not the model of some of the verses in Dryden's satirical pieces, has read both poets with ears differently constructed from those of the author of this book."

21. *The Lives of all the Roman Emperors, being exactly collected from Iulius Cæsar, unto the now reigning Ferdinand the second. With their births, Governments, remarkable Actions, and Deaths. London: Printed by N. and J. Okes, and are to be sold within Turning-stile in Holborne.* 1636. 12mo. pp. 384.

An engraved title, by W. Marshall, gives several medallions of the Roman Emperors, and a small one of the author, of nearly similar representation with that prefixed to the Paraphrase of the Psalms.

22. *A Spiritual Spicerie: Containing Sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq. London, Printed by I. H.*

* Lond. 1811, pp. 395-7.

for George Hutton at his shop within Turning stile in Holborne. 1638. 12mo. 247 leaves.

The section of this volume entitled "Holy Memorials" contains some interesting autobiographical details, from which we have already quoted, respecting the author's early life.

23. *The Psalmes of David the King and Prophet, and of other holy Prophets, paraphras'd in English: Conferred with the Hebrew Veritie, set forth by B. Arias Montanus, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R. B. London, Printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate.* 1638. 12mo. pp. 300.

This little volume has an engraved title by Marshall, representing in three-quarter figures (miniature ovals), Moses, David, Asaph, Heman, and Æthan. Various instruments of music, as improving psalmody, are hung against a pedestal upon each side of the title, which is given in an oval tablet as "by R. B. Esq." Beneath the title, in another small oval, is a portrait of BRATHWAITE, subscribed *Quanquam ô.* It has been contended that this version of the Psalms has been wrongly attributed to BRATHWAITE, and that the initials "R. B." belong to some other writer of the time. But collateral evidence is not wanting. That of the portrait, which, though it represents him with the gravity of advanced years, still bears

a resemblance easily traceable to the more youthful likeness, has been already mentioned; there is the further evidence of the use of the digit or index (at p. 284) used also in *The Survey of History* and in *Barnabee's Journey;* and of the never-failing Apology for the Errata, found in all BRATHWAITE'S books.

After remaining a widower for six years BRATHWAITE married again in 1639, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts, of Kirtlington, in Yorkshire; who was well jointured, being seised in her own right of the valuable manor of Catterick. He describes her in *Panaretes Triumph* as a widow and a native of Scotland. Their issue was one son—the gallant Stafford Brathwaite, who was afterwards knighted, and killed in the ship "Mary," under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the "Tyger" Algerine man of war.

Some time after his second marriage he quitted Burneshead, probably to occupy the Manor house at Catterick. The fevered state of the times might partly cause him to quit the old family residence. BRATHWAITE was "a subject sworn to loyalty" and not likely at that period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the Royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the

Army upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and to make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. His possession of the Manor is confirmed by several documents, and it is probable that with the family of Crofts he had been, long before his second marriage, in close or neighbourly intimacy.

We continue our list of BRATHWAITE'S publications.

24. *Ar't asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture; stored with all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales, and other pleasant passages; Extracted from the choicest flowers of Philosophy, Poesy, antient and moderne History. Illustrated with Examples of incomparable constancy, in the excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. By Philogenes Panedonius.* London, Printed by R. Bishop for R. B. or his Assignes.* 1640. 8vo. pp. 330.

A frontispiece engraved by Marshall represents a man and wife in bed, the female—a Mrs. Caudle of the seventeenth century—delivering her admonitions to a deaf ear. To the strong internal evidence of this work being the production of BRATHWAITE may be added as two convincing and independent proofs forming an absolute confirmation of his title, 1. A

* The second section of his *Times Cvrtaine Drawne*, 1621, had been entitled "Panedone: or Health from Helicon."

reference which occurs at p. 201 to one of his acknowledged pieces, the Comment upon the Wife of Bath; and 2. the introduction into the present volume of two or three pieces of poetry that first appeared in the *Strappado.*

25. *The Two Lancashire Lovers: or the Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. Expressing the faithfull constancy and mutuall fidelity of two loyall Lovers.... By Musæus Palatinus.... London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for R. B. or his Assignes.* 1640. 8vo. pp. 268.

There is an engraved title, and at p. 247, a second embellishment, which is found also in some copies of the *Boulster Lecture.*

In 1641 appeared a new edition of BRATHWAITE'S English Gentleman and English Gentlewoman, in one volume, folio, with the addition of a piece entitled *The Tvrtles Triumph.* In an engraved title there is an interesting display of the principal subjects discussed in the two works, after the manner, but not precisely copied from the titles to the earlier editions. The figures are nearly all changed, the mottoes omitted, and much of the garniture altered. Whether this deviation from the original designs obtained the sanction of the author seems doubtful, unless he was too indolent to revise the broadside containing an explanation of the frontispiece, as the two sheets of the first edition are here printed together without alteration.

Haslewood attributes the following work to BRATHWAITE on account of "the mannerism of style, which his many unacknowledged publications now compel us to confidently rely upon :"—

26. *The Penitent Pilgrim. London, Printed by Iohn Dawson, and are to be sold by Iohn Williams at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard.* 1641. 12mo. pp. 445.

It has an engraved frontispiece, by our author's usual artist, W. Marshall, of an aged man journeying barefoot with bottle and staff, scallop shell in his hat, his loins girded, and beneath his feet the legend : "Few and evill have the dayes of my life been." On the last leaf a quaint couplet occurs before the

Errata.

"No place but is of Errors rife
In labours, lectures, leafes, lines, life."

27. *Mercurius Britannicus. Tragi-Comoedia Lutetiæ, summo cum applausu publicè acta.* 15 leaves. 4to. (no place or date.)

Mercurius Britanicus, or The English Intelligencer A Tragic-Comedy, At Paris acted with great applause. Printed in the yeare 1641. 17 leaves. 4to.

This was a political squib ; and considering the ready pen of BRATHWAITE, and his unceasing desire to attain popularity, we may conclude it was not the only time-serving piece

he put forth at that eventful period. It is interesting also as an earlier exhibition than *Barnabee's Journal* of his facile skill in using the Latin tongue.

28. *Astræa's Teares. An Elegie Vpon the death of that Reverend, Learned qnd Honest Judge, Sir Richard Hutton Knight; Lately one of his Majesties Iustices in his Highnesse Court of Common Plees at Westminster. London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun.* 1641. 12mo. sig. H. 2. (55 leaves).

A frontispiece, with all the strength and spirit of Marshall, contains a whole length figure of the Judge in his robes, in a reclining posture. It is an excellent portrait, and of the greatest rarity, not being noticed by Grainger. As early as 1614 our author dedicated *The Prodigals Teares* to Richard Hutton, Sergeant at Law, and *The Shepheards Tales* in the present volume were inscribed seven years later "To my worthie and affectionate kinsman Richard Hutton, Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honoured and sincere dispenser of judgement, Sir Richard Hutton, Sergeant at Law, and one of the Iudges of the Common Pleas."

Sir Richard Hutton died February 26, 1638, so that this Elegy did not appear until three years after that event. In a marginal note in this volume there is a reference to the 5th Anniversary upon his *Panarete*, and he there-

fore seems to have continued these yearly celebrations of his first wife (to have written, at any rate, if not to have published them) at least until the year of his second marriage.

29. *Panarctes Trivmph; or Hymens heavenly Hymne. London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun.* 1641.

The poem begins at the back of the title:

> "Remove that funerall-pile; now six whole yeares
> Have beene the nursing mothers of my teares."

He then describes the necessity of foregoing funeral tears during another nuptial, and they are to be preserved for those who cannot weep; as "spritely blades—some widows—profuse gallants," whose necessity in that respect is interestingly described. His moral reflections conclude as the bell tinketh: he married a second time a lady of Scottish extraction, which occasions his introducing "Calliopees expostulation with the Calidonian Nation." A "courteous Curtain Lecture" is also delivered by his wife and a florid description is given of her person and manners.

We now come to the famous volume of doggerel rhymes by which BRATHWAITE is chiefly remembered outside the narrow circle of scholars and students. Though as voluminous a writer both in prose and verse as his contemporary Wither, by this one work, or

rather happy *jeu d'esprit*, he is now chiefly known to the general world of English readers. This unique and curious publication is written both in Latin and English, the double title being as follows :—

30. *(a) Barnabæ Itinerarium, Mirtili & Faustuli nominibus insignitum: Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono Barnabæ publicè decantatum. Authore Corymbæo.*

(b) Barnabees Journall, Under the Names of Mirtilus & Faustulus shadowed: for the Travellers Solace lately published, to most apt numbers reduced and to the old Tune of Barnabe commonly chanted. By Corymbæus.

The date of the original edition has never been precisely ascertained, but is supposed to be about 1648-1650. The authorship of this anonymous book, after long remaining unknown, was settled upon BRATHWAITE by Haslewood by means of a chain of laborious and irrefragable evidence, both external and internal. The internal evidence is alone conclusive; such as the reappearance in Barnabees Journal of stories told in BRATHWAITE'S other works; thus the story of hanging the cat at Banbury had originally appeared in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109. The story of Grantam *(Grantham)* spire is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of "Grantam" transposed into *Margant*. There

are allusions also which are evidently autobiographical, such as those to Kendal and to Nesham, where BRATHWAITE wooed and won his first wife. In describing Lancaster he alludes to John a Gaunt, and he does the same at the opening of his *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640. Other similarities of versification mottoes, proverbs, Apology for Errata, &c., complete the internal evidence.

"It was reserved," says Southey, "for famous Barnaby to employ the barbarous ornament of rhyme so as to give thereby point and character to good Latinity."*

We know from his other writings that BRATHWAITE was an excellent Latin scholar. The external evidence of BRATHWAITE'S authorship is threefold. 1. Thomas Hearne the antiquary says in a manuscript note: "The book called Barnabas's Rambles, printed in Latin and English, was written by RICHARD BRATHWAITE, who writ and translated a vast number of things besides, he being the scribler of the times. Anthony-à-Wood does not mention this amongst his works. But Mr. Bagford tells me that Mr. Chr. Bateman (an eminent Bookseller in Pater Noster Row) who was well acquainted with some of the family, hath several times told him that BRATHWAITE was the author of it."†

* Quarterly Review, No. xxxv. p. 32.

† *Hearne's MS. Collections for the year* 1713, vol. xlvii. p. 127.

2. In a copy of the second edition, 1716, that belonged to Edward Wilson, Esq., of Dallam Tower in Westmoreland (a descendant on the maternal side of the elder branch of the Brathwaites), was written the following note: —"*The Author I knew* was an old Poet RICH. BRATHWAITE, Father to Sir Thomas of Burnside-Hall, near Kendall in Westmorland."

3. There was sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby at the sale of the Library of John Woodhouse, Esq., 12th Dec., 1803 (lot 24) a copy of the original edition of Barnabee's Journal, with a poem in manuscript copied on the fly-leaves undoubtedly by BRATHWAITE, entitled: "*Rustica Academiæ Oxoniensis nuper reformatæ Descriptio, &c.* CIↃDCXLVIII."

Here is a weight of cumulative evidence that is irresistible.

It is evident, however, that though the *Journal* was probably not published until about the middle of the century, the earlier portions of it at least had been written many years previously. "Many circumstances," says Haslewood, "unite to confirm the belief that the *Itinerary* was the lapped and cradled bantling of years, scarcely in the author's own opinion pubescent, until himself might be believed past the age of such waggery. It may be characterized as a seedling planted in the spring of youth; nourished and pruned in the summer of his days; courted to blossom

amid evergreens that circled his autumnal brow, and which formed the wreath of fame that adorned and cheered the winter of his age, and remains unfaded."

The next work on our list is

31. *A Muster Roll of the evill Angels embatteld against S. Michael. Being a Collection, according to the order of time, (throughout all the Centuries) of the chiefe of the Ancient Heretikes, with their Tenets, such as were condemned by Generall Councels. Faithfully collected out of the most Authentike Authors. By R. B. Gent. London, Printed for William Shears, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Pauls Church yard at the sign of the Bible.* 1655. 24mo. pp. 94.

Then follows:

32. *Lignum Vitæ. Libellus in quatuor partes distinctus: et ad utilitatem cujusque Animæ in altiorem vitæ perfectionem suspirantis, Nuperrimè Editus. Authore Richardo Brathwait Armigero; Memoratissimæ matris, florentissimæ Academiæ Oxoniensis Humillimo Alumno. Londini, Excudebat Joh. Grismond.* MDCLVIII. 12mo. pp. 579.

This volume has an engraved title by Vaughan, crowded as usual with Latin sentences applicable to the figure and design. It is divided into three parts, and at the end of the second is a piece of Latin poetry of forty stanzas that corroborates the appropriation already made of Barnabee's Journal.

33. *The Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault. London, Printed by Ric. Hodgkinsonne.* 1658. 8vo. 169 leaves.

The book consists of two subjects and is distinguished by these two titles, 1. The Honest Ghost. 2. An Age for Apes. Each of these has a frontispiece by Vaughan; the latter begins at page 115. There are some Latin rhyming couplets at p. 319, exactly in the style and metre of the Itinerary:

> "Neque dives, nec egenus,
> Neque satur, neque plenus;
> Nec agrestis, nec amœnus,
> Nec sylvestris, nec serenus;
> Palmis nec mulcendus pœnis
> At in omni sorte lenis."

At the Restoration of Charles the Second, BRATHWAITE, who had always been loyal to the King's cause, published some gratulatory verses:

34. *To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion. By R. Brathwait, Esq. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivie-lane,* 1660. 4to. 8 leaves.

In this poem he declares himself to have been a resolute sufferer for both sovereign and country, and depicts the very impaired state of his fortune.

35. *The Captive-Captain: or the Restrain'd Cavalier. Drawn to his full Bodie in Eight*

Characters. Lond. Printed by J. Grismond, 1665. 8vo. 98 leaves.

36. *Tragi-Comodia, Cui in titulum inscribitur Regicidium, Perspicacissimis Judiciis acuratius perspecta, pensata, comprobata ; Authore Ri. Brathwait, Armigero, utriusque Academiæ Alumno. Londini, Typis J. G. & prostat venalis in officinâ Theodori Sadleri, in Strandensi &c.* 1665. 8vo. pp. 192.

Last, but not least, among the publications of BRATHWAITE comes his Commentary on Chaucer, planned and probably written many years before.

37. *A Comment upon the Two Tales of our Ancient, Renowned, and Ever Living Poet S^r Jeffray Chavcer, Knight..... The Millers Tale and The Wife of Bath. Addressed and published by Special Authority. London, Printed by W. Godbid, and are to be sold by Robert Clavell at the Stags-Head in Ivy-lane,* 1665. 8vo. pp. 199.

In perusing the foregoing voluminous list of works the reader will not fail to be struck by the strange alternation they exhibit of buffoonery and jesting, and of piety and sanctity. That the same author should have successively written books so dissimilar in character would seem almost incredible to any one unacquainted with the fashions and temper of that age, and with the numerous other and more illustrious instances of the same

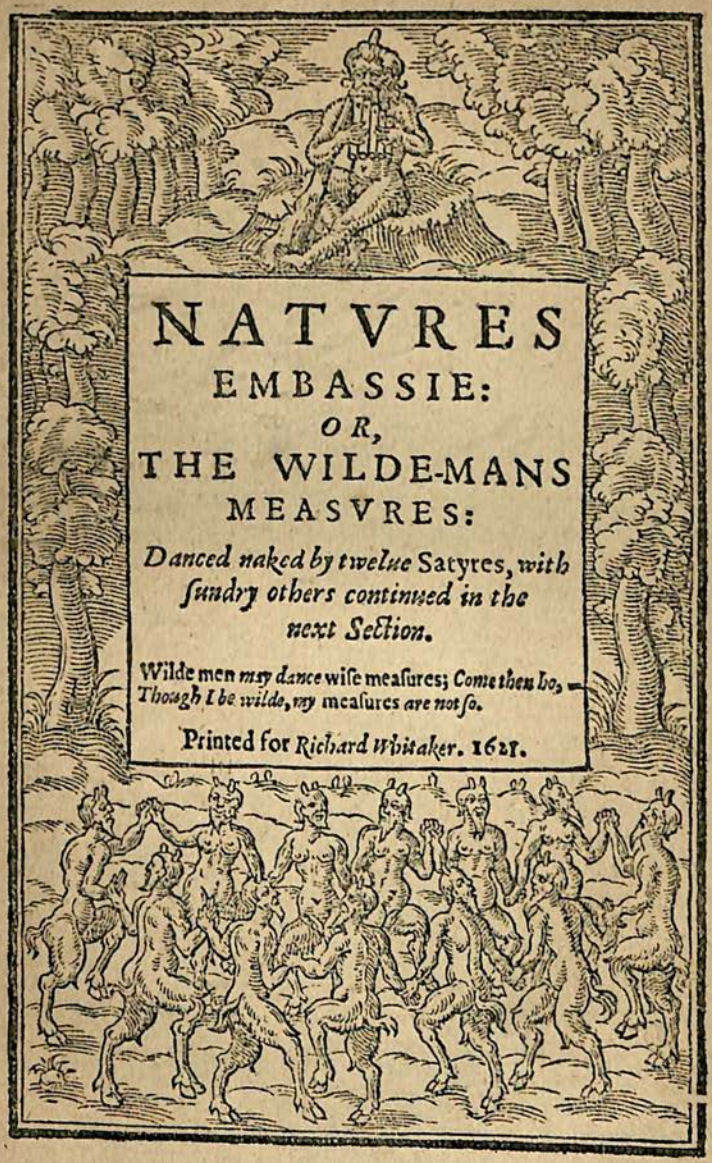
curious medley or conglomeration. In some of his earlier plays—in the Blind Beggar of Alexandria, A Humorous Day's Mirth, Monsieur d'Olive, The Widow's Tears, might we not equally say that we fail to recognise the grave translator of Homer, and the Christian pietist who paraphrased Petrarch's Penitential Psalms? If the sins of his youth are forgiven to George Chapman let them not be too heavily remembered against the less famous RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

BRATHWAITE "left behind him," says Wood, "the character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour," and to this might be added, of a Christian and upright man. A description of his person has descended orally, by which the trim fashion of his green years added comeliness to his gray hairs. Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature; well-proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day; remarkable for ready wit and humour; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties. He commonly wore a light grey coat, red waistcoat and leather breeches. His hat was a high-crowned one, and beyond what was common in those days when such hats were worn. His equals in life bestowed on him the name of 'Dapper Dick.' In disposition he was as admirable as in person; and he always took a conspicuous part in his

neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas; so that in those good old times he was long the darling and favourite of that side of the country.

The death of RICHARD BRATHWAITE took place at East Appleton, a small township of and adjoining to Catterick, on 4th May, 1673, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was buried in the parish church of Catterick, where a monument was erected to his memory on the north side of the chancel.

The present is a literal Reprint; all the peculiarities of spelling being carefully preserved; even the innumerable blunders in the Latin and Greek marginal notes have been exactly reproduced, although, from the blurred and indistinct manner in which many of them are printed, it has been almost impossible sometimes to decipher them.



NATVRES EMBASSIE: OR, THE WILDE-MANS MEASVRES:

Danced naked by twelue Satyres, *with ſundry others continued in the next Section.*

Wilde men *may dance* wiſe meaſures; *Come then ho,*
Though I be wilde, my meaſures *are not ſo.*

Printed for *Richard Whitaker.* 1621.

TO THE ACCOMPLISHED MIRROR OF TRVE worth, *Sr. T. H.* the elder, knight, profeſſed fauorer and furtherer of all free-borne studies : continuance of all happineſſe.

When the natures of men are cleere peruerted, then it is high time for the Satyriſt *to pen ſomthing which may diuert them from their impietie, and direct them in the courſe and progreſſe of Vertue ; vpon which conſideration, I, (as the meaneſt* Menalchas *that is able to play vpon an oaten pipe) began preſently to deſcribe the nature of* Men, *made ſo farre good by obſeruation, as my weake and immature iudgement could attaine vnto ; meaning to make the Poets verſe an Axiome :* Scribimus indocti, doctiq; poemata paſſim. *This thus diſcuſſed and weyed, I was long in doubt to whom I ſhould dedicate this vnfruitfull vintage, rather gleanings, or whō I ſhould*

flie vnto for ſanctuarie, if the ſiniſter Reader (as who euer wrote without his Detractour) *ſhould carpe at my labours. Wherefore ſtanding longer in ſuſpence then the matter required, I picked forth your ſelfe, moſt able to weaue an Apologie for your friends defects. Let not therefore the malcuolent cenſures of ſuch men whoſe chiefeſt eye-ſores be other mens workes, and whoſe choiſeſt content is to blemiſh them with imperfections, receiue the leaſt countenance from you, whoſe iudgement by giuing theſe my labours approbation, ſhal be a greater argument of their merit, then their partiall cenſures ſhall argue their want.* Hiparchion *was graced as well as* Muſæus, *though the beſt of his meaſures was but piping to the* Muſes. *For the paines of well-affected Authors neuer faile of patrons (at least amongſt ingenuous men) to protect thē, of fauorites to ſecond them, or guardians during their minoritie to foſter them. And ſuch is your integritie and true loue to learning, that the meaneſt ſheepheard if he flie for refuge vnder your ſhelter, ſhall be accepted aboue the meaſure of his deſerts, or meanes of his hopes. For without queſtion, if your acceptance did not far exceed the height and weight of my Diſcourſe,* Quid hic niſi vota ſuperſunt? *there would nothing remaine for me, but to fall to my prayers,*

in

in beſeeching the kind & vnkind Reader (like our penurious pamphlet Orator) to commiſerate my Treatiſe, and in ſtead of a narration, to make a publike ſupplication: but being protected by the ſingular care and prouiding eye of your fauours; —Maior ſum quàm cui potuit fortuna nocere.

I haue penned this ſhort Diſcourſe, interwouen with hiſtory as well as poeſie, for two things ſummarily, and eſpecially for the firſt thereof. The firſt is the iniquitie of this preſent time wherein we liue: ſo that Nature *had either time now to send an* Ambaſſage *or neuer: ſince*

* Mulier formoſa ſuperne
deſinit in piſcem—

* Atq; homines prodigia rerum maxima.

Such is the courſe of degenerate Nature, *that in a conceipt of her ſelfe ſhe thinks ſhe can mend her ſelfe by being adorned with vnnaturalized ornaments, which* Nature *neuer apparelled her with. The ſecond reaſon is the motion of a priuate friend of mine, whoſe pleaſure may command my whole meanes, yea my ſelfe to the vttermoſt of my abilitie. Theſe reaſons haue I alledged, leſt my Preface ſhould ſeeme naked of Reaſon, which were ridiculous to the reaſonable Reader, and to you eſpecially, whoſe maturitie in arguments of this Qualitie, hath gained you a deſerued Opinion, enabled by Iudgement, of power to counteruaile the cenſures of others leſſe iudicious.*

iudicious. Thus tendring you the fruites of my Reading compiled, and in manner digeſted, not out of ſelfe-conceit, but aime to publique good intended, I reſt. From my ſtudie. May 24.

Yours to diſpoſe

Richard Brathwayt.

The diſtinct ſubiect *of euery* Satyre, *contained in either* Section: *with an exact ſurucy or diſplay of all ſuch* Poems, *as are couched or compiled within this Booke.*

1. DEgeneration, perſonated in *Nature.* [1]
2. Pleaſure, in *Pandora.* [5]
3. Ambition, in the Giants. [11]
4. Vaine-glory, in *Cræſus.* [16]
5. Crueltie, in *Aſtiages.* [22]
6. Adulterie, in *Clytemneſtra.* [27]
7. Inceſt, in *Tereus.* [31]
8. Blaſpemie, in *Caligula.* [34]
9. Beggarie, in *Hippias.* [41]
10. Miſerie, in *Taurus.* [49]
11. Hypocriſie, in *Claudius.* [51]
12. Exceſſe, in *Philoxenus;* with three funerall *Epicedes*, or Elegiack Seſtiads. [55]

The ſecond Section.

1. Sloth, in *Elpenor.* [77]
2. Corruption, in *Cornelia.* [82]
3. Atheiſme, in *Lucian.* [86]
4. Singularitie, in *Steichorus.* [94]
5. Dotage, in *Pigmalion.* [98]
6. Partialitie, in *Pytheas.* [106]
7. Ingratitude, in *Periander.* [108]
8. Flatterie, in *Terpnus.* [114]
9. Epicuriſme, in *Epicurus.* [127]
10. Briberie, in *Diagoras.* [134]

In-

11. Inuention, in *Triptolemus.* [136]
12. Diſdaine, in *Melonomus.* [141]
13. Idolatrie, in *Protagoras.* [144]
14. Tyrannie, in *Euryſteus.* [148]
15. Securitie, in *Alcibiades.* [155]
16. Reuenge, in *Perillus.* [160]
17. Mortalitie, in *Agathocles.* [165]
18. In *Naſonem* Iuridicum. Mythologia. [168]
Two ſhort moderne Satyres. [170]
Paſtorall tales, or Eglogues. [175]
Omphale, or the inconſtant ſhepheardeſſe. [263]

ODES.

1. The Trauellour. [289]
2. The Nightingale. [292]
3. The Lapwing. [293]
4. The Owle. [295]
5. The Merlin. [297]
6. The Swallow. [299]
7. The fall of the leafe. [301]
With two concluſiue Poems, entituled *Brittans Bliſſe.* [305]
And an *Encomion* to the *Common Law:* or Arete- [307]

The firſt Argument.

NAture the common mother (to vſe an Ethnicke induction) breedeth diuers effects, according to the conſtitution of each particular bodie, being compoſed and compacted of that *Matter* whereto we ſhall returne, being *Earth.* Now though *Nature* (as with the Morall Philoſopher I may ſay) neuer is deceiued, as ſhe is conſidered in her owne *frame*, bringing forth .alwayes men able to the performing of humane functions, faire in proportion and ſtate of their bodies, apt for the atchiuing of anie matter either publike or priuate: yet notwithſtanding, manie times by euents and accidents, diuers deformities & blemiſhes appeare, which by *Nature* were not decreed to be: and like are the maleuolent affections ariſing from the diſtempered qualitie of the minde. And whereas many in the corruption of their erring opinions and reaſonleſſe arguments, haue auerred how *Nature is the primarie mouer, conſeruer and preſeruer*, yet Seneca will tell you, that it is God that worketh theſe things which we aſcribe to a fained Deitie; and that *Nature differeth no more from God or God from Nature*, then *Annæus* from *Seneca: * Vide Epiſt. ad Lucil.

as he ſpeaketh in his naturall Questions, and in his bookes of Benefiting. But this was the opinion of ſuch as had not the ſupreme light of deuine knowledge to them reuealed, but ſuch as worſhipped whatſoeuer they thought was a guider or director of them, or by cuſtome (how ridiculous ſoeuer) was traduced to them. So we may reade in the ancient hiſtorians, of the Egyptians who adored whatſoeuer they thought comely, as the Sunne, the Moone, the ſtarres and inferiour lights. Others worſhipped trees, ſtockes, ſtones, and venimous ſerpents. Thus did the brutiſh affections of vnnaturall men ſhew their Gods by deciphering an heauenly power or influence, in Branches and ſuch workes of Nature. But theſe though in no wiſe excuſable, may admit ſome reaſonable defence, foraſmuch as their conceipt could reach no further. For as *Zenophanes* ſaith, *If beaſts could paint, they would pourtray God to their owne ſhape and feature, becauſe they could conceiue no further.* And this is the cauſe why the Heathen adored their plants, ſtarres, and ſuch creatures, inaſmuch as they could not reach nor attaine to the knowledge of an higher Deitie. But to conferre them, that is, the Heathen and prophane people with the now-being Chriſtians, it will ſeeme wonderfull, if I make manifeſt by relation had to their liues, how the depraued conditions of our Chriſtians now adayes (whoſe knowledge giues them aſſurance of Eternitie) walke in as great blindneſſe and palpable darknes as euer the Heathen did. And ſince the matter is moſt apparent,

Vide Epiſto Alexand. de ſitu & ſtatu Indiæ.

Zenophanes.

The occaſion of this Treatiſe.

as

high time it is for *Nature* to ſend her *Embaſſie* to this *Age* for her *Reformation.*

THE FIRST SATYRE.

THou wicked lumpe in a deformed guiſe,
Tripping like Hymen *on his wedding day,*
Nature thy former Inſolence *defies,*
Saying thou erreſt from her natiue way:
*For all thy fooliſh wayes are baits to *ſin,*
Where vertue droupes, and vice comes dancing in.

* Prima eſt quaſi tittillato delectationis in corde, ſecunda conſenſio, tertium factum eſt conſuetuda. *Aug. Serm.* 44.

Doth not thy habite ſhew thy wanton mind,
Forward to all things but to vertuous life:
Paſſing thoſe bounds which Nature hath aſſign'd,
Twixt Art and Nature by commencing ſtrife?
I tell thee, Nature ſends me to repreſſe
Thy fooliſh toyes, thy inbred wantonneſſe.

But thou wilt ſay, Nature hath made me faire,
Should I rob Beautie of her proper due?
*Should I not decke her with * embroidred haire,*
And garniſh her with Flora's *vernant hue?*
I muſt, I will, or elſe ſhould I diſgrace
With a rent maske the beautie of my face.

* Venuſtas tribuitur à natura, corrumpitur ab arte.

But I will anſwer thee for all thy beautie:
*If thou wilt be an Ape in gay * attire,*
Thou doeſt not execute that forme of dutie,
Which Nature at thy hand ſeemes to require:
Which not redreſt, for all thy goodly port,
Thou muſt be ſtript, and whipt, and chaſtiſd for't.

Nature hath ſent me to forewarne thy wo,
Leſt thou ſecure of thy diſtreſſe, reioyce:
*If thou wax * proud, then where ſo ere thou go*
Thou ſhalt decline: this reſteth in thy choice,
Whether to die branded by Infamie,
Or to preſerue thy life in memorie.

* Sequitur ſuperbos vltor à tergo Deus.

This thus obſerued, wilt thou yet be proud?
And grow ambitious, bearing in thy brow
The ſtampe of honour, as if thou hadſt vow'd
No grace on thy inferiours to beſtow?
Proud minikin let fall thy plumes, and crie
Nature, *I honour will thy* Embaſſie.

It was a good time when Eue *ſpun her threed,*
And Adam * *digg'd to earne his food thereby:*
But in this time Eues *do their panches feed,*
With daintie diſhes mouing luxurie.
That was the golden age, but this is lead,
*Where vice doth flouriſh, vertue lieth * dead.*

* Paſtinatio deuinum opus. *Heſiod.*

Damnoſa quid non imminuet dies? ætas parentis peior eſt auis, &c.

This therefore is my meſſage pend by Truth,
Erected in the honour of Dame Nature,
Inueying gainſt Pride, whoſe aſpiring grouth
Diſfigureth the beautie of the creature:
Thus haue I ſpoken that which Nature mou'd me,
Directed to thee, for Dame Nature lou'd thee.

The

The Argument.

HE*ſiod* reporteth how *Pandora* was ſent from *Iupiter* to deceiue mankind, at leaſt to make triall of his frailtie, by the free proffers of her bounty, ſending her, full fraught with all Pleaſures, to the end ſome thereof might enſnare and inſenſate the minds and affectiõs of the then liuing and inhabiting *Arcadians*, to whom her meſſage was principally addreſſed, as appeareth in the firſt booke of his *Opera & dies.*

This *Pandora* is voluptuous, (though her name ſignifie munificence, or an vniuerſall exhibitreſſe of all gifts) ſent to enthrall and captiuate the appetites and affections of men, to the intent they might yeeld themſelues vaſſals and bondſlaues to all ſenſuall deſires, foments of impietie, or agents of immodeſtie. And *Pandora* ſeemeth to make this ſpeech or oration vnto them, as an introduction formally handled, for their pleaſure & delectation. Louing Arcadians, if this ſpacious world now ſo ſpecious (whilome an indigeſted *chaos*) were firſt ordained for a place of libertie, do not you make it a cage of reſtraint. It was the will of Nature, who not onely founded but diſpoſed of this vniuerſe as you ſee, that *Men* the hope of her loines and ioy of her life, ſhould liue deliciouſly, and not be enfeebled by ſtrict & rigorous abſtinence the

Mother of diſeaſes, feeding and nouriſhing many groſſe and maleuolent humours, whereby the health vſeth to be empaired, and the whole ſtate of your bodies diſſolued. Wherefore *Iupiter* as your common prouider, foreſeeing thoſe miſeries which were incident before my coming to all mankind, hath now appointed *Me* as *Deputie* to bring this meſſage vnto you, that from henceforth you ſhould wallow in pleaſures and delights according to your owne deſires and affections. Let not fruitleſſe *Abſtinence* be a meanes to reſtraine you, or *Temperance* a chaine to withhold you, but like *Talaſſioes* companions bid continencie adieu, and make haſte to laſciuious meetings: for to make recourſe to the principall delight of a knowing man, *Contemplation*, is it not tedious to ſpend a mans time in ſtudie or endleſſe ſpeculation? Yes certainly, nothing can be worſe then to waſte mans life like *Epictetus* lampe; nothing better then to cõſume mans daies in *Polixenus* cell. And though *Epictetus* may ſay, *Semper aliquid diſcens ſenesco*, alwayes learning I grow aged, yet *Polixenus* may auerre a matter though of leſſe conſequence, yet a practiſe of more ſelf-forgetting chearfulneſſe,—*Semper aliquid bibens, nihil extimesco*, alwayes drinking I am cheered. So that nothing can abaſh *Polixenus*, nothing can diſmay him: for his daily practiſe exempts him from meditation of griefe, being as remote from danger as he ſtands ſecure for honour, making euery day his owne prouider, and ſtanding as reſpectleſſe of poſteritie as he is careleſſe in hoording Treaſure.

He

He is happie, and free from dangers menacing abroad, or aſpiring thoughts (Ambitions ſubtileſt traines) vndermining at home. But *Epictetus* feare proceedeth from the height of his knowledge, fearing Death the abridgement of knowledge: yet feareleſſe of Death it ſelfe, for it is nothing; but the iſſue of Death making his knowledge nothing. *Polixenus* none can disturbe; for his minde is fixed on that obiect which is placed before him; ſince Nature hath alotted him meate, drinke and apparell, he reſpects no more. Yet as rich as *Bias*, for he can ſing,—*Omnia mea mecum porto.* But ſimple *Epictetus*, who repoſeth ſo great truſt in his Contemplatiue part, whereto auailes his ſtudie? whereto tendeth this Speculation? ſince Art hath made him no wiſer then to make no difference betwixt wine and water. Neither hath Art made him any thing the richer: for his *Lanterne* is of more value then all the reſt of his ſubſtance. Then as you will haue regard to your eſtate or to the health of your delicate bodies, ponder the effect of my Oration, and reape thoſe ſenſible delights made yours by fruition, in contempt of Stoicke and ſtrict contemplation.

When *Pandora* had made this plauſiue Oration, mans minde (by an inbred appetite to what is pleaſant) was soone addicted and inclined to the premiſes; exclaiming with *Herodian*, that it was a difficult thing to ſubdue a mans affections. Wherfore no ſooner was *Pandora* gone, but preſently they * began to caſt off the reines of diſcipline, expoſing themſelues to follie and all recreancie.

* Subſidebat autem in imo vaſe, ſpes.

Now ſee into the Morall hereof, how Man is moſt addicted to that which in it owne nature is moſt depraued, alwayes ſaying with *Medæa* in the Tragedie,—*video meliora probóque*
Deteriora ſequor.

Such is the crookedneſſe of mans nature, that he is prone to the worſe part, and conſequently like fooliſh *Epimetheus* readie to receiue *Argicida's* rewards, ſubiects of impietie and laſciuious deſires, as * *Heſiod* reporteth of him. *Iupiter sent cunning Argicidas to Epimetheus*, with intent to enſnare his affections with the faire ſhew of ſuch pleaſant * rewards as he brought with him; namely tempting obiects like *Athalantaes apples*, whereby ſhe was deluded, her ſpeed fore-ſlowed, becoming a prey to *Pomæis* that ſubtile courſer as he himſelfe wiſhed.

* Ad Epymerhea Iupiter miſit inclytum Argicidam, munera ferentem deorũ celerem nuncium, &c.
* Floremiuuentutis non deciduum.

Such are the gifts of Nature, which oft bewitch the mind of the receiuer. So that *Elpenor* was neuer more deformed (whoſe feature became the prodigie of Nature) then *He* who ſuffereth his minde (the light of his body) to be by theſe gifts beſotted. For firſt he takes a view of them; then he deſires them, and after the deſire he entertaines them. Which receit is no ſooner made, then *Cyrces* with her Cup, or the Syrens with their voyce, inchant theſe poore companions of *Vliſſes*: but he who *Vliſſes*-like ſtands firme, and not to be remoued by any fond allureмēt, carrying with him that * *Moli* or herbe of grace by which all charmes are fruſtrated, ſhall be a ſpectator of his Companions miſery, in himſelfe ſecured while they are ſplit-

* Homerus in Odiſſ.

ſplitted, which I, in this ſecond Satyre briefly and compendiouſly collected (as well by reading as obſeruation ſeconded) haue by a morall inference in ſome ſort declared.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

Pandora the inchantreſſe.

PAndora, *ſhall ſhe ſo beſot thy mind,*
That nothing may remaine for good inſtruction?
Shall ſhe thy mind in chaines and fetters bind,
Drawing thee onward to thy owne deſtruction?
Be not ſo fooliſh, leſt thou be oretaken,
And in thy ſhipwracke liue as one forſaken.

For though that Nature which firſt framed thee,
Seeme to winke at thy crimes a day or two,
Yea many yeares, yet ſhe hath blamed thee
For thy offences, therefore act no more.
Though ſhe delay aſſure thee ſhe will call,
And thou muſt pay both vſe and principall.

She ſmileth at thy locks brayded with gold,
And in deriſion of thy ſelfe-made ſhape,
*Who would beleeue (ſaith * ſhe) this is but mold,*
Who trips the ſtreets like to a golden Ape?
Nature concludes, that Art hath got the prize,
And ſhe muſt yeeld vnto her trumperies.

For I haue ſeene (ſaith Nature) what a grace
Art puts vpon me, with her painted colour:
*How ſhe * Vermillions ore my Maiden-face,*

* Bella es nouimus & puella, verũ eſt: & diues: Quis enim poteſt negare? Sed dum te nimium fabulla laudas, nec diues, neque bella, nec puella es. *Martial in Epigram.*
* Nonne vulgatum eſt bonas formas ceruſſa deuenuſtare? *Pic. Miran. in Epiſt.*

Now

Now nought ſo faire, though nought before was fouler;
Indeed I am indebted to her loue,
That can giue moueleſſe Nature meanes to moue.

Thou black-fac'd Trull, how dar'ſt thou be ſo bold,
As to create thy ſelfe another face?
How dar'ſt thou Natures feature to controle,
Seeking by Art thy former to diſgrace?
By heauens I loath thee for thy Panthers skin,
Since what is faire without is foule within.

Indeed thou art aſhamed of thy forme:
And why? becauſe of beautie thou haſt none;
Nay rather grace, by which thou may'ſt adorne
Thy inward part, which chiefly graceth one;
„ *Complaine of Nature (graceleſſe) and deſpaire,*
„ *Since ſhe hath made thee foule, but others faire.*

* Talis ornatus non eſt Dei.

*But yet thou wilt be faire, if * painting may*
Affoord thee grace and beautie in thy brow:
Yet what auailes this fondling? for one day
Painting will ceaſſe: though painting flouriſh now;
„ *Itch not then after faſhions in requeſt,*
„ *But thoſe that comelieſt are, eſteeme them beſt.*

Yet for all this, I pittie thee poore foule,
In that Dame Nature hath not giuen thee beautie:
Hang downe thy head like to a defart Owle,
Performe in no caſe to her ſhrine thy dutie
Vnto her altar vow no ſacrifice,
Nor to her deitie erect thine eyes.

Thou

Thou haſt good cauſe for to lament thy birth ;
For none will court thee ſmiling at thy feature,
But prize thee as the refuſe vpon earth,
Since on my faith thou art an vglie creature,
Yet ill wine's good when it is in the caske,
And thy face faire oreſhadow'd with a maske.

O be contented, with thy forme, thy feature,
Since it is good enough for wormes repaſt,
Yeelding thy due vnto the ſhrine of Nature,
The faireſt faire muſt yeeld to death at laſt!
Thinke on thy mould, and thou wilt ſeriouſly
Receiue the charge of Natures Embaſſie.

The Argument.

IF I ſhould intreate of ſuch affaires as rather conferre vnto a warlike diſcourſe, then reforming of the multiplicity of errors raging & reigning in this Age, ſtrangely depraued, and in the vniuerſall ſtate of her body diſtempred, I might ſeeme to make an vnprofitable meſſenger in this weighty Embaſſie: but to that end haue I choſen ſuch matter as may be a motiue for the furtherance of this mine aſſay. When this — *indigeſta moles*, this vnſeaſoned peece of matter had firſt receiued ſome forme or faſhion, then preſently as it increaſed in yeares, ſo it began to adorne it ſelfe with a comely preſence,

ſence, attired modeſtly without affectatiõ, ſeemely without curioſitie, ſimply without the vanitie of Art, knowing what was ſhame without an artificiall bluſh.

So that thoſe dayes well deſerued the name of —golden Age: for—*redeunt Saturnia regna.* But afterward by a degenerate, rather vnnaturall courſe (as what is not corrupted in time, if we conſider her originall puritie) *A certaine kind of people,* as extraordinarie in proportion for their greatneſſe, ſo of vnbounded mind for their ambition and boldneſſe, began firſt to wage battell with the gods immortall: till the gods perceiuing their ſtout and aſpiring natures, ouerthrew them in their own practiſes: for they did—*Imponere Pelion Oſſæ.* Tumble mount *Pelion* vpon *Oſſa,* whereby they might reach euen vnto heauen: but the gods made thoſe mountaines the Giants ſepulchers; where they lie (vnder thoſe vaſt hils) and euery ſeuenth yeare, as the Poets faine—*Sub tanti oneris immenſa mole corpora ſubleuantes, & eorum opera perperam aggreſſa execrantes,* they lie vnder the weight of ſo great a burthen to giue them a ſenſible touch of their former ambition. Not without an excellent morall incluſiuely ſhadowed, and fitly applied to ſuch ambitious heads who are alwayes aſpiring high, till with the Giants they be caſt downe, leauing no other monument to poſteritie, ſaue diſhonour, the due guerdon of their impietie. And ſurely who ſhall but conſider the diuerſe ſingular ends and purpoſes wherto those pregnant fictions of the Poets were addreſſed, wittily and emphatically

The Giants. Cœus, Iapetus, Typhœus.

cally expreſſing *their* ſeuere and impartiall iudgements, iuſtly inflicted on offendors, ſhall ſee in them a wonderfull inuention, and a continuall diſcourſe, proceeding forward without any alteration, tedious digreſſion, or materiall difference in the relation. Againe, to obſerue the reuerence which euen the Pagan Authors vſed toward their gods, beginning no worke of what conſequence ſoeuer, without inuocation of their fained deities, would moue in vs a more ſerious admiration. So that as *Valerius Maximus* ſaith, *Ab Ioue optimo maximo orſi ſunt priſci oratores: The ancient Orators vſed alwayes to begin their works* in their forme of pleading, with an auſpicious *Iupiter*, whereby their workes might haue good ſucceſſe and proceeding. So may I ſay, by a preſent application had to theſe times, *that as our beſt-promiſing labours become fruitleſſe, vnleſſe the Almightie proſper and giue them ſucceſſe: ſo by neceſſarie conſequence*, whoſoeuer falleth into contempt and deſpiſing of God immortall, ſhall haue his purpoſes defeated, and vtterly vanquiſhed with the forenamed Giants. Wherefore my third *Satyre* ſhall inueigh againſt ſuch as in contempt of God (giantlike) practiſe not onely to pull him from his *throne* by violence, but blaſpheme him through a forlorne and godleſſe inſolence, and as though God had not the power to reuenge, will extenuate his power and leſſen his maieſtie.

THE

THE THIRD SATYRE.

THou wicked Caitiffe proud of being nought,
Wilt thou prouoke thy God to ſtrike thee downe,
Since he with care and labour hath thee fought,
And diuerſe fauours in his mercy ſhowne?
Do not draw downe the viols of his ire,
Leſt he reward thy ſinne with quenchleſſe fire.

Thou ſillie worme compact of ſlimie mud,
Which ſhalt returne to earth from whence thou came,
Thou which conceiued was of corrupt bloud,
Thou wormlin, how dar'ſt thou reuile his name?
Farwell thou graceleſſe Impe, thou ſapleſſe branch,
Borne to contemne thy God, to cram thy panch.

Thou Epicure, that liu'ſt in liuing ill,
Liuing by louing to ſtretch forth thy gut,
Taking more pleaſure thy deep panch to fill,
Then in thy maker confidence to put:
Thou for thy feeding ſhalt receiue thy food,
Amongſt ſuch vipers as ſhall ſucke thy bloud.

It is the nature of the viperous brood,
To be the author of their parents death;
*Like an * Hyrudo they do sucke their bloud,*
And take away that breath, which gaue them breath,
*Thou * viperlike diſclaimes thy parents name,*
As though to vtter him thou thought it ſhame.

Shame on thy naming, if thou wilt denie
Him, who firſt gaue thee breath and vitall ſpirit,
Him,

* *Horſe-leach.*

* Vipera viperæ mortem adfert. Plin. in natur. Hiſt. dum pario, perio. ibidem. Præmorſo Maris capite parit vipera.

Him, who can giue thee true tranquillitie,
Him, who will ſhew thee meanes how to inherit;
Leaue off thy fooliſh fantaſies, be wiſe,
Lift vp thy eyes to him who gaue thee eyes.

But if (vngratefull wretch) thou feele his grace,
Yet wilt not yeeld him thanks for all his loue,
Be ſure he will auert his diuine face,
And all his wonted mercies cleane remoue;
So thou the ſwine that breakes the acorne-ſhell,
Regardeſt not the tree from whence they fell.

Be warn'd by Cœus, who with Giants power,
*Thought with his fellowes to * clime vp to heauen,*
But vanquiſh'd by his *power doth all deuoure,*
Vnder the ruggie mountaines are laid euen,
Therefore beware, aspire thou not ſo high,
Leſt thou lie low, where thoſe fame Giants ly.

* *Saying with Tiridates* in *Tacitus:* Sua retinere, priuatæ domus, de alienis certare regia laus eſt.

Thou art a ſhadow, God the ſubſtance is,
Yet inſubſtantiate, whoſe Deitie
Doth comprehend all things, for all are his,
*Yet he is not * contain'd moſt certainely,*
For he is infinite in qualitie,
Endleſſe in loue, boundleſſe in quantitie.

Auicen. Thom. in queſt. Aug. in Pelag.

* Continet omnia tamen non continetur ab aliquo.

As for his preſence, it is euery where,
*On * ſea, on land, and in the depth of depths,*
His prouidence in each place doth appeare,
His mercie is for generations kept,
Wilt thou (fond foole) contemne his heauenly power,
Who gouernes thee, point, moment, minute, houre.

* Terræ Marique Deus eſt, nec terræ Mariue homo eſt, qui nouit vbi Deus non eſt.

What

What though ſo many will entice to euill,
And in plaine teârmes denie the Deitie?
Let them remaine as fuell for the diuell,
Confeſſe thou ſtill his power effectually:
Looke in the Planets, and the ſtarres, whoſe light,
Giues record of his power, ſignes of his vvight.

If thou looke vpward, bodies there be manie,
Yet trouble they not one anothers motion,
*If thou looke downward, there the *Sea doth moue thee,*
Beating the ſhores, while ſhores beate backe the Ocean:
Looke to the earth, and thou wilt wonder there,
To ſee a Ball ſo firmely hang in Aire.

* *Threatning earth with inundations, yet bounded in with her banks as with a girdle.*

But if theſe motiues limit not thy will,
Then I'le endorſe this in thy forlorne brow,
How with thine owne hand, thou thy bloud doeſt ſpill,
The fruites whereof thy puniſhment ſhall ſhow,
Denie not him who neuer did deny,
For thy default vpon the Croſſe to die.

The Argument.

IT is reported of *Crœſus*, that he ſent for *Solon*, well perceiuing that he was eſteemed the wiſeſt in Greece: to the intent he might ſee him placed in his maieſty, pompe, and great ſolemnity. When *Solon* was come, he demanded of him, whom he thought

thought to be the happieſt man in the world; not doubting but he would conclude him to be the happieſt, conſidering the magnificence of himſelf, the admiration of his attendants, & the ſecurity of his ſtate, grounded on ſuch powerfull alliance. *Solon* (contrary to his expectance) replyed, He could iudge none truly happie before his death,—*Neminem ante obitum fælicem eſſe arbitror.* Yet *Crœſus* would not let him go ſo, but demanded further: whom he thought then liuing to be the happieſt; whereto anſwered *Solon*, *Tellus;* & who next ſaith *Crœſus?* Next to *Tellus* do I eſteeme *Cleobis* & *Biton* (who died in the very performance of parentall obedience:) & ſo forward without the leaſt mention made of *Crœſus* felicitie. Whereby it ſeemed that *Crœſus* was much offended, though he cõcealde his anger for that preſent time, leſt the fooliſh conceipt of his ſelfe-eſteemed happineſſe ſhould become palpable. But within ſhort time afterward *He* found *Solons* ſaying moſt true: for being taken priſoner by *Cyrus* the Perſian king, he was grieuouſly puniſhed, & reſtrained by ſtraite ſeuere impriſonmẽt, till ſuch time as a day was appointed for *Crœſus* death: & being to be ſet vpon the ſagot, & ready to ſuffer death, he cried forth: *O Solon, Solon, vera ſunt quæ dixiſti neminem ante obitum fælicem: Cyrus* hearing theſe words, and enquiring the meaning of them, preſently deliuered him, anſwering: *& ea quoque mihi euenire poſſunt.* Conſidering the ſtate of mans life to be vncertaine, and that none ought to plant his hopes vpon that ſtabilitie of fortune in terrene affaires, as to promiſe

himſelfe ſecurity in his ſtate, or continuance of ſucceſſe for one victorie atchieued: ſeeing her wings are not clipped, that her flight ſhould be reſtrained, nor to any Prince ſo particularly engaged, that he onely ſhould be by her attended. In briefe, as the onely hope of the vanquiſhed conſiſts in the expectance of all extremitie: ſo is it the principall glory of the Conquerour, to moderate his fortune by a mild and temperate bearing of himſelfe to the conquered. Hence alſo haue wee ſufficient argument of reproofe, towards ſuch as take pleaſure or delight in their abundance, as *Crœſus* did, ſo as their minds become drowned, hauing no reſpect to the eternitie promiſed. The reaſon is, they repoſe their beatitude and felicity in things tranſitorie and vncertaine, not looking vp to the Author of all bliſſe and happineſſe, who is the director and protector of all men, diſpoſing them to the line and leuell of his bleſſed will, by expecting them foreflowing, inuiting them reſiſting, recalling them wandering, and embracing them returning: without whoſe aide our ſtrength is weakeneſſe, without whoſe light our ſight is blindneſſe, and without whoſe grace our endeuours are fruitleſſe. For alas, what is mans direction but diſtraction, what is his knowledge but imperfection, and what is the beſt of his reſolution but confuſion, wanting his gracious preuention that giueth to each worke a happy period and concluſion? Eſpecially in this curious and intricate Labyrinth of mans life, wherein many Cymmerian windings (to wit, priuate ſeducements)

ments) are framed and cunningly contriued by that ſubtil-winged *Dedalus.* So as miſerably are we forced to erre and ſtray, vnleſſe by *Ariadnes* threed, that is, the heauenly light of Gods illuminating Spirit, we be directed and conducted in this vaſt Theatre of intricacy, to the *flowrie Eden* of endleſſe felicitie. For without that allworking power, we are ouerwhelmed with darkneſſe, not able to attaine to the comfort of our ſoules, to enioy the fruition of eternall conſolation in the life to come.

To ſhew you the worthie intendments and reſolutions of the *Ancient*, would but make a flouriſh without effect: as by way of illuſtration examplefide in mortification, to ſhew you how *Origen* made himſelfe an Eunuch, *Democritus* put out his owne eyes, *Crates* caſt his monie into the ſea, *Thracius* cut downe all his vines. Seeing then that to examplifie a mans writings in these daies, is but to beate the aire, vnleſſe inuection or a bitter Satyre moue it, I will make haſte to runne into my former reprehenſion, ſince with *Iuuenall* I may well conclude,

Spite of our teeth when vice appeares in ſight,
We muſt the Satyres play, and tartly write:

Where a good Poets greateſt difficultie, is to reſtraine himſelfe from Satyricall poeſie; for impiety like a tetter vniuerſally ſpreading, is ſuch, as no man but he will either be a gameſter or a ſpectator in gaming: either wanton or a fauourite of wantonneſſe: therefore now or neuer:

—Rumpantur Ilia Codri,
Inuidia.

Now to our Satyre.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

THou happie Crœſus in thy heapes of gold,
Erect thy ſelfe a God vpon thy throne,
Let it be framed of a purer mold,
Then of the Pumice, or the marble ſtone:
Let it be honor'd euen in Crœſus name,
Since golden Crœſus did erect the fame.

Wilt thou indeed, be honour'd for a god,
And with the ſtarres aray thy Princely head?
Be ſure ere long to feele an iron rod:
To cruſh thee downe, and thy accurſed feede.
*For if thou do denie * thy God his right,*
He will depriue thy power, abridge thy might.

* Qui in Deum delinquit, eum relinquit.

Art thou a crauling worme, a feeble creature,
And yet doſt thinke thy ſelfe a god on earth?
Canſt thou ſo eaſily transforme thy nature:
Chang'd to immortall, from a mortall birth?
Poore ſimple gull, a cockhorſe for this god,
*No god but * man, whoſe ſinnes deſerue Gods rod.*

* Homines cum hominibus ſanguinem & genus miſcent.

Star-ſtaring earthling, puff'd with inſolence,
Conceipted of thy ſelfe without deſert,
Comparing with the Deuine excellence,
For which thy follie, thou ſhalt feele the ſmart;

Do

*Do not * thinke God will ſuffer thee to raigne,*
That ſleights his workes, and takes his name in vaine.

* Quicquid à vobis minor extimeſcet, Maior hoc vobis dominus minatur.

And as for Crœſus, if he liue for aye,
Then will I thinke he is a god indeed:
But he ere long ſhall haue a dying day,
And be incloſed in an earthly weede.
Therefore fond Crœſus, thinke but of thy gold,
As ruſticke people of the vileſt mold.

*Yet thou mayſt * vse it Crœſus, to thy good,*
So thou repoſe no confidence therein,
So thou abuſe it not, it is allow'd,
Abuſe, not vſe, is Author of the ſinne.
Be not deceiu'd through any falſe pretence,
To hoord vp coine, and hurt thy conſcience.

* *The difference betwixt the poore wanting, and rich not vſing, is by theſe two expreſſed, the one* carendo, *the other* non fruendo.

This is a ſimple traine, a net for fooles,
*Not able to deceiue * the wiſer men.*
Fiſhes be ſooner catcht, in gliſtring pooles,
Then in a troubled creuiſe, marſh or fen,
But wiſeſt fiſhes, neuer will appeare,
Where they perceiue the ſmalleſt cauſe of feare.

* Sapiens ipſe fingit fortunam ſibi.

Lucan. in bell. Phar.

Thus is the forme of wiſedome well explaned,
Euen in a Chriſtall glaſſe moſt eminent,
Wherein our diſtinct natures are contained,
As in a Table aptly pertinent,
How that bewitch'd we are, in ſeeming good,
And that prooues poyſon which we tooke for food.

This is my Satyre, Crœſus which I ſend thee,
To th'end thou mayſt admoniſh'd be of this;
I hope my Satyre will in time amend thee,
And draw thy mind from earth-opinion'd bliſſe,
Wherefore farewell, and if thou wilt be bleſſed,
Flie from this ruſt, by it thy mind's oppreſſed.

The Argument.

TRogus *Pompeius* relateth in his generall Hiſtorie, how *Aſtyages* dreamed that there ſprong a vine forth of the wombe of his daughter *Mandanes*, whoſe broad-ſpreading branches ouerſhadowed all Aſia, wherefore to take away the ground and foundation of his feare, hauing vnderſtood by the *Magi*, that by the vine was intimated *Cyrus*, who ſhould ouerſhadow all Aſia with his victorious and conquering hand, he commanded *Harpagus* one of his priuie Counſell to take the babe and ſlay it, that whatſoeuer his dreame imported, might by this meanes be preuented: but *Harpagus* more cõpaſſionate then *Aſtiages* (though too remorceleſſe) expoſed it to the crueltie of ſauage beaſts, where (ſo carefull is nature of her owne) it found more pittie in the wild forreſt, then in his grandfathers Pallace, being for ſome dayes nouriſhed by a ſhe-wolfe or bitch,

bitch, (whence Nurſes to this day reſerue the name of *Spacon*,) and after found by one *Fauſtulus* a ſhepheard, was deliuered to his wife to be brought vp and nurſed: which ſhe, delighted with the chearfull countenance of the child, did accordingly, till in tract of time *Cyrus* came to the vnexpected height of an Empire, and fullfilled thoſe predictions and Prophecies which were formerly ſpoken of him. This *Argument* haue I culled, to the end my Satyre, vſing the liberty of ſo materiall an *Argument*, may inueigh againſt ſuch as ſeeke by all wayes to dilate and propagate the borders and bounders of their kingdome, (not reſpecting the meanes, ſo they may attaine the end) or ſtrengthen the continuance of their vniuſt claime by ſiniſter meanes: not vnlike to *Polynices* and *Eteocles* in the Tragedie; who though they were brethren, euen the hapleſſe children of wofull *Oedipus*, yet could they not content themſelues with their peculiar ſhares ſeuerally limited, and mutually allotted, but muſt crie:— *Aut Cæſar, aut nullus:* wherefore they enioyed the fruites of ſeldome proſpering deuiſion, *a ſhort reigne, attended on with perpetuall infamie after death.* Wherefore that is the beſt labour or trauell, where they do *— *Proponere laborem vt cum virtute & iuſtitia coniungant. This is the beſt ſtrife, the beſt contention, which (in a glorious emulation) is conuerſant about vertue*, not entertaining an vniuſt practice to gaine a kingdome, but euer to conclude with *Aurelius Sextus:— Ex peſſimo genere ne catulum:* Man that is wicked in his proceedings, getting an Empire by bloud (without

Heſiod. in operi: & die.

Polynices & Eteocles monomachia de regno decertantes, mutuis vulneribus concederunt, ibid.

* Vide Ethicorum axiomata & eorum præcipua ratiocinandi argumẽta, quorum certiſſimis principijs fundamenta virtutum innixa ſunt.

out regard of election or deſcent) may liue, and for a while flouriſh, but he ſhall die without an *Heyre:* therefore this Satyre is purpoſely directed to *ſuch,* (with an equall reflex from ſuperiour to inferiour) as reſpect not the meanes how to obtaine a kingdome, ſo they may haue a kingdome, agreeing with that in the Poet; *Regam, modum regnandi non quæram.* I will gouerne, though I ſeeke not the meanes how to gouerne well: or thus: *I will gouerne, though I regard not the meanes whereby I come to gouerne.* Thus much for a wicked *Amulius,* who will gouerne though it be by the death or depoſing of his brother *Numitor,* or an impious *Pigmalion,* who will murther *Sychæus* his brother to be enioyer of his treaſure, or a faith-infringing *Polymneſtor,* who betrayes the trust of a Protector, in praying vpon the Orphane *Polydore.* Of theſe my Satyre ſhall intreate, and brand them with the marke of an iniurious poſſeſſion.

* Polidorum obtruncat & auro vi potitur 3. *Ænead.*

THE FIFT SATYRE.

THou helliſh brood, borne to thine owne offence,*
Thou that wilt run into a ſtreame of bloud,
Yet cries againe; It's in mine owne defence,
Hauing no care of vow-linckt brotherhood;
Be thou thine owne deſtroyer, thine owne foe,
And may thy conſcience fret where ere thou goe.

* Et ſatu terra nefando.

What doeſt thou get, by getting of a crowne,
Depoſing him, that is the lawfull heire?

But

But cares and feares, and ſorrowes of thine owne,
With gaſtly viſions, motiues to deſpaire?*
Lament thy raigne, dominions got by wrong,
May floure awhile, but laſt they cannot long.

* *As it is written of Auguſt: that he had broken ſleepes and vſed to ſend for ſome to paſſe the night away in telling tales or holding him with talke.* Tit. Liu. dec 3.

Though Numitor *depoſ'd be by his brother,*
Fate hath her ſtroke, ſome Romulus *will ſpring,*
Or if not Romulus, *there will ſome other*
Depoſe his greatneſſe, make himſelfe a king.
Thus as he got his kingdome, ſhedding bloud,*
He of his bloudie purchaſe reapes ſmall good.

* *As Mithridates was ſaid to plant his kingdome on an indirect foundation, Blood.* Appian. Alexan.

Where Iuriſdiction is obtain'd by might,
Without apparent right vnto the crowne,
Shall ſoone extinguiſh all her former light,
And change her forme like to the waining Moone.
For ſuch vſurping kings as aime at all,
Shall miſſe their aime, and with their Scepter fall.

And thou Pigmalion, *who art neuer fil'd,*
But euer gapes for riches and for gold,
Till thou with might thy Brothers bloud haſt ſpil'd,
Or till thy yauning mouth be ſtopt with mold,
Either repent thy wrong, or thou ſhalt heare,
A thouſand Furies buzzing in thine eare.*

De cæde fraterna vberiori modo exarata, vid. Virgil. 1. Lib. AEnead.

* A Tergo Nemeſis.

Fooliſh Aſtyages *that meanes to raigne,*
And plant thy throne on earth eternally,
I tell thee (doting King) though thou diſdaine,
Cyrus *ſhould raigne, he will part ſtakes with thee:*
No, he'le haue all, thou art his ſubiect made,
And with his vine all Aſia's ſhadowed.

Though

Though thou do marry, and aſſure to wife,
* *Cambyſes.* *Thy faire* Mandanes, *to a countrey* * *ſquire,*
That her meane marriage might ſecure thy life,
A king ſhall ſpring from such an homely ſire.
It is in vaine to plot, when gods reſiſt,
Who can defeate our proiects as they liſt.

What Polynices, *wilt thou fight, with whom?*
With thine owne brother deare Eteocles;
Will you contend, ſince you be both as one?
* *2 Brothers.* *Cleon *will neuer fight with* Pericles;
Then why will you, the children of one ſire,
Againſt each other mutually conſpire?

Fie on you both, what ſauage crueltie,
Hath thus poſſeſt you in your tender age,
Brother gainſt brother moſt inhumanely,
To ſhew your ſelues as Men in beaſtly rage?
Farewell vngodly Twins, borne for debate,
When Ruine knocks, Repentance comes too late.

Farewell Aſtyages, *that reignes for aye,*
And thou Pigmalion, *who do'ſt gape for wealth,*
Amulius *too, who learning to obay,*
Perceiues how Realmes decline that's got by ſtealth.
Farewell, and if my tart lines chance to ſpite ye,
My Satyre ſayes, A dead dog cannot bite me.

The

The Argument.

CLytemneſtra *Agamemnons* wife, forſaking her owne husband *Agamemnon*, ran to the vnchaſt bed of *Ægiſtus*, where ſhe proſtituted her ſelfe, regardleſſe of her birth, and negleƈtfull of her honour. This *Agamemnon* perceiued, but through the exceeding loue he bore her, ſeemingly couered this her apparent diſhonour, labouring to reclaime her rather by clemencie then rigour: but ſhe perſiſting in her hatefull luſt and vnlawfull affeƈtion, perſwaded *Ægiſtus* by vrgent ſolliciting to continue in his former adulterie, without regard to *Agamemnons* loue, or the infamie of her owne life. And hauing not as yet ſpun the web of her miſchiefe, ſhe ſeconds her laſciuious attempt with a ſecret praƈtiſe, conſpiring with her fauourite *Ægiſtus* her husbands death, which was afterwards effeƈted, but not vnreuenged. This inſtance ſhall be the firſt ſubieƈt vnto my Satyre; wherein I meane to diſplay the impudencie of ſuch, as out of a godleſſe ſecuritie, vſually auouch and iuſtifie their wicked and ſenſuall pleaſures with *Phædra* in the Poet, writing to her ſonne in law *Hyppolytus* after this manner:

* *Vt tenuit domus vna duos, domus vna tenebit,*
Oſcula aperta dabas, oſcula aperta dabis.

* *One houſe hath held, one houſe ſhall hold vs twaine, once did we kiſſe, and we will kiſſe againe.*

For ſuch inceſtuous *Phædraes*, let them diuert their eyes

eyes to the enſuing Satyre, and then anſwer me, whether they do not bluſh at their decyphered follie, which more apparent then light will ſhew it ſelfe to euery eye: for the retiredſt angle or corner cannot giue vice a couer, whoſe memorie may be darkned, but not extinguiſhed: nor can the wide wombe of the earth find her a graue wherein to interre her, being like *Paſyphaes* iſſue, * euer a ſhame to the Parent. And as *Hecubaes* ſonne, portending * deſtruction to the Troian Citie, was thought fit to be caſten forth, leſt the euent thereof ſhould be anſwerable to the Propheſie: ſo ſhall this accurſed iſſue, this execrable Progenie ſhew it ſelfe, and be fitter for caſting forth then preſeruing, ſince *Clytemneſtra* ſhall feele the edge of cruelty, and the ſcourge of deuine furie.

* *The Minotaure.*

* Per ſomnum ardentem facem ſe peperiſſe ſentiens.

THE SIXT SATYRE.

WHat Clytemneſtra, *com'd ſo ſoone abroad,*
Forth of Ægiſtus *bed thy husband's foe!*
What is the cauſe thou makeſt ſo ſhort abode,
Is it becauſe thy huſband wills thee ſo?
No it's becauſe * *he's weary of thy ſinne,*
Which he once fought, but now is cloyed in.

* Quæritur AEgiſtus quare ſit factus adulter in promptu cauſa eſt, deſidioſus erat. *Ouid.*

What's that thou weares about thy downie necke?
O it's a painted heart, *a Iewell fit,*
For wanton Minions who their beauties decke,
With gariſh toyes, new Suiters to begit:
Thou haſt a painted heart for chaſtitie,
But a true heart for thy adulterie.

Speake

Speake on Adultreſſe, let me heare thy tongue,
*Canſt varniſh ore thy ſin with * eloquence?*
Silence; ſuch ſinnes ſhould make the ſinner dumbe,
And force his ſpeech to teare-ſwolne penitence;
Do not then ſhadow thy laſciuious deeds,
For which the heart of Agamemnon *bleeds.*

* Inſipiens eloquentia, vti gladius in furentis manu, nō obeſſe maxime non poteſt. *Mirand. in laud. Herm.*

Leaue of (foule ſtrumpet: keepe thy huſbands bed,
Thou haſt no intereſt in Ægiſtus *ſheetes:*
Infamous acts, though cloſely done are ſpred,
And will be blaz'd and rumour'd in the ſtreetes.
Flie from this ſcandall, leſt it ſoile thy name,
Which blemiſht once, is nere made good againe.

Is not thy huſband worthy of thy loue?
Too worthy huſband of a worthleſſe whoore,
Then rather chuſe to die then to remoue:
Thy chaſt-vowd ſteps from Agamemnons *boore?*
*He's thine, thou his, O * may it then appeare,*
Where ere he is, that thou art onely there.

* *Vſing the words of that chaſt Romane Matron: where thou art Caius, I am Caia.*

But for Hyppolitus *to be incited*
By his ſtep-mother, O inceſtuous!
*And to his * fathers bed to be inuited:*
What fact was euer heard more odious?
But ſee (chaſt youth) though ſhe perſwade him to it,
Nature forbids, and he's aſhamed to do it.

* *Theſeus.*

* *You * painted Monkies that will nere reſtraine,*
Your hote deſires from luſts-purſuing chaſe,
Shall be conſumed in a quenchleſſe flame,
Not reft of griefe, though you were reft of grace.

* *The Application of the Morall.*
* Quis fucum in proba virgine non damnet? Quis in veſtali non deteſtetur? *Pic. Mirand. in Epiſt.*

Bereft

Bereft of grace, and buried in ſhame,
Regardleſſe of your honour, birth, or name.

I can diſcerne you by your wanton toyes,
Your ſtrutting like Dame Iuno *in her throne,*
Caſting concealed fauours vnto boyes:
Theſe common things are into habits growne,
And when you haue no fauours to beſtow,
Lookes are the lures which draw affections bow.

Truſt me I bluſh, to ſee your impudence,
*Sure you no women * are, whoſe brazen face,*
Shewes modeſtie ha's there no reſidence,
Incarnate diuels that are paſt all grace;
Yet ſometimes wheate growes with the fruitleſſe tares,
You haue fallne oft, now fall vnto your prayers.

* Si puellam viderimus moribus lepidam atq; dicaculam, laudabimus, exoſculabimus: hæc in matrona damnabimus & perſequemur. ibid.

The Argument.

WHoſoeuer will but conſider the fortune, or rather misfortune of *Tereus* for his wickedneſſe, ſhall behold as in a glaſſe or tranſparent mirror, the fruite of adulterous beds. For his licencious and inordinate luſt contained within no bounds, but continuing in all prohibited deſires, and now purſuing with an inceſtuous heate *Phylomele* his wiues ſiſter, hath transformed himſelfe into a reaſonleſſe creature; for now *Tereus*

reus in *Vpubam* changeth his former nature and condition, becoming in ſhape as odious, as his life was impious, as the Poet teſtifieth:

Vertitur in volucrem, cui ſtant pro vertice criſtæ.

Thus may adulterous want-graces looke into *Tereus* fall, and then apply his ruine to their preſent ſtate. I gather theſe Arguments out of fictions and Poeticall inuentions, yet are not theſe fables without their deuine Morals; for ſuch mẽn as are touched with this crime or the like, ought to be aſhamed of their follie, ſince the very heathen Poets, whoſe beſt of ſacred knowledge was the light of Nature, could exclaime againſt them, and pourtray the forme of their liues in a fained inuention. For to exemplifie ſpeciall puniſhments inflicted on particular ſinnes, **Thoſe birds* which ſtill frequented *Phineus* armie, and annoyed him with ſuch a filthy ſent, that euen vpon ſhipboord they would come flocking to his Nauie, and bring a loathſome ſtench, whereby they vſed to infect his meate, neuer departing from him, either morne or night, but would — *Eſcopulis exire, & vniuerſam claſſem teterrimo fœtore inficere.* Wherefore was this, but foraſmuch as by the perſwaſion of his ſecond wife *Idæa*, he put forth the eyes of his children had by his firſt *wife? of which in the latter part of this Satyre I meane eſpecially to inſiſt, declaring by way of aggrauation the wickedneſſe of ſuch *Iniuſtæ Nouercæ*, who will tyranniſe ouer their ſtepchildren, reſpectleſſe of *Phineus* puniſhment or *Idæas* vexation. And though ſome obiect, that theſe Arguments be but fruitleſſe

* *The Harpyes.*

* *Cleopatra.*

leſſe inuentions hatched forth of Poets braines; yet muſt they of force confeſſe ingenuouſly, that their Morals conferre no leſſe benefit, then if deriued from a truer ſubiect: for whoſoeuer will not beware of *Idæas* fact, ſhall vndergo *Idæas* * puniſhment; let them therefore auoyd the fact precedent or let them expect the puniſhment ſubſequent.

* Quem fecere parem crimina, fata parem. *Ibid.*
* Par tibi culpa fuit, par tibi pena ſubit. *alib.* Nec culpa eſt leuior, nec tibi pæna minor.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

HOw now fond Tereus, *whither rid'ſt ſo faſt,*
To Progne or to Itis? O, it's true,
Thou goeſt vnto thy ſiſter, made vnchaſt,
By thy enforced rape, for ſhe nere knew
What luſts-embraces meant, till thou hadſt taught her,
Which gaue her cauſe of ſorrowing euer after.

Come backe againe, go to thy chaſt wiues bed,
Wrong not the honour of a ſpotleſſe wife,
What fruite yeelds luſt when thou haſt ſurfeted,
But wretched death, drawne from a wicked life?
Returne fond luſtfull man, do not diſhonour
Poore Phylomele, *for heauens eyes looke on her.*

* Forſitan & narres quam ſit tibi ruſtica coniux.

It may be thou alledg'ſt, * *ruſticity*
Appeareth in the faſhions of thy Deare;
Is this a cloake to liue licentiouſly?
No, if her breeding more vnciuill were,
Theſe ſhould not be occaſions of thy ſhame,
For in diſcretion thou ſhouldſt couer them.

Thou

Thou art that Ruſticke, ſhe the modeſt flower,
Not ſeeking for to grow with other plants
Then with thy ſelfe, though thou *for euery boore,*
Suites thy affection, yet affection wants:
*She * loues, thou luſts, thine is a borrowed name,*
For ſhame-faſt loue needs neuer bluſh for ſhame.

Amor perennis coniugis caſtæ manet. *Sen. in.* Octau.

How now Prince Phineus, *where's thy childrens eyes,*
Are they put out, who mou'd thee to offend?
Was it Idæa, *whom the gods defies?*
Whom neither heauen nor earth can well commend.
It was Idæa, *ſhe the Step-dame cries,*
Haſte, Phineus *haſte, pull out thy childrens eyes.*

He'le do it for thee, there's no queſtion why,
To faire Idæa, *chaſt Queene to his bed,*
He ſhould the murdring of his ſoule deny,
Much leſſe to cauſe his childrens bloud be ſhed;
See ſtep-dames *ſee, how hatefull is your guilt,*
When to raiſe yours, anothers bloud is ſpilt!

Murder thy children, put out Orphans eyes,
God cannot ſalue their extreame heauineſſe:
He cannot heare them when they make their cries,
Nor can he comfort them in their diſtreſſe.
Yes, he can heare and ſee, and though he come
With a ſlow pace, he will at laſt ſtrike home.

Then grieue, but let not griefe driue to deſpaire;
Truſt, but let Truſt breed no ſecuritie,
For crying ſinnes when they preſuming are,
Oft wound ſo deepe they find no remedie.

Farewell Idæa, *may my Satyre heare,*
For each bloud-drop th'aſt ſhed, thou ſhedſt a teare.

The Argument.

THe Argument of this Satyre ſhall be againſt all wicked *Iulians*, all godleſſe Apoſtates. And though in the third Satyre I haue touched this Argument briefly: yet now more amply meane I to deblazon the forlorne condition of theſe vnnaturall monſters. For to produce the Authorities & Opinions of the very heathen Phyloſophers, they haue generally concluded, not onely a God, but a Trinitie, *Three in-beings or perſons coeſſentiall.* As firſt the Platoniſts, who haue concluded a *Minder*, *Minding, and a Minded*, but the chiefe hereof the *Minder.* From the Platoniſts let vs deſcend to the Pythagorians, amongſt whom *Numenius* moſt worthie for his learning (inſomuch as *Porphyrie* a man of ripe iudgement and pregnant conceit, albeit a profeſt enemie of Chriſt, wrote many ſeuerall Commentaries vpon him) ſpeaketh thus: Touching the Indiuiduate eſſence of God, it is compact of it ſelfe in one, ſubſiſting of none, in and of himſelfe alone, not to be contained or circumſcribed within any limits or bounds, being euer during in time, before time, and without time; incomprehenſible in his works, indiuiſible, in

The Pythag. Numenius.

in his ſubſtance inſubſtantiate. The Academicks in like ſort conclude the ſame, yeelding to an omnipotent power, working according to the diuine will of the worker; wherein they giue excellent inſtances and ſimilitudes in the * Sunne, and the heate proceeding from the Sunne, drawing from thence a ſingular argument to proue *the diuine Trinitie.* *Zeno* the father of the Stoicks, acknowledged the *Word* to be *God*, and also the *ſpirit* of *Iupiter.* Thus Academicks of later times, Stoicks, Pythagorians, and Platoniſts, confeſſe this heauenly power: and ſhall we who are borne in the dayes of light and truth deny the ſame? *Hermes* can conclude, how—*Radij deuini ſunt eius operationes miræ, Radij mundani ſunt naturæ & rerum ſimilitudines variæ, Radij humani ſunt artes & ſcientiæ.* And ſhall we confeſſe the later, but not the firſt, from whence the later be deriued? *Plato* in his 13. Epiſtle to King *Dennis* writeth thus. When I write in earneſt, you ſhall know hereby, that I begin with one God; but when I write otherwiſe, then I begin with many gods. *Ariſtotle* likewiſe that ſerious inquiſitor in the ſecrets of Nature, could ſay:—*Ens entium miſerere mei.* Thus are our Atheiſts conuinced by Pagans; for neither *Orphuus* whoſe inuention gaue that opinion of pluralitie of gods firſt footing, nor *Diagoras* the Athenian, who denied that there was any God, were exempted from ſeuereſt cenſure, the one hauing his opinions publickly refelled, the other for his contempt of the gods, expulſed. For ſuch nouell opinions as Antiquity had not traduced vnto

The Academ.

* *The Sunne, beames, and heate alluding to the bleſſed Trinitie. Stoicks.*

Hermes his deſcription of the diuerſe workings.

13 *Epiſt. to King Dennis. vid. Sene. in Epiſt. ad Lucil.*

God was not made at any time, in as much as he is euerlaſtingly vnbegotten. Galen.

them, but ſeemed repugnant to what they beleeued touching their gods, were eſteemed perillous, and the founders of them worthie due puniſhment. And how much more ought we reuerently to obſerue and carefully retaine what Sacred authoritie, grounded on better warrant then Pagan Antiquitie, hath commended to vs, where euery clauſe, euery ſyllable, ſentence and title are full of ſententious ſweetneſſe, and diuine fulneſſe? As for the palpable blindneſſe of ſuch as ſee not, or wilfull ignorance of ſuch as ſee but will not, the time will come when *He*, whom they denie ſhall reueale himſelfe in furie, and thoſe groſſe opinions which with ſuch aſſeuerance they maintained, ſhall be teſtimonies againſt them to conuince them. And though, as *Suetonius* witneſſeth, there be some, who like *Caligula* will threaten the aire, that ſhe ſhall not raine vpon his publicke games or ſtately ſpectacles, ſhewing himſelfe ſo peremptorie, as though he would cope with the immortall Gods, yet would he—*ad minima tonitrua, & fulgura conniuere, caput obuoluere, ad vero maiora proripere ſe è ſtrato, ſub lectumq condere ſolebat:* at the noiſe of thunder or lightning winke hard, couer his head, and ſtop his eares, to take away the occaſion of his feare: yea more then this, he would leape out of his bed and hide himſelfe vnder it. Thus did he contemne *him* whoſe works made him tremble, derogating from his power, yet aſtoniſhed with the voice of his thunder: and though in his time and his predeceſſor *Tiberius* there flouriſhed a * worthie Philoſopher, who allbeit

Vid. Sueton. Tranq. in vit. Calig.

* *Phylo the Iew.*

beit a Iew by nation, yet frequent amongſt the Romanes, had great iudgement in matters diuine, and ſpake profoundly of the things which belonged vnto the expectation of Nations: Notwithſtanding all this, they continued without the leaſt acknowledgement of a Deitie, and in contempt of the diuine power, threatning the heauens if they ſcouled or frowned vpon the Romane gameſters, as I haue before mentioned. Whereby it ſeemes they repoſed ſuch confidence in the height of their preſent eſtate, as they imagined ſo firme a foundation could be ſhaken by no Superiour power; for indeed worldly pompe makes men for the moſt part forgetful of their duty towards their Creator, thinking (as men in a fooles Paradiſe) that this preſent Sunſhine of their ſeeming felicitie ſhall neuer ſet. Yet no ſooner ſhall hoarie age draw neare, then—*friget æſtus honoris*, and their former cheareſulneſſe enfeebled with all infirmities, ſhall with lame limmes and a queaſie voice crie out,—*Non eadem eſt ætas:* then ſhall the cureleſſe itch of honor by the brine of age be allayed, youthfull ſports abandoned, and a quiet life rather deſired then magnificence of eſtate. Concluding with *Seneca* the Phyloſopher, inueying againſt the tyrannie of *Nero* to this effect:

Petitur hac cælum via.

Well did I liue, when I from enuie rid,
Was pent vp 'mongſt the Rocks of th' Corſian ſea,
Where if I ſtill had liu'd as once I did,
Well had it gone both with my ſtate and me.

In the Tragedie of Agrip.

For whoſoeuer ſhall but ſeriously conſider the ſtate and courſe of mans life, which is intangled

with ſo ſundrie and manifold perills, ſhall call it with the Poet,—*mundum vitro ſimilantem*, where life is an exile, the paſſage a perill, and the end doubtfull. Thus farre of those who either with ſucceſſe of fortune puffed, or height of honour tranſported, or through a carnall libertie benummed, truſt ſo much in the arme of fleſh, as they wholly denie the power and maieſtie of the onely God (or ſoueraigne good) preferring a momentanie delight before a celeſtiall reward. Now to my Satyre.

THE EIGHT SATYRE.

NOw ſtout Caligula *that dar'ſt the gods,*
Saying, they muſt not frowne vpon thy pleaſure,
Thou and immortall powers are ſtill at odds,
*Whoſe * gold's thy god, whoſe deitie's thy treaſure.*
Thou'lt feele the ſmart hereof, when thy eſtate,
Founded on frailtie ſhall be ruinate.

* Modo auaritiæ ſingulos increpans, & quod puderet eos locupletiores eſſe, quã te. *in vit. Calig.*

Thou wilt not feare him while thou liues on earth,
Though life and power, and all be in his hand,
Thou'lt fight with him (poore worme) that giues thee breath,
And with the breath of fleſh checke Ioues *command.*
Vnhappie Prince, though thou the happieſt ſeeme,
This reigne of thine is but a golden dreame.

And when this dreame is paſt, and thou awake,
From thy ſoule-charming ſlumber thou muſt on,

Ta-

*Taking thy iourney to the * Stygian lake,*
Or flame exhaling quenchleſſe Phlegeton,
Where poyſoned Adders ſhall infect thy tongue,
Which did ſo impiouſly her maker wrong.

* Sperent te tartara regem.

Flie from the horror of thy damned ſoule,
For ſure ere long thou ſhalt be puniſhed.
See how thy ſoule deformed is and foule,
Soiled with ſinne, with errours blemiſhed.
*O * waſh them then, ſome hope doth yet remaine,*
But now vnwaſht they'le nere be white againe!

* Chriſtus lauacrū eſt animæ, canalis gratiæ: Lauacrum, in quo anima immergitur & lauatur, Canalis, à qua omnis gratia animæ deriuatur.

Art not aſham'd for to denie his *power,*
Who giueth life vnto each liuing thing?
To heauen, to earth, to ſea, and to each flower,
He giueth meanes, for by him all things ſpring.
Who will not then, and knowing this, account
The earth's the Lords, and he's Lord Paramount?

Doeſt thou not ſee the fabricke of this earth,
And all the plants which flouriſh in their kind,
How by his power each creature bringeth forth,
As if indeed they knew their makers mind:
Where th'very earth-worme that's endu'd with ſence,
*Is not excluded from his * prouidence?*

† *The very hedghog is not excluded from his prouidence.* Aug.

Then leaue this damn'd opinion, Iulian,
Be not too confident of earthly rule:
Remember ſtill thou art a mortall man,
And in his power who can the ſeas controule.
It's he can make this earths foundation ſhudder,
Whose Empires reach from one Sea to another.

Yet thou Caligula *canſt threat the gods,*
If they deſcend but in a winters ſhowre,
And faiſt in ſcorne, Thou'lt beate them with thy rods,
If they hold on, vpon thy games to lowre.
Yet cowardize conſtraines thee for to flie,
At euery flaſh, and like a Babe to crie.

Thou'lt menace death vnto Eternitie,
If they obey not thy imperious pleaſure:
Thus gods themſelues muſt feele thy tyrannie,
Enioynd to dance attendance at thy leyſure:
Yet for all this, if thou but Thunder heares,
Thou pulls thy cap downe ore thy frighted eares.

So euery falſe Apoſtate will be ſtout,
Before he feele the Viols of Gods wrath:
But when he taſts thereof he gins to doubt,
*And calls to mind how he * forſooke his faith.*
His fall from which, confeſſing with his tong,
His tongue is ſpeaking, but his heart is dombe.

* *But ſee, being in the way of doing well, ſhame holds him from the faith from which he fell.*

Dumbe ſhalt thou be, for heauen will haue it ſo,
Since thou applieſt thy tongue to wickedneſſe,
Abuſing that, gainſt him *who did beſtow*
All that thou haſt, this's thy vnthankefulnes.
Yet but relent, and doubt not to obtaine,
That heauenly grace, which elſe thou canſt not gaine.

Graceleſſe beware, and feare the power of heauen,
Who can deſtroy thee in a minutes ſpace,
*He who can make, the * ſteepeſt mountaines euen,*
Whoſe footſtoole's earth, & heauen his dwelling place,

* Excelſa humiliando & humilia exaltando.

Feare

Feare, graceleſſe feare, and thou ſhalt liue for euer,
For feare giues life to death, health to the liuer.

Liue thou ſhalt neuer, if thou do not care
To ſhew reſpect to th'ſupreme Maieſtie,
He *whom we feare, who tenders our wel-fare,*
And guides vs in this vale of miſerie.
Pagan thou art, vnleſſe thou do amend,
Whose endleſſe ſinnes expect a * *wofull end.*

Therefore as thou regardſt thy ſweete ſoules health,
Or honour of thy Maker, now reclaime
Thy breach of faith ſtain'd with the worlds filth,
If thou a ſonne of Syon meanes to raigne.
Fare well or ill; if well thou meanes to fare,
Vnto the Temple of thy God repaire.

* *Iulian and Fælix had both miſerable ends: while Iulian that impious Apoſtate continued in his blaſphemie:* Ecce quam ſumptuoſis vaſis filio Mariæ miniſtratur! vid. *Venerab. Bed.* 3. *lib.*

The Argument.

HYppeas that worthy Grecian, who ſtroue for the games in the Olympiads, wore no other apparell ſaue what with his owne handes (being a generall Artiſt) he had framed, hauing not ſo much as the ring of his finger, or bracelet about his arme, but were made by him, yea & the ſhooes of his feete, which with his owne skill he made likewiſe. This *Hyppeas* hauing gained the chiefeſt prizes by meanes of his actiuitie; and now returning

ning in the triumph of a Conquerour with a Coronet of floures empaled, to receiue the propoſed reward: the publicke Notarie of theſe games came (according to the wonted cuſtome vſually obſerued) to demaund the beſt raiment or choyceſt particular ornament the Conquerour had about him. Now this fellow, whom continuance of time had made impudent, ſeeing the bountie of the conquering *Hippeas*, according to the manner, receiued the beſt raiment the Victor wore: and ſcarce contented therewith, (like an infatigable ſuiter) begged farther his ſtockings, and *Hyppeas* denied him nothing. So long he continued in begging, and he in giuing, till *Hyppeas* went naked forth of the Olympiads, hauing nothing wherewith he might ſhew his friends any ſemblance of conqueſt or victorie, ſaue his naked bodie, which he preſented vnto them, vſing theſe words vnto the Notarie:—*What I haue giuen thee, I would haue beſtowed on my profeſſedſt enemy, for ſuch motiues of vaineglory ſhould rather moue me to loath them then loue them, leaue them, then liue with them, remembring, how*

The ſage Eutrapelus *expreſly bad,*
His foes ſhould haue the choyceſt robes he had,
Wherein he found by proofe this ſpeciall good,
To make himſelfe more humble, them more proud.

The name of this begger was *Mynthos*, who hauing thus polled & ſpoiled this worthy Conqueror of all his apparell through his importunacie in demanding, preſently thus anſwered one by whom he was sharpely taxed: *Nemo eſt quin aliqua in*

arte

arte præclarus eſt, ego autem in præmia & veſtimenta comparando, palmam & gloriam adeptus ſum meque diuitem ex aliorum paupertate feci. This ſhall be the Argument of this ninth Satyre, touching impudent crauers: *Theſe—Iri egentes,* of whom the Poet ſpeaketh, who make themſelues rich by their ſeruile baſeneſſe, and as Vultures feede beſt vpon the ſtinkingſt carrion, ſo they vpon others riot, prodigalitie, and diſſolution, ſucking like the *Sangui-fugæ,* who feede themſelues with bloud till they burſt. Reaſon haue I to inuey againſt them, ſince Iſrael the elect and select people of God were not to receiue them—*Let there be no begger in Iſrael.* Time was not then for Paraſites to currie fauour, when none was to haue relieſe but by his labor; ſo expreſly was euery one enioyned to apply his vocation, that * *he who would not labour ſhould not eate.* And may theſe inſatiable *Mynthes* taſte the like fare, being deriued from as baſe beginnings as they are oftimes aduanced without merit to great meanes and poſſeſſions, yea compoſed of as ignoble and degenerate minds, as they are ſprong of ingenerous bloud.

* *Gen.* 3. 19. *2. Theſ.* 3. 10. *Prou.* 5. 15. *1. Theſ.* 4. 11.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

HYppeas, *your cloake I craue, that is my due,*
Your ſtockings too, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Free to beſtow a Bountie were in you,
And yet a debt, for you to know my fee's.
But Debt to mention I do think't vnfit,
When Bountie is ſo neare to anſwer it.

And

And yet I want, and yet what can I want,
When He *of whom I craue's ſo prone to giue?*
When ſtore by Ioue *is ſent, there is no ſcant,*
All famine leaue, and all in plentie liue.
See what thou wants then Minthos, *and but craue it,*
Hyppeus *is ſtor'd, and thou art ſure to haue it.*

Belt, Beuer, Buskin, view from top to toe,
See what thou wants his Wardrope will ſupply,
And laugh at him when thou haſt vſ'd him ſo,
And bid him triumph in his victory.
Let him go nak'd, and boaſt what he hath done,
Whileſt thou enioyes the Booties he hath won.

The true deſcription of a Paraſite.

Yet tearme him Prince of bountie, and requite
In ſeeming Proteſtations, and in vowes,
Yet care not for him when he's out of ſight;
For thoſe thriue beſt who can make faireſt ſhows:
In ſpeaking much, but little as they meane,
And being ſuch, but not the ſame they ſeeme.

* Satis domi talium ſalutatorum habeo. *Plut. in vit. Tiber.*

*I would I could, thus maiſt * thou bring him on,*
I could extend my wealth vnto my will,
I would erect to ſhow what you haue done,
Some Time-outliuing Monument, to fill
The world with amazement, when they heare
What you haue bene, and what your actions were.

And then impart thy want, how fortunes are
Vnequally deuided, yet to ſuch
As He *whoſe Bountie giues to each his ſhare,*
Though much he hath, yet ha's he not too much:

And

And then with cap in hand beſeech his worth,
Be good to thee, *that's borne of obſcure birth.*

Indeed thou ſeemes to be an obſcure Aſſe,
A ſpacious Beggar, *begging euery where,*
Who wilt not ſuffer a patcht boote to paſſe,
But thou wilt beg it for thy leg that's bare.
Indeed too bare thou art, too impudent,
That with thy owne ſtate canſt not be content.

Vid. Perſi. in Satyr.

Peſantlike Baſtard, hate thy Beggarie,
Liue on thy owne, not on anothers ſtate;
Thou that deſcendeſt from baſe penurie,
Wilt by thy Begging *liue at higher rate?*
Numbred thou art amongſt ſuch men as begs,
The ſmoke of Chimnies, ſnuffes, and Vintners dregs.

Vid. Iuuenal. Saty.

Thou art defam'd, for all deride thy kneeling,
Thy capping, cringing, and thy temporizing,
As if thou hadſt of modeſtie no feeling,
But from anothers razing drew thy riſing.
Well, for thy begging *we will beg for thee,*
The Pattent of diſgrace and infamie.

So with thy wallet as a beggar *ſhould,*
Be not aſham'd to ſeeme that which thou art,
Sowe patch on patch, to keepe thee from the cold,
And ſhew thy want in each ſeame-rented part:
But do not rere thy fortunes on mens fall,
For ſuch baſe Beggars *are the worſt of all.*

Qualis es, talis appare.

Vultum verba decent. *Horat.*

I write not to thee in a ſublime ſtile,
Such is vnfit thy errors to conuince;

A Satyres natiue Rhetoricke.

Satyres though rough, are plaine and muſt reuile
Vice with a Cynicke bluntneſſe, as long ſince

* *Eupolis, Ariſtobulus, Ariſteas, &c.*

** Thoſe graue iudicious Satyriſts did vſe,*
Who did not taxe the time, but times abuſe.

And yet I wiſh my pen were made of ſteele,
And euery leafe, a leafe of laſting braſſe,
Which might beare record to this Commonweale,
When this Age's paſt, to Ages that ſhall paſſe.

Debemur morti nos noſtraq;.

*But * theſe as others muſt, ſhall loſe their name,*
And we their Authors too muſt die with them.

Yet well I know, I ſhall Characterd be,
In liuing letters, prouing what I write,
To be authenticke to poſteritie,
To whom this Ages vices I recite.
Which, much I doubt, as they're ſucceſſiue ſtill,
By courſe of yeares, ſo they'le ſucceed in ill.

For vice nere dyes inteſtate, but doth leaue,
Something behind, to ſhew what it hath bene;
Yea canting knaues that hang on others ſleeue,
Can charge their heires ſtill to purſue the ſtreame,
Where Iohn *a ſtyle bequeathes to* Iohn *a noke,*
His Beggars *rags, his diſh, his ſcrip, his poke.*

With which Ile beg; *no, with my ſoule I ſcorne it,*
Ile rather carrie tankards on my backe;
Yet th'trade is thriuing, true, but I'ue forſworne it,
Nor would I beg, *though competent I lacke.*

Before

Before I ſhould make congies to a ſwayne,
I would forſweare to take my legs againe.

I am but poore, and yet I ſcorne to beg,
To be a Baſtard to my Progenie,
Yea I will rather with * Sycites *feg,*
Receiue my death, then get me infamie.
I'le be a galley-ſlaue in Turkiſh ſhip,
Rather then ſcrape my crums out of a scrip.

* *Poyſon. Sycites fig. a Prouerbe.*

Bias *was poore, and yet his wealth increaſed,*
All that he had he carried ſtill about him;
Bias *is dead, his goods by death are ſeiſed,*
Mydas *is poore, his goods were all without him.*
Bias *and* Mydas *both agree in this,*
Earths bliſſe when we're in earth quite vaniſh'd is.

Vid. dict. Cretenſium.

[a] Candaules *he was rich, yet he was poore,*
Rich *in his coffers rammed downe with gold,*
Yet poore *in this, his wife did proue a whoore,*
Showne naked vnto Gyges *to behold.*
Collatine *poore, yet rich, his wife is chaſt,*
Both theſe agree in this, by death embra'ſt.

a Candaules in primo libro Iuſtini, Qui oſtendens eam Gigi (depoſita veſte) tantæ infaniæ pænas luit, à Gige enim confoditur mira virtute annuli cooperto. Vnde Poeta; coniugis vt nudam ſpeciem monſtraſſet amico: Dilectam ſpeciem perdit, amicus habet.

[b] Irus *was poore, but* Crœſus *paſſing rich,*
Irus *his ſcrip differs from* Crœſus *boord,*
Yet now compare them and I know not which,

Quaſi ſilentium damnum pulchritudinis eſſet. *ibid. Vid. Cic. de off.* 3. *Lib. Plato. de leg. l.* 1.

b Irus, qui in domo Vliſſis poſt reditum ſuum, ab Vliſſe, pugna nimirum eius, peremptus eſt; Irus qui Scrinio ſuo & Obba in platæis Græciæ mendicare ſolebat, ſuperbia quadam (aut ſpe ſuauioris lucri) affectus, in Penelopem, inter Penelopis ſocios, (vt nuncius potius quam procus) accedere auſus eſt; — Dignum ſupplicium pertulit, quia tanta animi audacia (more procacis mendici) in lares conſularis dignitatis viri procedere auſit. *Vid. Hom. Ili. interp. Calab.*

Is better furniſh'd or the worſer ſtor'd:
For ſee their fates, they both in one agree,
Since by pale Death they both arreſted be.

Priſcillaes *purſe,* * Demoſthenes *his hand,*
Do differ much, the one is alwayes ſhut,
The other open, for rewards doth ſtand;
Yet if we meaſure either by his foot,
That cloſe-ſhut purſe, and that receiuing hand,
*Haue equall ſhares made by the * Sextons wand.*

* *Demoſthenes an Orator of Athens.*

* Virga ſepulchralis. *Varr.*

Yet Beggar, *thou that* begs, *and hopes to gaine*
Store of rewards, for to relieue thy need.
Or furſet rather, tell me what's thy aime,
*When thoſe * thou feeds, ſhall on thy carkaſſe feed?*
For then where's the Beggar *now become,*
Whoſe ſhame's too great, to hide with ſhroud or tombe?

* Paſcentur à nobis quæ paſcuntur in nobis. *Vermes.*

Take theſe rude Satyres as compoſ'd by him
Who loues his ſtate farre better then thy trade,
For * Beggars *loſe more then they ſeeme to win,*
Since their eſteeme for euer's blemiſhed:
Liue at a lower rate, and beg *the leſſe.*
I'le liue to write, if thou thy fault redreſſe.

* *Expoſ'd to ſhame, and infamie betraid.*

Amicus non Mendicus.

The

The Argument.

TAurus * a rich Iuſtice, ſeemed to carrie great port and ſtate in his countrie where he liued, though more feared then loued: *for the proud miſer ſeldome liues to be inheritour of a friend:* but afterward his miſery was moſt apparently known by his deſolate houſe, as vnacquainted with hoſpitality as an vſurers heire with frugalitie, hauing onely a caſe for a man, a *blew-coate* I meane without a man, a ſhadow without a ſubſtance. In this Satyre next enſuing is deſcribed the miſerable nature of ſuch, as notwithſtanding their outward port, glorying of more then euer their vnworthie minds could reach to, be the very pictures and *Idæas* of *miſery*, as I may well call them: where deſire of hauing ſo much ouerſwayes them, as care of reputation lightly moues them. This Argument is ſhort, for the Satyre will ſhew her owne meaning without any further illuſtration.

* Raptus abit media quod ad æthera Taurus arena, non fuit hoc artis ſed pietatis opus. *Martial. in Epi. in Amphythe. Cæſa.*

It is a great ſhame for a man to haue a poore heart and a rich purſe.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

TAurus * *a Iuſtice rich, but poore in mind,*
(Riches make rich-men poore through miſerie,)
Had long time liu'd as one in hold confin'd,
With gates cloſe-ſhut from hoſpitalitie:

* Cornua Vibrando, neſcit ſua cornua Taurus; *Whereto it was ſhrewdly anſwered:* Cornua dum cernit, retrahit ſua cornua Taurus.

Meanes without men he had him to attend,
Leſt what he ſpar'd his Retinue ſhould ſpend.

One time a Traueller chanc'd to repaire
To Taurus *houſe, to quench his vehement thirſt,*
But he poore man could find no comfort there:
Drinke could he get none, if his heart ſhould burſt;
Men he ſaw none, nor ought to cheare his want,
*Saue a * Blew-coate without a cognisant.*

* Signa dat Holpitij, ſed habentur in Hospitis vmbram.

The Traueller conceited in diſtreſſe,
*Straight thus diſcours'd, his * paſſion to allay:*
This Iuſtice is a Seruing-man I gueſſe,
Who leaues his coate at home when he's away:
Therefore I was deceiu'd and did amiſſe,
To ſeeke a Iuſtice where a blew-coate is.

* *As quicke conceits will paſſions beſt allay.*

But as the Traueller went on his way,
He met the Iuſtice in a ragged ſuite,
Who in a Bench-like faſhion bad him ſtay,
Saying—He ought a Iuſtice to ſalute:
The man at firſt perplex'd, and now awake,
Tooke heart of grace, and did this anſwer make.

Sir, if I haue forgotten my regard
Vnto your place, forgiue my ignorance,
My eye could not diſcerne you, till I heard
Your ſelfe report your owne preeminence,
Whoſe name is Terror, and whoſe awfull breath,
Is meſſenger of furie, and of death.

And

And great I heare's endowments you poſſeſſe,
But worthie greater then you do enioy,
Witneſſe your open houſe, *which doth expreſſe*
The care you haue your fortunes to employ
In bounties ſeruice: your good beere doth ſhow it,
Being kept ſo well, as none can come vnto it.

Taurus *he ſtamp'd, cald his attendants knaues,*
And ſo he might, for none could be offended,
Where art thou Tom (*quoth he*) Iack, George, *out*
Faining their voyces, All ſhall be amended. *(ſlaues,*
Then anſwers he himſelfe, Let none depart,
But entertaine all with a chearefull heart.

The Traueller *though he conceiued all,*
Seem'd to admire the bountie of the place,
Till th'badge-leſſe coate that hung within the hall,
Forc'd him to laugh the Iuſtice *in the face.*
Why doeſt thou laugh (*quoth he?*) *I laugh to note,*
For want of men, what ſeruic's in a coate.

The Argument.

Claudius a Romane, for his approued honeſty reſpected for the moſt part, gained no leſſe

good opinion with the Conſcript fathers in the Senate-houſe, then popular loue in the Citie: for his grauitie was ſuch, as none could detect him of the leaſt imputation, hauing alwayes in the whole courſe of his pleading ſuch pithie, ſententious, and ſelect, diſcourſe, that it yeelded no leſſe admiration to the hearers, then a generall eſtimation to himſelfe, at that time reputed one of the hopefulleſt young Orators: but moſt eſpecially for his deuotion and religion to the gods, then, amongſt the Romans adored and worſhipped. This *Claudius* after this generall report and good liking which all had of him, vpon a ſolemne night appointed for the ſacrifizing to * *Mars* in behalfe of a battell which was to be made againſt a Prince of Numidia, (in which holy rites there were appointed *Augurs* for the coniecturing of theſe things) ſeeing the opportunitie of the *Augures* abſence, renewed the familiaritie which he of long time had with one of the *Augures* wiues. Now the *Augur* hauing left behind him his Oſcines or Propheſing birds (a neglect of ſuch importance as it diſcouered his owne ſhame,) came to his houſe where he detected *Claudius*, who had long * time counterfeited puritie.

Et feſta ſolennia Martis. *vid. Varr. & Ouid. de faſt.*

* *The fiſh Sepia is betrayed by a blacke colour which ſhe caſteth out to couer her, ſo theſe counterfets by the cloud of a pretended holineſſe, which ſhall be as a cloud of witneſſe againſt them.*

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE.

CLaudius is pure, abiuring prophane things,
Nor will he companie with wickedneſſe:
He hates the ſource whence leud affections ſprings,
He'le not conſent with deeds of naughtineſſe:

Yet

Yet he will deale, ſo none do ſee his ſinne,
Yea though heauens eyes he cares not looke on him.

He will not ſpeake vnto a Maide in th'ſtreete,
Leſt his repute ſhould fall vnto decay:
Yet if they two in priuate chance to meete,
He in a pure embrace will bid her ſtay.
Saying: I will inſtruct thee prettie Nan,
How thou ſhalt be a formall Puritan.

Then drawes he forth to moue the Maids affection,
The forc'd deſcription of their puritie,
How he and ſhe be children of election,
And muſt be fau'd what ere the wicked be.
For vices are tearm'd vertues, where we make
Luſt but an Act for Procreation *ſake.*

What then are Maids, *thus* he *induceth her,*
But Virgins ſtill that do impart their loue,
*To ſuch an * One as is their furtherer*
In holy zeale, *and can the* ſpirit *moue?*
Nought leſſe but more, for there's a heauie væ,
Or curſe denounc'd on them that barren *be.*

* Vt prurit vrit.

Cloze *then in ſilence, eyes of men are ſhut,*
None can detect vs, *but the eyes of heauen,*
And when we act, thoſe lights are ſealed vp,
For vnto vs *more libertie is giuen*
Then vnto others, *ſince the very name,*
*Of luſt is chang'd when th'*righteous *vſe the ſame.*

* Hypocriſis duplex eſt malum, diſſimulatio & peccatum.

*Thou * hypocrite, whoſe counterfeited zeale,*
Makes thee ſeeme godly to the worelds eye,
Yet doeſt the golden fruites of Veſta *ſteale,*
When thou perceiues no man thy ſins doth ſpie.
Leaue this diſſembled zeale, for thou art knowne
The wickedſt ſinner, when thy inſide's ſhowne.

The Argument.

THe Hiſtorie of *Phyloxenus* is moſt amply related in the diuerſe writings of ſundrie authenticke Authors, being infamous for his greedie deſire vnto meate and drinke, and therefore as is teſtified of him, * *Gruis collum ſibi dari optabat, vt cibum potumq maiori cum delectatione caperet.* This Phyloxenus *and that rauenous* Heliogabalus *ſhall be the ſubiects of this enſuing Satyre, touching or rather concluding the condition of all Epicures in theſe two.* If thou that readeſt me be touched, as tainted with this particular ſinne, bluſh, but do not ſhew thy paſſion towards the poore Satyre, for Bee-like ſhe hath no ſooner ſtung thee, then ſhe loſeth her power of being further reuenged of thee. Wage not warre againſt a dead Monument, ſince *Plinie* warnes thee: *Cum mortuis nil niſi laruas luctari.* Take therefore this Satyre in good part, and rather fret againſt thy ſelfe, in that thou haſt matter in thee fit for a Satyriſts ſubiect, then vent thy ſplene

* *Ariſtotle mocking the Epicures, ſaid, that vpon a time they went all to a Temple together, beſeeching the gods that they would giue them necks as long as Cranes and Hernes, that the pleaſure and taſte of meate might be more long in reliſhing: complaining againſt Nature for making their necks too ſhort.*

ſplene towards him, who makes thy defects the effects of his ſubiect.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

PHyloxenus *lookes lanke with abſtinence:*
Poore man I pittie him, I thinke he's ſicke;
No, this his ſeeming is a falſe pretence,
The greedie Cormorant will each thing licke:
Whoſe drum-ſtretch'd caſe can ſcarce his guts containe
Since he hath got the gullet of a Crane.

Thou thinkes there is no pleaſure but in feeding,
*Making thy ſelfe, * ſlaue to thy appetite;*
Yet whileſt thou crams thy ſelfe, thy ſoule is bleeding,
And Turtle-like mournes, that thou ſhouldſt delight,
In ſuch exceſſe *as cauſeth infamie,*
Starues ſoule, ſpoiles health, and ends with beggarie.

* *Like thoſe vnſatiable gluttons Vitellius and Appius, to which Cormorants neither land, water, nor aire might be ſufficient. And Cambletes the gluttonous king of Lydia deuoured in a dreame his wife, while ſhe lay ſleeping together in the same bed; and finding her hand betweene his teeth when he awaked, he ſlue himſelfe, fearing diſhonour.*

Remember (thou beſott'd) for I muſt talke,
*And that with ſerious paſſion, thou that * taſts*
The choyceſt wines, and doeſt to Tauernes walke,
Where thou conſumes the night in late repaſts.
Confuſion now, drawes neare thee where thou kneeles,
Drinking deepe healthes, but no contrition feeles.

* *Well deſcribed by that Motto.* Non citius edit quam excedit; paſcit & poſcit.
* *Elpenors vice.* vid. Geor. Virg. Silenus in Antro.

It may be, He *that teacheth may be taught,*
And * Socrates *of* Soſtenes *may learne,*
Euen He, *that for thy good theſe precepts brought,*
To publicke light, may in himſelfe diſcerne
Something blameworthie, true, and heauen he could,
Reforme his errors rightly as He *would.*

* Socraticum ſpeculum non chalibæum & materiale. *vid. Braſiuo. in præfatione.*

But harder is't by much for to performe,
Then to preſcribe, where many ſeeme to vrge,
The preſent times abuſe, but n'ere reforme
Thoſe crimes in them which they in others ſcourge:
But where the Author *makes vſe of his paines,*
As well as Reader, *there's a double gaines.*

And theſe are th'gaines which I do ſue to haue,
Seeking no leſſe thy benefit herein,
Then my peculiar good: where all I craue,
Is but thy prayer to purge me of my ſinne.
I do not write, as I my paines would ſell,
To euery Broker, vſe them and farewell.

Nam inepto riſu res nulla ineptior eſt. *Catull.*

Finis Satyrarum.

An end of the *Satyres* compoſed by the foreſaid Author in the diſcharge of Natures Embaſſie: purpoſely penned to reclaime man, whoſe vicious life promiſing an vnhappie end, muſt now be taxed more ſharply, ſince vice comes to greateſt growth through impunitie.

A CONCLVSIVE ADMONITION TO THE READER.

IF any man ſhall reade, and making vſe
Of theſe my Satyres, grow diſtemperate,
By making of a good intent abuſe,
In that I ſeeme his life to perſonate;
Let him content himſelfe, be it good or ill,
Gall'd horſes winch, and I muſt gall him ſtill.

A Satyriſt ought to be moſt ſecure,
Who takes exception at his cancred ſtyle,
And he that moſt repines, let him be ſure,
That he's the man whom Satyres moſt reuile.
Therefore who would be free from Satyres pen,
Ought to be Mirrors in the ſight of men.

Theſe two months trauell like the Almond rod,
May bring forth more when oportunitie
Giueth fit time, wherein vice loath'd by God,
May be displaide, and curb'd more bitterly.
Till which edition, take theſe in good part,
Or take them ill, how-ere, they glad my heart.

HERE

HERE FOLLOWETH SOME EPYCEDES

or funerall Elegies, concerning fundry exquiſite Mirrours of true loue.

The Argument.

TWo louely louers ſo deuided be,
As one to other hardly can repaire,
In *Sestos* ſhe, and in *Abydos* he,
He ſwims, ſhe waits & weeps, both drowned are:
Waues cut off *Heroes* words, the Sea-nimphs mone,
One heart in two desires, no graue but one.

I. ELEGIE.

HEro *was willing to* Leanders *ſuite,*
But yet Leanders *opportunitie*
Could not be ſo, as anſwers his repute:
Luſt ſometime weares the robe of modeſtie:
Silent he woes, as baſhfull youths muſt do,
By ſighs, by teares, and kiſſing comfits too.

But what are theſe where fancie ſeated is,
But lures to looſe deſires, ſin-ſugred baits,
That draw men onward to fooles paradice,
Whoſe beſt of promiſes are but deceits?

And

And ſuch Leanders *were, meere golden dreames,*
That leaue the waking ſenſes in extreames.

But loue flame-like, though it reſtrained be,
Will ſtill aſcend, and ſo it far'd with him:
For now he cries, Hero *I come to thee,*
And though I cannot run, yet I will ſwim,
Where, while I ſwim, ſend thy ſweet breath but hither,
And Zephire-like it will ſoone waft me thither.

Hero *remaineth on the floting ſhore,*
Waiting the bleſt arriuall of her friend,
But ſhe (poore ſhe) muſt neuer ſee him more,
Seeing him end before his iourney end:
In whoſe hard fate a double death appeares,
Drownd in the ſea, and in his Heroes *teares.*

Still ſhe laments, and teares her forlorne haire,
Exclaming 'gainſt the fates, whoſe crueltie
Had chang'd her hope-reft fortuue to deſpaire,
Abridging loue, true louers libertie;
But ſince its ſo (quoth ſhe) the waues ſhall haue,
More then by right or iuſtice they can craue.

With that ſhe leapt into the curled floud,
And as ſhe leapt, ſhe ſpake vnto the waue,
Remorceleſſe thou (quoth ſhe) that stain'd his bloud,
Shall now receiue two louers in one graue.
For fit it is, who liuing had one heart,
Should haue one graue, and not inter'd apart.

Yet

Yet in my death I do inuoke the Powers,
Which do frequent this wofull Riuer ſide,
That they adore and decke our Tombe with flowers,
Where ere our loue-expoſed corps abide.
And if they aske where they ſhall find our graues,
Let them looke downe into theſe furging waues.

And I intreate my friends they do not weepe,
In that we are departed to our reſt,
Sweete reſt, may Hero *ſay, when in her ſleepe*
She clips Leander *whom ſhe loued beſt:*
She lou'd him beſt indeed, for ſhe did craue
To be enhearſed with him in one waue.

This was no ſooner ſpoke, but raging ſtreames,
Cut off poore Heroes *ſpeech, and with their force,*
Cloſ'd her in ſilence, while each Nimph complains,
And chides the Riuer for his ſmall remorſe.
Thus ended they, their ends were their content,
Since for to die in Loue, their minds were bent.

Let not fond loue ſo fondly thee embrace,
Leſt like the Iuie or the Miſſelto,
It winde about thee to thy owne diſgrace,
And make thee ſlaue to brutiſh paſſions too.
Be conſtant in thy loue, as chaſt not ſpotted,
Loue well and long, but not in loue beſotted.

The

The Argument.

LOuers consent finds fit place of recourse,
For Loues content chang'd into discontent,
King *Ninus* tombe their sconce or sorrows source,
To which a dreadfull Lyonesse is sent:
Which *Thisbe* spies and flies: her bloudie tyre,
Bereaues her Loue of life, and both expire.

II. ELEGIE.

WEll then we will repaire vnto that place,
Where we ſhall haue fruition of our ioy,
By Ninus *tombe, farre from our parents face,*
Where mutuall Loue needs little to be coy:
Where met, we may enioy that long-fought pleaſure,
Which Loue affoords, when Loue vnlocks her treaſure.

Thisbe *was mute, in being mute ſhe yeelded,*
Who knowes not Maides, by ſilence giue conſent?
So on her ſilence her aſſent was builded,
Since in his loue ſhe plac'd her ſole content;
Onward he goes moſt forward to obtaine,
That which ſhe wiſh'd, but Parents did reſtraine.

And coming nigh vnto king Ninus *Tombe,*
Erected neare a Chriſtall riueling,
There as ſhe mus'd a Lion fierce did come
Forth of the groue, whence he his prey did bring.

Who

Who all embrude with ſlaughter and with bloud,
Came for to quench his thirſt at that ſame floud.

Thisbe *perceiuing this enraged beaſt,*
Fled for her refuge to a hollow tree,
Yet ſhe for haſt, what ſhe ſuſpected leaſt,
Let fall her Tire, and to her ſhelfe did flee;
Where in the ſhade while she affrighted ſtood,
The Lion tinct her virgine-tire with blood.

And hauing now well drench'd his bloudie iawes,
Making returne vnto his ſhadie den,
Young Pyramus *for to obſerue loues lawes,*
(Loues lawes muſt needs be kept) did thither tend,
And coming neare, her *could he not eſpie,*
But her vnhappie Tire di'd bloudily.

Which he no ſooner with his eyes beheld,
Then he exclaim'd againſt his deſtinie,
Since Thisbe *was by his requeſt compeld,*
To be a pray to Lions cruelty:
And taking vp the bloud-beſmeared Tire,
Amintas-*like his end he doth conſpire.*

Yet fore his end in diſmall ſort he cried,
Fie on the fates, that did poore Thisbe *kill,*
Fie on thoſe ruthleſſe gods that haue decreed,
Wilde ſauage beaſts her crimson bloud to ſpill;
But why do I ſtand arguing with fate,
Lamenting ore her breathleſſe corps too late?

For

For if thou lou'd her, ſhew thy loue in this
Loſt, to regaine her preſence by thy death;
Death, which hath left thee this poore Tire to kiſſe,
On which I'le breath and kiſſe, and kiſſe and breath:
Farewell my loue, if Piramus *did loue thee,*
He'le ſhew his loue, his loue ſhall be aboue thee.

Strike home (fond man) and do not feare grim death,
But meete him in the mid-way to thy graue;
For Thisbes *loue I gladly loſe my breath,*
And that is all that Thisbe *now can haue:*
And with this ſpeech, deepe griefe cut off his word,
He ſlue himſelfe with his owne diſmall ſword.

Thisbe *long trembling in her hollow Caue,*
Came forth at laſt to meete her deareſt loue.
How apt is loue the chaſteſt to depraue,
Making a rauenous Vultur of a Doue;
Wherefore in haſte ſhe hies her to the ſpring,
Where ſhe might heare a dolefull Syluane ſing.

And to receiue the ſorrow more at large,
Nigher ſhe drew vnto that mournfull tune,
Where like a merchant in a splitted barge,
She ſtood amaz'd, and ſtanding liſtned one.
Sorting his griefe vnto her deare friends griefe;
Whom ſhe ſought out, to yeeld her ſome reliefe.

Good Siluane *ſay (thus ſpake ſhe) hauing found him,*
Did'ſt ſee a youth coaſt neare this darkeſome way?
For much I feare, ſome ſauage beaſt hath wound him,
If thou canſt guide me to him, pray thee ſay:

Here

Here is the Tombe where he appointed me,
To ſtay for him, yet him I cannot ſee.

Virgin (*quoth he*) *that youth you ſeeke is gone;*
Whither (*kind* Siluane?) *I will after him,*
He ſhall not leaue me in this wood alone,
For truſt me Siluane *I haue frighted bin,*
And by a dreadfull Lion ſo beſet,
As I am hardly my owne woman yet.

See Ladie, ſee; with that he vaniſhed,
To waile the loſſe of Nais *he had kept,*
Who by a Centaure lately rauiſhed,
*Was quite conueyd away while th'*Siluane *ſlept.*
She turnes her eye, yet ſcarce will truſt her eye,
No, nor the place where ſhe doth ſee him lye.

Dead! why it cannot be, thus ſhe began,
Who could harme thee that nere did any harme,
No not in thought to any liuing man?
With that ſhe felt his pulſe if it were warme,
But breathleſſe he, key-cold as any ſtone,
She lookes and weepes, and bathes him looking on.

Yet long it was, ere ſhe could ſhed a teare,
For greateſt grieues are not by teares expreſt,
Deepe-rooted ſorrowes greateſt burden beare,
Kept moſt in heart, but ſhowne in eye the leaſt.
For leſſer grieues haue eyes to bring them forth,
But greateſt ſtill are ſtrangled in their birth.

Griefe

Griefe therefore doth rebound, and with rebound
She ſhakes her Piramus *and ſtrokes his cheeke:*
Loue was all eares, for he did heare her ſound,
And mou'd his head from ground, but could not ſpeake;
Yet did he hold her hand, as if her hand
Staid Deaths arreſt, and could him countermand.

And as a man who ſhip-wrack'd on the Sea,
Not able to endure vnto the Port,
Takes hold on wracke, which He *as conſtantly*
Keepes in his hand, as he did labour for't:
From which, no danger whatſoere betide him,
Nor death it ſelfe can any way deuide him.

Euen ſo did Piramus *keepe in his armes,*
The choiſeſt body of his chaſteſt loue,
Whereby he thinkes himſelfe ſo free from harmes,
As die he cannot till he thence remoue:
Yet though it's death to him, ſince Thisbe *would,*
He is contented to let go his hold.

This ſeene, (ſayes Thisbe*) ſince thy loue is ſuch,*
That to deuide thy ſelfe from thine owne loue,
To thee's a ſecond death or harder much,
And mou'd by me thy hold thou doeſt remoue;
Ere long will Thisbe *ſhew her ſelfe to thee,*
An equall Mirror of loues conſtancie.

Yet do I pray thoſe friends who are conioyned
To vs in Bloud, to take of vs compaſſion,
That as our Loues, our corpes may be combined,
With funerall rites after our countrie faſhion:

And when to aſhes they our corps ſhall burne,
Let both our drearie aſhes haue one vrne.

Let both our graues (poore graues) be ioyn'd in one,
As both our hearts were linked in one twiſt:
And let our corps be couer'd with one ſtone,
So may our bones ſo neerely ioyn'd be bliſt;
For gods this priuiledge to louers giue,
When others die by death, in death they liue.

By this young Thisbes *ſpeech was finiſhed,*
Who was as wearie to enioy her life,
As a looſe Matron of her huſbands bed,
Or a young ſpend-thrift of his long-liu'd wife:
Euen ſo was Thisbe, *whom death did afford,*
Though not ſame hand to kill, yet ſelfe-ſame ſword.

But yet ſome Plant *is ſtill affectionate,*
Vnto a Louers death, whoſe conſtancie
Neuer doth alter from her wonted ſtate,
But perſeueres in ſtedfaſt certaintie:
For th' Mulberrie, ſeeing them Mourners lacke,
Milke-white before put on a ſable blacke.

Morus *thus altred in her former hue,*
Changing her colour for the death of Loue,
Hath to this day her mourning-weed to ſhew;
Well might they moue vs then, when they did moue
The ſenſleſſe trees, who did ſo truly grieue,
As for their ſake they would their colour leaue.

The

The Argument.

THe losse of *Didoes* honour and her loue,
Are both bemon'd: *Anna* but all in vaine,
Seekes to recomfort her: she seemes to proue
No faith in strangers: she dissolues her traine:
Incense is burn'd; a fire she doth deuise,
Wherein she makes her selfe the sacrifice.

III. ELEGIE.

DIdo *lamenting, that* Æneas *should*
So soone conuert his loue to bitter hate,
The thought whereof surpast a thousand fold,
The losse of Scepter, honour, or estate:
Curseth the hap she had to entertaine,
Or giue such harbour to a thankelesse Swaine.

Yet do not so (*quoth she,*) *he's generous,*
Sprong from the Troian stocke and Progenie:
Curse him not Dido, *it were ominous*
To his proceedings and his dignitie;
He did requite thy loue, thou knowst deuoutly,
And did performe his Turnaments as stoutly.

Sweete was the Pleasure, though the fruite be sower,
Deare his embraces, kind his fauours too,
Witnesse that Bower (*aye me*) *that rosie Bower,*
In which heauen knowes, and few but heauen do know,

I gag'd my heart to him, he his to me,
Which makes me ty'd in faith how ere he be.

And he proteſted, Simple woman, thou
To credit what a ſtranger had proteſted:
For what is he that liues, and will not do
As much or more, till he hath fully feaſted
His eager Appetite, which being allaid,
He ſtreight forgets the promiſe he hath made?

And ſo did he, reſpectleſſe of his vow,
Or (breach of faith) which whatſoere he thinke,
Will be reueng'd by Heauen, and ſharply too,
Gods do not euer ſleepe when they do winke.
For though they ſpare, They *will at laſt ſtrike home,*
And ſend Reuenge to th'infant in my wombe.

Poore Orphane Infant, whoſe iniurious birth,
As cloſely done, ſhall cloſely be ſuppreſſed,
And haue a double Mother, Mee and Earth,
And for thy Fathers ſake a double cheſt:
Whoſe Tombe ſhall be my wombe, whose drerie ſhrowd,
Shall be my ſelfe, that gaue it life and food.

This as ſhe ſpake, her Siſter ſhe came in,
Aduiſing her vnto a milder courſe,
Then to afflict her ſelfe with thought of him
Whoſe heart was reft of pittie and remorſe;
Wherefore (ſaid ſhe) ſince ſorrow is in vaine,
Forget his abſence, that will ſalue your paine.

Will ſalue *my paine (quoth ſhe!) and then ſhe gron'd,*

Cures

Cures to apply is eaſier then to cure:
No, no, my ſorrowes may be well bemon'd,
But nere redreſt: for th'eye of heau'n's too pure,
To view my ſinne, my ſoile, my guilt, my ſtaine,
Whoſe die's ſo deepe 'twill nere be white againe.

Yet to preuent the ſcandall would enſue,
If fame ſhould know what hath in priuate bene,
I'le lop this Branch, leſt Time ſhould ſay, it grew
(Adulterate Iſſue) from the Carthage Queene:
Which ere I do, leſt I incurre heauens hate,
With Incenſe burn'd, their wrath I'le expiate.

Wherewith I'le purge (if ſuch may purged be)
The fact I did, which grieues me that I did,
Staining my honour with his periurie,
Which gods do ſee, though it from man be hid:
For this (deare ſiſter) build me here a fire,
To ſacrifice my ſhame, appeaſe heauens ire.

Anna, *for ſo her Siſter hight, doth rere*
This fatall pile, preparing all things meete
For ſuch a ſacrifice, as Iuniper,
Spicknarde, and Mirrhe, to make the Incenſe ſweete,
Vnknowne to what her Siſter did intend,
Whoſe faire pretence came to a timeleſſe end.

Siſter (quoth Dido*) now you may be gone,*
Sweete is Deuotion that is moſt retir'd,
Go you aſide, and leaue me here alone,
Which Anna *did as* Dido *had requir'd:*
Who now alone with heauen-erected eyes,

Her wofull ſelfe ſhe makes the ſacrifice.

Anna *retir'd, did heare her Siſter ſhrike,*
With which at firſt affrighted, she made haſte,
To see th'euent, the ſight whereof did ſtrike
Such a diſtraction in her, as it paſt
The bounds of Nature, where experience tries,
More ſorrow's in the heart then in the eyes.

At laſt her eyes long ſhut vnſealed were,
To eye that mournfull Obiect, now halfe turn'd
To mouldred aſhes, for it did appeare,
As halfe were ſcorch'd, the other halfe were burn'd:
Which ſeene, ſhe cries, and turnes away her ſight,
Black woe betide them that ſuch gueſts inuite.

Anna *thus left alone, yet mindfull too,*
Of Didoes *honour, reares a Princely shrine,*
The like whereof that Age could neuer ſhow,
Nor any Age, till * Artemiſias *time:*
On which was this engrauen: Loue was my loſſe,
Rich was my Crowne, yet could not cure my croſſe.

* *Wife to Mauſolus king of Caria.* vid. Plutar. in Apotheg.

Thus Dido *di'd, who was not much vnlike*
Vnto the Countriman who nouriſhed
The * *dead-ſtaru'd Viper, that vngratefull ſnake,*
Who reft him life, that it had cheriſhed:
So Dido *ſhe, whoſe fall my Muſe recites,*
Lies ſlaine by him, whom ſhe in loue inuites.

* Latet Anguis in herba.

Nec Hoſpes ab Hoſpite tutus.

AN ELEGIE VPON THESE ELEGIES.

LEt fond Leander *warne thee, to remaine*
Vpon the Riuer banke in ſafetie:
Let Piramus *raſh fact thy hand reſtraine,*
Too deare coſts Loue, mix'd with ſuch crueltie:
Laſtly, let Dido *warne thee by her end,*
To trie that Gueſt thou makes thy boſome friend.

Venit amor grauius quo ferius vrimur intus,
Vrimur, & cæcum pectora vulnus habent.

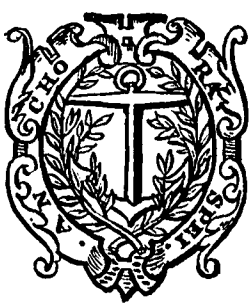
THE SECOND SECTION OF

DIVINE AND MORALL SATYRES:

With

AN ADIVNCT VPON THE PRECEDENT; WHEREBY THE Argument with the firſt cauſe of publiſhing theſe Satyres, be euidently related.

Diſce & doce.



LONDON,
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1621.

TO THE WORTHIE CHERISHER AND NOVRISHER OF ALL GENEROUS ſtudies, *S. W. C.* Knight,

R. B.

His affectionate Country-man wiſheth the increaſe of all honour, health, and happineſſe.

SIR,

When I had compos'd theſe ragged lines,
Much like the Beare who brings her young ones forth,
In no one part well featur'd, ſhe repines,
That ſuch a lumpe of fleſh ſhould haue a birth:
Which to reforme, ſhe's ſaid to vndertake
A ſecond taske, and licks them into ſhape.

So I producing theſe vnriper ſeedes,
Scarce growne to their perfection, knew not how,
(Since different humour, different cenſure breeds)
How they ſhould come to ripeneſſe, but by you:

Whoſe

Whoſe faire acceptance may ſuch count'nance ſhow,
As you may others moue to grace them too.

Nor do I doubt but theſe *ſhall purchaſe grace,*
'Mongſt ſuch as honour vertue, for how low
So'ere the ſtyle be, Subiect is not baſe,
But full of Diuine matter; and I know,
The Sunne giues life, as well to ſimple weeds,
As vnto flowers or other fruitfull ſeeds.

Yours in all faithfull
Obſeruance,

Richard Brathwayte,
Muſophylus.

Vpon the Dedicatorie.

THough he (*and happie he*) *bereft by fate,*
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,
This ſhall find ſhelter in his liuing name,
He's *chang'd indeed, but I am ſtill the ſame.*

The

The Argument.

Of Elpenor *an Epicure, liuing ſenſually in a Caue, reſpectleſſe of the ſoules eternitie.*

Elpenor, who long time liuing (as the Dormouſe) in the caue of ſenſualitie and ſecuritie, reſted careleſſe of a future bleſſing, as one rauiſhed with the preſent delight of carnall libertie, became at laſt reſtrained by the vertuous edict of a gracious Emperour; by whom he was exiled and baniſhed, not onely from the Princes Court, but from the vtmoſt coaſts of *Arcadia* wherein he liued. Now it chanced, that during ſuch time as he remained in *Cadmos*, a Satyriſt of no leſſe reſpect then approued grauitie, well obſeruing the impietie of *Elpenor*, as alſo the deſerued cenſure which his Epicureall life had incurred; endeuoured to deſcribe his condigne fall, with no leſſe pregnancie of wit, and maturitie of iudgement, then a ſetled ſeuerity in reprehenſion of his godleſſe opinions: which Deſcription he fixed (as may be imagined) vpon the Portall gate, where he might of neceſſitie ſee his owne impietie as in a glaſſe tranſparent, perſpicuouſly demonſtrated. What diſcontent he con-

conceiued in the diſplaying of his owne ſhame, may be conie&ctured by the ſubie&ct of this Inue&ction, taxing him of his infamous life, the onely occaſion of his obſcure end: whoſe fortunes were aforetime moſt eminent, now moſt deie&cted.
Et quanta eſt infœlicitas, fuiſſe fœlicem, &c? Boæthius.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

ELpenor *groueling in his duskie caue,*
Secure of God or Gods high prouidence,
Nought but luxurious diſhes ſeemes to craue,
To ſatisfie the appetite of ſence.
He *ſpurnes at heauen, contemnes all ſupreme power,*
Priding in that will periſh in an houre.

God is of no reſpe&ct with Epicures,
Senceleſſe of of heauen or minds tranquilitie,
Senceleſſe of Hell, *which euermore endures,*
Glad to receiue earths ioyes ſatietie:
Where rapt with Obie&cts of deceiuing Pleaſure,
They liue to ſin, but to repent at leaſure.

Is not that Statue (ſay Elpenor*) thine,*
With eyes-inflam'd and palſie-ſhaking hand,
Vpon whoſe forehead's writ, Abuſe of time?
I know it is, for I do ſee it ſtand
Neare Baccus ſhrine, where either drinkes to other,
Healths to Eryca, *their laſciuious Mother.*

Where Syren voyces ſo apply the eare,
With an affe&cted melodie, that earth

Might

Might a phantaſticke Paradiſe appeare,
Through conſort of an vniuerſall mirth,
Which theſe inchanting harmoniſts did vſe,
To th'wofull friends of wandring Ithacus.

But who is He *that ſeemes to challenge thee,*
Yet ſtaggers in his challenge? O I know him,
It's Hans *the Dutch-man, new arriu'd from Sea,*
Stand faſt Elpenor, *if thou'lt ouerthrow him.*
But why enioyne I that thou canſt not do,
Halfe of a ſtand were well betwixt you two.

And much I doubt, leſt Cripple-like you grow,
So long it is, as it is out of mind,
Since you were ſeene by any man to go,
Which makes me heare your legs are hard to find:
For vſe brings on Perfection, and I feare
Your dropſie-legs are out of vſe to beare.

See thou vnweldy wretch, that fatall ſhelfe,
To which thou art declining, being growne
A heauie vſeleſſe burthen to thy ſelfe,
In whom no glimpſe of vertue may be ſhowne:
A Barmie leaking veſſell (which in troth)
For want of reaſon is fill'd vp with froth.

Aged Turpilio *grones at miſpent time,*
Wiſhing he had his youth to paſſe againe:
For then He *would not vſe't as thou doeſt thine,*
But mone the houres which He *hath ſpent in vaine.*
But Time runs on, and will not make returne,
When Death ſucceeds, whom no man can adiourne.

And

And ſeeſt thou this, and wilt thou not prouide
For Deaths arreſt, whoſe ſad approch will be
So full of horror, as thou ſcarce ſhalt bide,
So grim he is, that He *ſhould looke on thee?*
And yet He *will, for he no diffrence makes,*
Twixt rich and poore, but whom He *likes he takes.*

Thy Prince thou ſeeſt, whoſe vertues are ſo pure
He cannot breath on vice, hath thee exil'd,
Forth of his royall confines, to ſecure
His Realme the more, leſt it ſhould be defil'd
By thy deprau'd example, which once ſtain'd,
(So ranke is vice) would hardly be reclaim'd.

Trunke of Confuſion, which deriues thy being
From no ſupernall eſſence, for with it,
Thy works, words, motions haue but ſmall agreeing,
But from ſecuritie, where thou doeſt ſit;
Feeding thy vaſt-inſatiate appetite,
With euery day new diſhes of delight.

O rouſe thy ſelfe from that obſcureſt vale,
And ſing a thankefull Hymne vnto thy Maker,
Creepe not vpon thy bellie like the Snaile,
But like the Larke mount vp to thy Creator;
Adorning thee with reaſon, ſenſe and forme,
All loſt in thee, through want of Grace forlorne.

Honour doth ill become the ſlothfull man,
Who Zanie-*like becomes a ſlaue to pleaſure,*
For He *when vrgent cauſes moue* Him, *than*
Neglects Occaſion, and reſerues that leaſure,

Which

Which might haue bene employd in cares of ſtate,
For his delights, bought at too high a rate.

This thy experience tells thee, whoſe eſtate
Once high, now low, made ſubiect to diſgrace,
Shewes thou art chang'd from what thou was of late,
Yet to my iudgement in a better caſe:
So thou conſider th'ſtate from whence thou came,
And leaue that vice which did procure the ſame.

But doubt I muſt, (ô that my doubts were vaine)
Such great expence is made of precious time,
As 'twill be much to do to waſh the ſtaine
Of that enormious loathſome life of thine.
Yet Teares haue power, and they are ſoueraigne too,*
And may do more then any elſe can do.

* Sicut nullus eſt locus in quo malum nõ perpetratur, ita nullus ſit locus in quo de malo pœnitentia non agatur.

Then comfort take, yet comfort mixe with teares,
*Thou** Cadmos *leaues, and it's thy natiue ſoile;*
Suppoſe it be, each coaſt or clime appeares
The good-mans wiſhed Country, *which bleſt ſtyle,*
Exceeds all worldly comfort, which thou had,
For this is paſſing good, that paſſing bad.

* Cadmos *a hill by* Laodicea *out of which iſſueth the Riuer* Lycus, *it taketh this name from* Cadmus *ſonne to* Agenor *king of* Phœnicia.

I do not ſpeake, as thoſe whoſe guilded breath,
Traines on the vicious with deceiptfull hope;
For I haue ſet before thee life and death,
And this I aim'd to make my chiefeſt ſcope:
That if reward of life could no way gaine thee,
The feare of death & vengeance might reclaime thee.

Life as a Crowne or Diadem is due,

To ſuch whoſe wayes are not in Error led,
Death as a guerdon doth to ſuch accrue,
Whoſe carnall hearts with pleaſures captiued,
Thinke not on Death, till Death his flag diſplay,
And now ſecure ſhall take their life away.

Turne then vnto the coaſt of Arcadie,
From whence thou waſt exil'd, and there ſuruey
The vertues of that Prince did baniſh thee,
And weigh the cauſe why there thou might not ſtay:
Which done, ſeeke to regaine thy Princes loue,
But chiefly His, *that is thy Prince aboue.*

The Argument.

Cornelia wife to *Pompey*, ſurnamed the Great, after her husbands ouerthrow in *Pharſalia*, ſlaine within ſhort time after by the procurement of *Septimius* in the kingdome of *Egypt*; became much diſtreſſed with the diſcomfort of her loſſe, and the ſorrowfull iſſue of his death. Which is as paſſionately expreſſed by *Lucan* in *Pompeies* expoſtulation with *Cornelia* his beloued Ladie, —*Quid perdis tempora luctu?* *Cornelia* thus depriued of all aſſiſtants ſaue Teares (ſorrowes hereditarie treaſures) for the better reliefe of her eſtate (the poore remainder of her fortunes) ſued out a petition vnto the Emperour *Cæſar*, whoſe royall

royall clemency (as ſhe thought) could not chooſe but take pittie on the wife, whoſe husband was become a bootie to his Conqueſt. But how reaſonable ſoeuer her demands were, it skilled not, for by the corrupt and indirect dealing of *Cælius* and *Tuberculus* ſhe was reſiſted. The Satyriſt therefore in deploring of *Cornelia's* miſerie, and inueying againſt the two Courtiers corruption, morally dilateth on the deſolate eſtate of a forlorne widdow, and the ſiniſter practiſes of corrupt Aduocates.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

POmpey *the* Great *no ſooner was interr'd,*
But poore Cornelia *his diſtreſſed wife,*
To her deceaſſed Lords eſtate preferr'd,
Was drawne by Conſul Aſper *into ſtrife:*
And ſo oppreſt by hote purſuite of foes,
That ſhe deuoid of friends was fraught with woes.

She, wofull ſhe, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe her ſtate,
Makes meanes to * Cælius *to preferre her ſuite,*
Which he's content to do, but at ſuch rate,
As 'twill coſt deare to bring the cauſe about:
Yet ſhe remedileſſe, to worke her peace,
Stood not much on't, but did the Courtier pleaſe.

* *A prodigall Courtier, but in great fauour with Cæſar.*

Cælius *poſſeſt of his iniurious fee,*
Which he conſum'd in riotous expence,
Forgot the widdows cauſe diſhoneſtlie,
Without remorſe or touch of conſcience:

For vnderhand (as Courtiers vſe to do)
He takes a priuate bribe of Aſper *too.*

Cornelia *now in hope of good ſucceſſe,*
Comes vnto Cælius *as her purchas'd friend,*
And humbly craues to know what's her redreſſe,
Or in what ſort her ſuite is like to end:
Where He *as ſtrangely anſwers her demand,*
And ſay's, her ſuite came neuer to his hand.

No ſuite! (thus did this Matron ſtreight reply)
Iuſtice may be aptly compared to the Caledonie ſtone, which retaineth her vertue no longer then it is rubbed with gold.
O Rome where is thy Iuſtice now enthron'd,*
Thou that didſt vſe to heare a widdow crie,
And right her cauſe as thou *her wrongs bemon'd!*
But ſpare Cornelia, *what reliefe can come*
Frõ corrupt Courts, where gold makes Conſuls dumbe?

If my much-honor'd Lord, whoſe Country loue
Reft him of breath, ſhould ſee this preſent time,
How gifts can limit Iuſtice, would't not moue
His Royall ſpirit, ſeeing me and mine,
Whoſe onely comfort's this, we may repoſe,
And ioy in this, we haue no more to loſe?

Whileſt wrong'd Cornelia *ſat thus penſiuely,*
* *One of especiall eſteeme with Pompey before his ouerthrow.*
*Tuberculus *a Courtier paſt that way,*
Who in compaſſion of her miſerie,
Knowne to her ſelfe not to her grieues, did ſtay;
For generous minds are neuer more expreſt,
Then in applying comfort to th'diſtreſt.

Ladie (quoth he) if I could eaſe your griefe,

The

The loue I owe vnto your familie,
Me thinks might promiſe to your ſelfe reliefe,
Impart them then, what ere your ſorrowes be:
Cures haue bene wrought where little was expected,
For where the mind is willing, ought's effected.

She hearing him ſo vertuouſly inclin'd,
Prone vnto pittie, ſighing did declare,
How that her ſonne young Pompey *was confin'd,* Sext. Pompe.
Which was the greateſt ſubiect of her care:
Whom if He *would make meanes for to releaſe,*
The current of her ſorrowes ſoone would ceaſſe.

Another ſuite I haue, which Aſper *moues,*
To force me from my right of widdowhood,
Wherein his worſer cauſe the better proues,
For mightie men can hardly be withſtood:*
In theſe I muſt intreate your Lordſhips care,
In lieu whereof I'le gratifie with prayer.

* Inimicitiæ potentum violentæ *Senec.*

Tuberculus *did anſwer her demands,*
But he expected ointment, and delaying,*
To giue her further comfort, there He *ſtands,*
He *for his fee, ſhe for her cauſe ſtood praying.*
Cornelia *well perceiuing what* He *would,*
Good gods (quoth ſhe) is Iuſtice wholly ſould?

* *Like Verconius in the time of Alexander Seuerus, who pretending familiaritie with the Emperour, tooke mens mony for preferring their ſuites, abuſed them, & did them no good at all: at laſt conuented before the Emperour, he was iudged to be hanged vp in a chimney, and ſo periſh with ſmoke, for that he ſold ſmoke to the people.* Lamprid. in Seu. Verco.

How do you meane (quoth he) it is our meanes,
Could we be thus enameld euery day,
Or in ſuch port maintaine our fauning friends,
If we receiu'd not profit by delay?
No Ladie, no, who in theſe dayes do liue,

And would haue Iuſtice, muſt not ſticke to giue.

Thus was Cornelia *croſt, her meanes preuented,*
No comfort now remaining ſaue despaire;
Wherefore (perforce) ſhe reſts hope-reft, contented
To loſe the ſight of her confined heire,
Who liues reſtrain'd: Aſper *her ſtate hath got,*
And poore Cornelia *with her cauſe forgot.*

The Argument of Lucian.

LVcian a profeſſed enemy to Christ, detracting much from the deuine & ſole-healthfull Myſteries of our Redemptiõ, wherby he became odious to the all-ſeeing veritie; chanced to trauell for delight, (as one of generall obſeruation) into forraine places: where (as heauens iuſt doome would haue it) he was worried by dogs, as a iuſt reward for his impious and egregious contempt towards Gód; reuiling that all-ſeeing Maieſtie of Chriſt with the ſacred office of his Miniſters, and like a ſnarling or biting Curre, barking at the admirable and ineffable workes which were wrought by Gods omnipotencie: for which cauſe God accordingly puniſhed him. A remarkable ſpectacle to all enſuing ages, concluding emphatically with the Satyriſt.

Ingenioſus

Ingeniosus erat, superum sed acerrimus hostis,
At canis est superum tempore præda canum.
Wittie, but foe to God, who long in vaine,
Barking at God, by barking currs was slaine.

The Satyre followeth, Morally applyed.

THE THIRD SATYRE.

INgenious Lucian, *ripe in poesie,*
Apt to compose, and pregnant to inuent, In v Luci.
Well read in secrets of Phylosophie,
And in all Morall knowledge excellent;
For all these rarer parts vnto him giuen,
Ceas'd not to barke against the power of heauen.* * Isti latrant non mordent, non nocent: *August.*

This snarling Curre, for he detracted God,
As profest enemie to pietie,
Chanced to trauell, where Gods irefull rod
Made him a witnesse to posteritie; (*power,* * *Thus as he bark'd against the God of heauen, To barking currs he for a prey was giuen.*
For this same wretch who bark'd against heauens*
Did barking currs (such was heauens doome) deuoure.

Soile to his soule, and so to Christs profession,
For He *no Christ profest, but thought't a scorne*
That God made man, from God should haue cõmission,
Without mans helpe to be of Virgin borne:
Yet see his fall, who did himselfe deceiue,
Vnpitied dies, and dying ha's no graue.

What's Sions *peace (sayes* He*) there's no such place;* *The Atheists opinions.*
Earth hath her Sion, *if we ayme our care*
At any other Mansion, it's a chase

So fruitleſſe, as if we ſhould beate the ayre,
Or plant our hope in things which cannot be,
And ſuch's our truſt in fained Deitie.

Thou vglie viſard, that with faire pretence
Of Morall diſcipline ſhadowes thy ſin,
Reclaime thy ſelfe by timely penitence,
And loath that horrid Caue thou walloweſt in:
Thy ſin's deep-dide, yet not of that deepe ſtaine,
But Teares & Prayers may make them white againe.*

* Lachrymæ verbis, ſuſpiria votis immiſcentur.

Haſt thou no Anchor to relie vpon?*
No Refuge nor no Recluſe for thy hope?
Behold thy Ieſus he's thy corner ſtone,
Make him thy ayme, thy ſuccour, ſhelter, ſcope,
And he'le receiue thee in the Throne *of bleſſe,*
The boundleſſe Ocean of all happineſſe.

* Anchora cui ſpes eſt innixa, Angularis lapis in quem fundata.

*θρόνος τῆς ἡδονῆς.

Returne thou wicked Lucian, *make thy verſe*
Thy Retractation, be not ouerbold,*
Leſt when good-men ſhall view thy forlorne hearſe,
In thy reproch they cauſe this to be told
To after-ages: Here he lies interr'd,
Who* erring knew, and in his knowledge err'd.

* Vt medicus, perite tractat vulnera, Qui opera retractat perperam edita.

* Errando diſco.

Sweete and delightfull Poems canſt thou make,*
Of Hymen *rites, or* Venus *dalliance,*
And pleaſant ſeemes the labour thou doeſt take,
While to thy Pipe deluded Louers dance:
But in ſuch ſacred meaſures thou art ſlow,
As teach men how to liue, and what to know.

' Qualis ergo eſt iſta, quæ tam multa de cæteris nouit, & ſe qualiter facta ſit prorſus ignorat? *Auguſt.*

Mirrha

Mirrha *the wanton mother of a wanton,*
Gamesome the Mother and the Daughter too,
Giues a fit subiect for thy Muse to chant on,
Relating what a Louer ought to do;
In which lasciuious straine, fond Loue is brought
To hate what's good, but to affect what's naught.

Thou canst report how Romanes ioyned were,
Firſt with the Sabines, and what ſtrange delights
Tooke their inuention from thoſe feaſts were there,
Duly ſolemniz'd on their nuptiall nights;
Of Sphinx, Charybdis, Scilla, Cteſiphon,
With Prœtus *letters againſt* * Bellerophon.

Vid. Tit. Liu. in Dec. 1. & 3. Ouid. in faſt.

* *Who ſlue the two monsters Chymera and Solymos in Lycia.*

Theſe thou canſt feature as Apelles, He
The Prince of painters could not better ſhow
Their formes, then thou their natures, which may be
Portrayers of thy wit and learning too:
But what are theſe but ſhadowes, if thou moue
Thy eye to thoſe bleſt obiects are aboue?

Lend but thy eare to aerie warbling Birds,
Which day by day ſing pleaſant madrigals;
And thou ſhalt heare what praiſe the Larke affoords, *Larke.*
Whileſt with ſweete Hymnes ſhe on her maker cals, * A laudes dicendo dicitur *Alauda.*
Where each repayes their due in their degree,
And much abaſhd do rest aſham'd of thee.

The flower which hath no ſenſe, nor hath no feeling,
Nor apprehends the difference of things,
Performes her office in delight of ſmelling,
Likewiſe the tree moſt fruitfull bloſſoms brings:

The

The Serpent, Adder, and each crauling worme,
Haue mutuall duties giuen them with their forme.

The Baſiliske the king of Serpents is,*
The Lion of all beaſts, the Cedar tree
Is chiefe of Trees, Leuiathan of fiſh,
And man ore theſe *hath ſole ſupremacie:*
Thus euery Creature in her ſeuerall kind,
Hath ſeuerall Lords and limits her aſſign'd.

* *The Piſmire and Locuſt (of all other creatures) haue no king nor leader.* vid. AElian. & Plin. in natur. Hiſt.

Thou Lucian *art endu'd with what theſe want,*
And canſt diſtinguiſh betwixt good and ill,
Yet thou denies what other Creatures grant,
And which is worſe, thou ſo continueſt ſtill:
Thou laughs at Adams *fall, and thinks't a ſhame,*
Man ſhould auouch an Apple cauſ'd the ſame.

Wo worth that fruite that had ſo bitter taſte,
Bringing Perdition to the ſoule of man,
That free-borne Creature, *which ſo farre ſurpaſt*
Mans fraile condition when it firſt began;
That was an Apple that too dearely coſt,
Which made ſo many ſoules for euer loſt.

If I ſhould Catechiſe thee Lucian,
And tell the vertue of each ſeuerall thing;
How reaſon firſt was diſtribute to man,
And how the earth globe-like in aire doth hing,
The ſecret grouth of Plants which daily grow,
Yet how or when no humane ſenſe can know.*

* Spicas creuiſſe cernimus, cas autem quando creuerunt non cernimus.

The

The Fabrick of the heauen, whoſe eminence*
Shewes admiration to vs that behold
Her glorious Bodies ſacred influence,
Whoſe diſtinct Motion, who is't can vnfold?
None but the Author and the founder can,
For it exceedes the reach of any man.

* *That ſtarrie Gallerie emboſt with gold, fretted with orbs of Chriſtall, ſilu'er'd ouer, with pearle pau'd, roofed with an Agget couer.*

If I ſhould queſtion thee, whence theſe deriue
Their proper Motion, it would thee behooue
To yeeld, that ſome *to theſe do Motion giue,*
Since what ſe're moues doth by another moue:
Which thou confirmes and adds, nought vnder Sunne
Is done in theſe, *but is by Nature done.*

* *Holding with Albumazar that his leading the children of Iſrael ouer the Red ſea, was no more but obſeruing the influence of Starres, and waining ſeaſon of the Moone that withdraweth the tides; and that miraculous iſſuing of water out of the rocke, by the ſtroke of a rod was no more, but noting thoſe ſpring-heads, whereto the wild aſſes reſorted to quench their thirſt.*

So thou referrs that wonderfull Creation,*
After the Deluge to a mortall wight,
Diſcourſing vainly how Deucalion,
Refurniſh'd earth which was vnpeopled quite;
But thou deceiued art, it's nothing ſo,
For it was God that gaue increaſe to Noe.

We are his clay, we muſt confeſſe his power,
He is our Potter, *whoſe deuine command*
Can daſh vs earthen veſſels in one b *houre,*
Subiect vnto the iudgement of his hand;
For he no ſooner ſhall withdraw his breath,
Then Man leaues to be Man, and welcomes death.

b *Whom th' morning ſees ſo proudly go, ere euening come may lie full low.* Senec.

Heauens power to which no Mortall can extend,
(Not to be argued or diſputed on,)
Becauſe it's not in Man to comprehend,
The radiant Splendor of the glorious Sunne:

Much

Much leſſe profounder ſecrets, which were fram'd,
For admiration, not to be prophan'd.

* *We haue heard of diuerſe, exemplarily puniſhed euen in that wherein they cõtemptuouſly profaned; as Iulian, Herodias, Balshaſar, and Thymelicus the enterlude-plaier; who dancing vpon the ſcaffold in a Cope (a robe of the Church) fell downe dead.* Thymelicꝰ ſaltatori, &c. Vid. Val. Maxi. lib. 1. cap. 2.

* *Prophan'd, if nam'd without due reuerence,*
To that Supreme all-working Maieſtie,
Whoſe Palme containes this Earths circumference,
Whoſe praiſe takes accent from heauens Hierarchie.
Let not, O let not him who gaue man tongue,
To yeeld him praiſe, for ſilence make it dumbe.

Thou canſt compoſe a ſong of Shepheards liues,
Spent in a pleaſant veine of Recreation,
How they ſit chatting with their wanton wiues,
Tricking and toying in a Shepheards faſhion:
This thou canſt do, and it's done pretily,
For it ſhews wit, yet ſpent vnfittingly.

O if thou would confine thy ſelfe in reaſon,
And leaue fond Poems of a doting Louer,
Obſeruing Natures tone, tune, time, and ſeaſon,
How well would theſe ſeeme to that powerfull mouer;
Whoſe eyes are pure, and of that piercing ſight,
As they loue light, but hate ſuch works are light.

But O too vaine's the current of thy vaine,
Soild with the Motiues of vntamed luſt,
Which layes vpon thy Name that endleſſe ſhame,
As ſhall furuiue, when thou return'd to duſt,
Shalt much lament thoſe Poems thou haſt writ,
Through th'light conceit of thy licentious wit.

Nor is it gaine mou's thee to proſtitute,

That

That precious talent which thou doeſt poſſeſſe;
No, it's delight thou haſt to gaine repute,
'Mong ſt men made beaſts through their voluptuouſnes**
O hate that affectation, leſt this ſhelfe,
Of vaine applauſe do ruinate thy ſelfe!

* Sicut Belluæ ſunt humanæ, ita homines ſunt belluini.

For ſuch eſteeme, what honour wil't afford,
What comfort in the graue, where thou lies dead;
*When thy laſciuious * works ſhall beare record,*
Of what was by thee writ or publiſhed?
Nay 'twill preiudice thee, it cannot chuſe,
Vaine's that opinion ill-men haue of vs.

* *By thoſe ſtudies, which I affected, am I condemned, by thoſe I praiſed, am I diſparaged.* Aug.

Thus thou ſuſtaines the height of miſerie,
To ſee a * Cleobes *and* Biton *grac'd,*
With honour, fame, deſertfull dignitie,
Thy glory prun'd, thy laurell-wreath defac'd:
The triumphs of thy wit ſo quite forgot,
As if (ſo fickle's fame) thou flouriſh'd not.

* *Two brothers, ſonnes to Argia a Propheteſſe in the temple of Iuno.*

Nor can we ſay thoſe flouriſh, whoſe renowne
Conſiſts in praiſe of vice, for though they ſeeme
Vnto the worlds eye ſo fully knowne,
Yet they ſhall be as if they had not bene;
When vice, which to aduance was their deſire,
Shall melt away as waxe before the fire.

Reſt not, but labour Lucian *to preferre*
The ſage contents of ſacred Myſteries,
Before ſuch Rithms as teach men how to erre,
Whoſe beſt inſtructions are but vanities;
Which if thou do, wits Treaſure ſhall increaſe,

And

And crowne thee Laureat *in the Land of peace.*

Yet reade not ſo, as not to vnderſtand
The graue remainders of Times ancient Booke;
For what a follie is't to haue in hand
Bookes nere red ouer! This, that * Sage *forſooke,*
When in his courſe of reading He *did vſe,*
The choyceſt flowers in euery worke to chuſe.

* In Demoſthene magna pars Demoſthenis abeſt, cum legitur & non auditur.

Thus Lucian *haue I warn'd thee to forbeare,*
That ſnarling humour, of detracting ſuch
Whoſe vertues shine as Starres in higheſt Sphære,
Whoſe worthie Liues can well abide the tutch;
Defame not * *vertue, rather emulate,*
Good-mens example, that's a vertuous hate.

* Ea ſola neque datur dono neque accipitur. *Saluſt.*

The Argument of Steſichorus.

Teſichorus is fained to haue loſt his eyes for diſpraiſing *Helen* of Greece, and afterwards to have recouered the ſame by praiſing her. The Morall alludeth to ſuch, who ouerborne with the vnbounded height of their owne conceit, diſtaſte the opinion of a multitude, to make their owne irregular iudgement paſſe for current. Theſe (as we say) vſe euer to ſwim againſt the ſtreame, affecting that leaſt, which ſeemes approued by the moſt: ſcorning to guide their ſhip by anothers Card, meaſure

meaſure their life by anothers line, or walke in a common path. Some other application may this Morall make, as *One* vpon this fable would haue *Steſichorus* to ſhadow a Malecontent, by whom things generally eſteemed vſe to be moſt diſualued, delighting in nothing more then oppoſition. Others by way of ſimilitude compare him to *One*, who by much gazing on the Sunne becomes dim-ſighted; ſo *He*, by too intentiue fixing his eye vpon beautie, became blinded: the deuine application whereof I leaue to euery mans peculiar conceite, not louing to preſſe *theſe* further, then their owne natiue ſence will beare. The ſubiect whereof this Satyre intreateth, more particularly applyed, may chance to glance at ſome whoſe ſingularitie gaines them Opinion aboue reaſon; but ſilence is their beſt ſalue, labouring rather to redeeme the time, then reueale their owne ſhame. Let them be of more humble nature, and I will ſpare to proſecute any further. *Nihil tam volucre eſt quàm maledictum*, the poyſon whereof is as ſtrong as the paſſage ſwift; the vnworthineſſe of which condition as I haue euer loathed, ſo a milde and temperate reproofe for vertues ſake haue I euer loued: not ignorant, how ſome vices (as other ſores) are better cured by lenitiues then corasiues, leſt the Patient crie out — *Grauiora ſunt, haud feram.* Iudge of the Satyre.

THE

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

* *A lyrick Poet, famous for his ſweete and pleaſing veine.*

STeſichorus * *like* Zeuxes *cannot paint,*
Nor like Lyſippus *càn delineate;*
For then He *would giue that accompliſhment*
To Hellens *beautie, as might propagate*
Her fame *to following times, when Ages paſſe,*
Which by Record might ſhew what Hellen *was.*

Blind Byard now, ſee how thy iudgement err'd,
By gazing long on beautie thou art blind,
Recanting all too late what thou auerr'd,
So diffrent is th'opinion of that mind,
Where onely ſelfe-conceit drawes men to ſhew
Their priuate iudgement, giuen they care not how.

Was ſhe not faire that made all Troy to burne,
That made Prince Paris *wander to and fro,*
That made Queene Hecuba *ſo fore to mourne,*
Both for her ſelfe and for her Iſſue too?
Yes ſhe was faire, how ere thy eye eſteeme her,
Nor can conceit of one make beauty meaner.

What made ſtout Menelaus *paſſe the Sea?*
What Telamon *to rig his well-mann'd ſhip,*
What Aiax, *what* Achylles? *It was ſhe,*
Whoſe ſweete ambroſiacke breath and cherri-lip,
Reliſh'd of Nectar, *and infus'd a ſpirit,*
In Cowards breaſts, to gaine true fame by merit.

Old ſubtill Sinon *can prepare aſſault,*

Againſt

Againſt the ſtrongeſt battlements of Troy,
Whileſt armed Grecians in that ribbed vault,
Preſt for encounter, purpos'd to deſtroy,
*Iſſue from Pallas horſe, ſo aptly * made,*
As Troy had cauſe to curſe the cunning Iade.

* *It was made by Phereclus, who was after ſlaine by Merion in the ſiege of Troy.*

Art thou perſwaded yet to praiſe her beautie,
Sith Nature hath ſurpaſt Her *ſelfe in skill,*
As one ingag'd in ſome reſpect of dutie,
Vnto her ſex, to make them honor'd ſtill?
O be perſwaded, to her ſhrine repaire,
For howſoere thou ſaies, thou thinks Her *faire!*

Faire in proportion, motiue in her pace,
An eye as chearefull as the morning-Sunne,
Her haire, her ſmile, her well-beſeeming grace,
By which ſo many Troians were vndone:
In briefe, examine Her *from top to toe,*
And then admire each part accompliſh'd ſo.

Such admiration as like Linceus *eyes,*
Tranſparent Brightneſſe ſeemes to penetrate:
For if Apollo *ſeeing* Daphnes *thighes,*
Wau'd by the Eaſterne winde, forgot his ſtate,
Himſelfe and all, Proportion well may moue,
Since gods themſelues were toſt by guſts of loue.

Did not faire Phyllis *dote vpon a Swaine,*
She paſſing faire, and he a witherd lad,
Whence we may reaſon, none can loue reſtraine,
Nor ſet it limits which it neuer had:
For when we haue done all that we can do,

It will haue th'courſe and readie paſſage too.

Yet Loue's ſo pure it can endure no ſtaine,
Stain'd Loue is luſt, which is not in her breſt:
Spotleſſe content ſhe ſeekes, which if ſhe gaine,
She freely liues, and fairely takes her reſt:
But barr'd of this, without repoſe ſhe lies,
And dying liues, and liuing loathed dies.

Nærus erat eneri ſpecies, Helenæq; cicatrix gloria, quæ Paridem fecit amore parem.

It is not Venus * *mole nor* Hellens *ſcarre,*
Adds fuell to affection, for though theſe
Gaue beautie ſummons to commence Loues warre,
Yet outward graces do but onely pleaſe,
As Obiects do the eye; where Loues beſt part
Conſiſts not in the eye, but in the Heart.

But now to thee, *who did diſpraiſe that faire,*
Whoſe beautie ruin'd Cities, now diſclaime
Thy purblind iudgement, and withall compare
Hellen *with* Hero, *or ſome choicer Dame:*
And then it may be * Cupid *will reſtore*
Thine eyes to thee, which He *put out before.*

* Lumine qui ſemper proditur ipſe ſuo.

The Argument of Pigmalion.

PIgmalion, whom no ſurpaſſing beautie in all *Cyprus* could captiuate, at last hauing made a curious Image or *Picture* of an amiable woman, was

was ſo rauiſhed with the accompliſhed proportion of his owne worke, that enamoured therewith, *He* intreated *Venus* to put life in his Image, which with ſuch Artfull delineature he had compoſed. *Venus* taking commiſeration vpon his prayers and teares, infuſed life in his Picture, whereof *He* begat a beautifull daughter called *Papho*, from whom (or from *Mount Paphos*) *Venus* is ſaid to haue taken her name, ſtyled ſometimes by the Poets *Eryca*, ſometimes *Paphia*: whoſe feaſts with all ceremoniall rites vſually performed in the honour of an immortall goddeſſe, were originally ſolemnized and celebrated onely by the Shepheards of thoſe Mountaines, but afterwards more generally obſerued. The Morall includeth the vaine and fooliſh *Loues* of ſuch as are beſotted on euery idle picture or painted Image, whoſe ſelfe-conceited vanitie makes beauty their Idoll, becoming Creatures of their owne making, as if they diſ-eſteemed the creation of their Maker. The Satyre though compendious, compriſeth much matter. Reade it, and make vſe of the ſequele.

Note this you painted faces, whoſe natiue Countrey (once white Albion) is become reddiſh, with bluſhing at your vanities.

THE FIFT SATYRE.

PIgmalion *rare, in rare Proportions making,*
Yet not in quickning that which He *had framed*
So exquiſite in artfull curious ſhaping,
In nought (if Zeuxes *iudged) could he be blamed:*
Yet skillfull though He *were in formes contriuing,*
Yet not ſo skilfull in thoſe formes reuiuing.

Reuiu'd! I wrote amiſſe, they neuer liued:
Improper then to ſay, they were reuiued.

He builds him Temples for his Image-gods,*
And much beſotted with their faire aſpect,
In admiration of his worke, He *nods,*
And ſhakes his Head, *and tenders them reſpect;*
I cannot tell (quoth He*) what paſſion moues me,*
But ſure I am (quoth He*) faire Saint I loue thee,*
Thou art my handie-worke, I wiſh my wife,
If to thy faire Proportion thou hadſt life.

* *Like thoſe Pulvinaria erected by the heathen for their Pagan images.*

Canſt thou Pigmalion *dote ſo on ſhrines,*
On liuelesse Pictures, that was neuer rapt
With any beautie Cyprus Ile confines?
Theſe (foolish man) be for thy Loue vnapt;
They cannot anſwer Loue for Loue againe,
Then fond Pigmalion *do thy Loue reſtraine;*
Such ſenſeleſſe creatures as haue onely being,
Haue with embraces but an harſh agreeing.

They haue no moyſture in their key-cold lips,
No pleaſure in their ſmile, their colour ſtands;
Whileſt youthfull Ladies on the paüement trips,
They ſtand as Pictures ſhould, with ſapleſſe hands;*
And well thou knowes, if Paſſiue be not mouing,
The Actiue part can yeeld ſmall fruits of louing:
Why art thou ſo beſotted ſtill with woing,
Since there's no comfort when it comes to doing?

* Quid agunt in corpore caſto ceruſſa & minium, centumq; venena colorũ? *Victor. ad Salmonem.*

Can any idle Idoll without breath,
Giue thee a gracefull anſwer to thy ſuite?

Nay

Nay rather like dead corps ſurpriz'd by death,
It anſwers ſilence when thou ſpeakes vnto't.
Deſiſt then (fond Pigmalion*) and reſtraine*
To loue that Creature cannot loue againe;
What will it pleaſure thee a ſhrine to wed,
That can afford no pleaſure in thy bed?

Thou art not ſo * *bewitcht with any beautie,*
How faire ſoere within thy Natiue Ile,
No Nimph can moue thy Loue, or force thy dutie,
As doth this Picture, *whoſe art-forcing ſmile*
Can giue thee ſmall content, and wherefore then
Should painted Statues ſo entangle men?
It's loue thou fayeſt, Pigmalion, *that doth moue thee,*
But thou loues ſuch as cannot ſay they loue thee.

* —Sine coniuge Cælebs
Viuebat, thalamique diu conſorte carebat.
Metam. 10 *lib.*

Turne thee vnto leud Paſyphaes *luſt,*
Wife to a braue and valiant * *Champion,*
Who on a Bull (ſee how affection muſt
Paſſe Reasons limit) fondly dotes vpon;
* Ioue *on a Heifer,* Danae *of a ſhower,*
Such is the vertue of loues-working power:
No time, place, obiect, ſubiect, circumſtance,
Can ſtill Loues pipe, when Cupid *leades the dance.*

* *Minos king of Crete.*

* Non fruſtra dictus Bos ouis Imber Olor,
Whence our Engliſh Poet as properly annexed this Diſticke, imitating the former in matter and manner:
In vaine Ioue was not ſtil'd right ſure I am,
From th'ſhape he tooke of Bull, ſheepe, ſhower, and ſwan.
vid. Ouid. in Metamorph.

Then who will aske the reaſon of thy Loue, (ſon,
Which ſhewes moſt ſtrength when ſhe can ſhew leaſt reaAnd cannot Proteus-*like with each blaſt moue,*
Nor free her ſelfe from ſoule-deluding treaſon!
She like the Moone is not each month in waine,
For th'obiect of her loue is of that ſtraine;
Nor land, nor ſea, nor tempeſts though they thwart her

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Can from her Sphere by oppoſition part her.

Do but torment Her *with the ſight of woe,*
Vexe her with anguiſh and with diſcontent,
She will not make her friend in heart, her foe;
No, if ſhe were with depth of ſorrowes ſpent;
Yet * *like* Anthæus, *when ſhe's moſt caſt downe,*
She gathers ſtrength, and is not ouerthrowne:
She cannot breake her vow, her legall oath,
But meanes (if life permit) to keepe them both.

* *Which is elegantly expreſſed by our moderne Poet. Whoſe fall (Antheus-like) prouok'd him more, And made him ſtronger then he was before.*

Then (honour'd Picture) let me thee *embrace;*
With that He *hugd it in his luſtfull armes,*
And now and then He *ſmeer'd the Pictures face,*
Praying the gods to keepe it from all harmes:
And prayed (a ſenſleſſe prayer) Ioue *to defend,*
His Picture from diſeaſes to the end;
So to enioy her dalliance with more pleaſure,
Whoſe preſence He *eſteem'd the precious't Treasure.*

Each euen *he vs'd to dreſſe it for his bed,*
For in a gowne of Tiſſue was it clothed,
And put a night-tyre on it's iuorie head,
And when night came He *made it be vnclothed;*
Where, leſt He *ſhould his luſtfull fauours hide,*
He *vs'd to lay the Picture by his ſide,*
Where He *drew to it as* He *ſaw it lie,*
But when it would not be, He *wiſh'd to die.*

Vngratefull Creature (would Pigmalion *ſay)*
That neuer doeſt afford one ſmile on me,
That dallies thus with thee, each night, each day;

Faire

Faire Saint, what needes this curioſitie?
While with a kiſſe* He *oft his ſpeech would breake,*
By threats or faire intreats to make it ſpeake:
And when He *had his fruitleſſe pratling done,*
He *would in rage call it an Idoll dumbe.*

* Oſcula dat, reddiq; putat, loquiturque tenetque. *Meta, 10 lib.*

But angrie with himſelfe, He *ſtreight would blame*
His too raſh furie, crauing pardon too,
That he ſhould ſtile it with ſo harſh a Name,
And wiſh'd him powre to die, or it to do,
Swearing by heauen, if ſheete *did chance to moue,*
It was the nimble action of his Loue.
Coy-toying Girle (quoth He*) what meaneth this,*
Is it your modeſtie, you will not kiſſe?

Naught though it *anſwer'd, he would proſecute*
His wooing taske, as if it *ſtood denying,*
And thus would vrge it; Deare *accept my ſuite,*
Be not ſo fearefull, feare thou not eſpying,
I haue excuſes ſtore, then liſten me;
For I will vow I was enam'ling thee:
Then ſport thee wench, ſecurely frolick it,
That I on thee a Niobe *may get.*

Thus whileſt He *vainely pratled to his Shrine,*
Aurora *with her radiant beames appeared,*
And bluſhing red, as if ſhe tax'd the time,
For ſuch licentious motions, ſlilie peered
In at a chinke, whereby ſhe did diſcouer
An idoll courted by an idle Louer:
And ſcarce Aurora *now had time to ſhow her,*
But fond Pigmalion *made this ſpeech vnto her.*

What haue I done (thou iealous light) said He,
That I ſhould thus depriued be of louing!
What couldſt thou do, to adde more miſerie,
Then in thy ſpeedie riſing, haſtie mouing?
Thou might haue ſpar'd one day, and hid thy light,
Enioyning Earth to haue a double night,*
Where ghaſtly furies in obliuion ſit,
For darke miſdeeds for darkneſſe be most fit.

* Vt geminata duos nox inclyta iungat amores.

But He *cut off his ſpeech with many grone,*
Haſtning to riſe, yet went to bed againe,
And as He *goes,* He *ſees the darkneſſe gone,*
And Phæbus *courſers galloping amaine:*
Which ſeene, at laſt He *roſe with much adoe,*
And being vp, began afreſh to woe;
Yet hauing ſo much ſenſe as to perceiue,
How he had err'd, He *ceaſſeth now to craue.*

For He *intends to worke another way,*
By Inuocation on ſome heauenly power,
The onely meanes his paſſion to allay;
Which to performe, retiring to his bower,
He *made theſe Oriſons:* Venus *faire Queene,*
Then whom in heauen or earth nere like was ſeene,
Be thou propitious to my prayers, my teares,
Which at thy Throne and Pedeſtall appeares.

I whom nor Swaine nor Nimph could ere inchant,
Am now beſotted with a ſenſleſſe creature,
Whom though I do poſſeſſe, yet do I want,
Wanting life breathing in her comely feature,
Which by infuſing life if thou ſupplie,

Ile

Ile liue to honour thee, if not, I die;*
For what is life where diſcontent doth raigne,
But ſuch a farme as we would faine diſclaime?

* *By offring ſacrifice to Venus in the Ile of Cyprus.*

Venus *much mou'd with his obſequious prayers,*
And liquid teares, his ſuite did ſatisfie,
Infuſing breath into her ſenſleſſe veines,
Now full of iuyce, life, and agilitie;
Which being done, the Picture *mou'd, not miſſing*
To lure Pigmalion *to her lips with kiſſing,*
Reaping great ioy and comfort in their toying,
Depriu'd before of bliſſe, bleſt now enioying.

Bleſt in enioying and poſſeſſing that,
Which doth include true Loues felicitie,
Where two are made ioynt owners of one ſtate,
And though diſtinct, made one by vnitie;
*Happie then I, (*Pigmalion *did reply,)*
That haue poſſeſſion of this Deitie,
No humane creature but a Parragon,
Whoſe liueleſſe forme once Nimphs admired on.

This ſaid, ſhe ſtreight retires vnto the place,
Where ſhe her moulding had, by whom ſhe now
(I meane Pigmalion*) obtain'd ſuch grace,*
As He *her maker and her huſband too,*
Tooke ſuch content in his now-breathing wife,
As they ſcarce differ'd once in all their life,
But this was then: Let this ſuffice for praiſe,
Few wiues be of her temper now adaies.

The faire and fruitfull daughter He *begat,*

De ſobole Pigmalionis.

Of

Of this ſame liuely Image *had to name,*
Papho the faire, *a wenȝh of Princely ſtate,*
From whence * *Ile* Paphos *appellation came,*
Conſecrate vnto Venus, *beauties Queene,*
By whoſe aſpect that Ile is euer greene;
Wherein there is a pleaſant Mirtle-groue,
Where a ſhrine ſtands to ſhew Pigmalions *loue.*

* Illa Paphum genuit, de quo tenet inſula nomen. *Ibidem.*

The Argument of Pytheas.

PYtheas an Athenian Orator much delighted with good cloaths, and proud of his owne tongue: when law bęgan to grow out of requeſt (for the Athenians endeuoured to bring in *Platoes* commonweale) whereby the Court of the *Areopagitæ* became much weakened, and the frequencie of Clyents diſcontinued; *Acolytus* a bitter Satyriſt, chancing to meete with *Pytheas* this ſpruce Lawyer in rent clothes, at a bare Ordinarie, liuing vpon *Pythagoras* diet, viz. rootes; obſerued this vnexpected mutation, and with *Democritus* readie to laugh at others miſerie, compiled this ſhort Satyrę, to adde new fuell to *Pytheas* diſcontent.

THE SIXT SATYRE.

PYtheas *a Laywer of no ſmall reſpect,*
Garded, regarded, dips his tongue in gold,

And

And culls his phraſe, the better to effect
What He *and his penurious Client would;*
Vpon his backe for all his anticke ſhowes,
More clothes He *weares then how to pay* He *knowes.*

And what's the reaſon; he hath Law at will,
Making a good face of an euill matter,
And euery day his thirſtie purſe can fill;
With gold thou lieſt; with nought but wind and water:
Ile tell thee why, Platoes *new Commonweale,*
Makes Pytheas *leaue off pleading, and go* * *ſteale.*

* Siſte latrare foris, & promoue cœpta latronis.

What Pytheas, *ſteale? is't poſſible, that* He
That had a Pomander ſtill at his noſe,
That was perfum'd with balls ſo fragrantly,
Should now another trade of liuing chooſe?
He muſt and will, nor dare He *ſhow his face*
Halfe caſement-wide, that open'd many a caſe.

The other day but walking on the ſtreete,
I ſaw his veluet gerkin layd to pawne
His graue Gregorian, for his head more meete,
Then Brokers ſhop, and his beſt pleading gowne;
Nay which was more, marke Pytheas *conſcience,*
There lay to pawne his Clients euidence.

Sic toga, ſic crines, pignora iuris erant.

But it's no maruell, Pride muſt haue a fall, (ſtreame,
Who was on Cockhorſe borne through Fortunes
*Is now caſhier'd from th'*Areopagites Hall,
And on each bulke becomes a common theame:
O bleſt vacation, *may thou neuer ceaſe,*
But ſtill haue power to ſilence ſuch as theſe!

Well

Well farewll Law if Lawyers can be poore,
For I eſteem'd them *onely bleſt in* this,
That Danaes *lap with gold-diſtilling ſhower,*
Had made them line all heires to earthly bliſſe:
But ſince theſe conſcript fathers *we adore,*
Feele want of wealth, we'le worſhip them no more.

The Argument of Periander.

PE*riander* that wiſe Prince of Corinth, elected one of the *Sages* of Greece, fell in his old age to pouertie; whereby, though his Axiomes were no leſſe eſteemed, his deuine Aphoriſmes no leſſe regarded, (as held for the very * Oracles of ſome ſuperiour power) yet the reſpect which former time had of him grew leſſened, through the decreaſe of his friends and fortunes: which was no ſooner perceiued, then the *diſtreſſed Sage* lamenting the worlds blindneſſe, that vseth to be taken ſooner with a vaine ſhadow then any ſolid ſubſtance, wrote this Satyricall Elegie in a penſiue moode, inueying againſt the vncertaine and inconſtant affections of *men*, who meaſure happineſſe not by the inward but outward poſſeſſing. Whereby *He* inferreth, that howſoeuer the wiſeman may ſeeme miſerable, *He* is not so, but is more rich in poſſeſſing nothing, then the coue-

* Vid. Laer. de vit. Phyloſo.

tous

tous foole in enioying all things: for his eſtimation is without him, whereas the other hath his within *Him*, which is to be more preferred, (I meane *the minds treaſure*, before the rubbiſh of this world,) then light before darkneſſe, the radiant beames of the Sunne before thicke and duskie clouds, or pure and temporate aire before foggie and contagious vapors.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

VNgrateful Greece, that ſcornes a man made poore
Reſpecting not the treaſure of his mind,
Whoſe want of wealth muſt ſhut him out of doore;
The world's no friend to him that cannot find
A maſſe of gold within their mouldred cell,
No matter how they get it, ill or well.

Virtus poſt nummos.

This I experienc'd of, may well perceiue,
*Euen *Periander I, of late a Sage*
Of ſtately Greece, whom now ſhe'le not receiue,
Becauſe oppreſt with want, ſurpriz'd with age;
Euen I, that of the * Ephori *was one,*
One of the chief'ſt, but now retires alone.

* *Whoſe fathers was Cypſelus, deſcending from the Heraclyd familie.*

* *Ephorus was among the Lacedemonians as Tribunus among the Romans.*

Yet not alone, *though none reſort to me,*
For wiſedome will haue ſociats to frequent her:
And though proud Greece frō hence ſhould baniſh thee,
Friends *thou haſt ſtore, will knocke and knocking enter:*
And firme * friends *too, whoſe vertues are ſo pure,*
Vice may aſſay, but cannot them *allure.*

* Amicis & fælicibus & infælicibus eundem re prebe. *Laert. in ſenten. Periand.*

With

With what reſpect was I once grac'd by you,
You gorgeous outſides, Fortunes painted wall,
When rich ; *but* poore, *you bid my rags adue,*
Which did at firſt *my troubled mind appall;*
But noting well the * *worlds inconſtant courſe,*
I thought her ſcorne could make me *little worſe.*

* *Be not afraid (ſaith Petrarch) though the houſe (the bodie) be ſhaken ſo the ſoule, (the gueſt of the body) fare well.* Petrarch. de Remed. vtriuſque fortunæ.

Remorceleſſe Greece, wert thou of marble made,
Thou might ſhed teares to ſee thy Sage *diſmaide,*
By whoſe direction thou haſt oft bene ſtayd,
When both thy hope decreaſt, and fame decaid ;
Both which reſtor'd by Him, *got that report,*
To Him *and* his, *as thou admir'd him for't.*

Yet canſt thou not diſcerne, twixt wiſedomes ſtraine,
And thoſe diſcording tones of vanitie,
For all thy ayme is benefite and gaine,
And theſe are they thou makes thy Deitie ;
To ſecond which, this caution thou doeſt giue,
Who know not to diſſemble cannot liue.

Demadis ſaying was, that Dracoes lawes were written with bloud and not with inke.

I know thy follies, and will brute them too,
For thou haſt mou'd my ſplene, and I muſt ſpeake,
Since thou applies no ſalue to cure my woe,
I muſt complaine perforce, or heart-ſtrings breake ;
Iuſtice is turn'd to wormewood in your land,
And corrupt dealing gets the vpper hand.

You itch (and out of meaſure) with deſire
Of hearing nouelties, and ſtrange deuices,
And ſcorch'd with heate of luſts-enraged fire,
Set marks of Loue, make ſale of Venus *prizes,*

Broad

Broad-ſpreading vice, how deare ſo'ere it coſt,
To purchaſe it, you'le vye with who bids moſt.

You Hydra-*headed monſters full of poyſon,*
Infecting euery place with ſtinking breath,
What ere proceeds from you is very noyſome,
And like the Baſiliske procuring death:
I care not for your hatred, if your loue
Like Tritons *ball, with ſuch inconſtance moue.*

Plin. in nat. hiſt. Alcyat. in Emblem.

Theſe fleering flies which flicker to and fro,
And beate the vaine ayre *with their ruſling wings,*
Be their owne foes, and they profeſſe them ſo,
When they their wings with flames of furie cinge;
For they whoſe hate purſues a guiltleſſe one,
With * Syſiphus *do role his reſtleſſe ſtone.*

* *Ixions wheele, Tantalus apples, and Syſiphus ſtone: peculiar puniſhments inflicted on theſe perſons for their luſt, auarice, & crueltie, as the Poets faine.*

You cannot grieue me with your enmitie,
Nor much offend me with your hatefull breath,
For ill-mens loue and hate, are equally
Priz'd by the good, whoſe chiefeſt aime is death,
And how to die: for much it doth not skill,
What ill-men ſpeake of vs, or good or ill.

What golden promiſes did I receiue,
Yet ſee their iſſue; baſe contempt and ſcorne
Ore my deiected ſtate triumphed haue:
So as proud Greece vnmindfull to performe
What merit craues, and what ſhe's bound to do,
Neglects my want, and glories in it too.

Bias *my Brother-ſage I now remember,*
Shipwrack'd

Shipwrack'd in Priene Ile, *whoſe wofull caſe*
Seemes to reſemble fate-crost Periander,
Like Ianus *ſtatue, ſhewing face to face ;*
Let's then, ſince equall fortune frownes on either
(Kind Bias*) found our wofull plaints together.*

Let Priene Ile *relate* thy *hard miſchance,*
*Let * Greece bewaile my fall, my ruin'd ſtate,*
Thou while on Sea thy exil'd ſhip doth lance,
Thou lightly weighes th'inconſtancie of fate:
Rouze Periander *then, that't may be ſaid,*
Thy * patience hath thy fortune conquered.

* *Or Corinth in Greece.*

* Infælicem dicebat, qui ferre nequiret infælicitatem. *in vit. Bi.*

Get thee to Schooles, where pure Phyloſophie
In publicke places is ſincerely taught,
And thou ſhalt heare, there's no calamitie,
Can dant a ſpirit reſolu'd to droupe with nought
That want or woe can menace, for though woe,
*Make * good-men wretched ſeeme, they are not ſo.*

* Omnia aduerſa exercitationes accidentibus bonis eſſe putat. *vid. Boæt. in lib. de malis.* Poteſt dici miſer, non poteſt eſſe. *ibid.*

Well may misfortunes fall on our eſtate,
Yet they're no blemiſh to our inward worth,
For theſe are but the gifts of purblind fate,
That domineers ſole ſoueraigneſſe on earth ;
But we are placed in an higher ſeate,
Then to lie proſtrate at Dame Fortunes feete.

Her *palſie hand wherewith ſhe holds her ball,*
Moues with each blaſt of mutabilitie,
And in whoſe lap ſhe liſts, ſhe lets it fall,
Thus mocks ſhe man with her inconſtancie ;
Then who is he (if wiſe) eſteemes her treaſure,

No

No ſooner giuen, then tane when we diſpleaſe her.

She faunes, ſhe frownes, ſhe laſts not out a Moone,
But waines each month, and waining doth decreaſe:
Thoſe whom ſhe did aduance, ſhe now throwes downe,
And thoſe which lik'd Her *once, do now diſpleaſe:*
Thou reeling wheele, that moues ſo oft a day,
*That weaues thy * weft, and takes thy web away.*

* Sic licium texit, ſic telæ ſtamina ſoluit.

Titus *that Prince ſo much admir'd by men,*
Stiled Mans Darling *for his curtuous mind,*
Did thinke all powers by fate *to haue their raigne,*
As if ſhe had no limits Her *aſſign'd,*
But (though deuinely-learn'd) did erre in this,
*For fates be rul'd by ſupreme * Deities.*

Sueton. Tranq. in vit. Tit.

* Quicquid boni egeris in Deos refer. *Laert. in vit. Phil.*

Then why ſhould I (fond man) ſo much depend,
Vpon a Creature, which hath her exiſting
In a Superiour power, and doth extend
No further then heauens pleaſe? for her ſubſiſting,
Eſſence, power, Empire, ſoueraigne command,
Hath her direction from Iehouahs hand.

Reſt thee then Periander, *and deſpiſe*
Vulgar opinion ſwaide by multitude,
Thou was eſteemed once for to be wiſe,
Shew it in publicke; let liues enterlude
**Acted by thee vpon this worlds ſtage,*
Contemne that Greece which ſcornes diſtreſſed age.

* Vniuerſus mundus exercet Hiſtrionem.

The Hiſtoricall Argument of Terpnus *Muſician vnto* Nero; *with a Satyre annexed to it as followeth.*

THE *Erpnus* a Romane Lyrick, or as ſome will haue him, a cõmon Cytharede, with whom *Nero*, yᵗ preſident to Tyrants vſed to conſort, and with whoſe admirable skill he was exceedingly delighted: in proceſſe of time fell into *Neroes* diſgrace, for playing to him at *Agrippina* his mothers funerals: where he ſung the diſmall and inceſtuous bed of *Oreſtes*, the crueltie of *Sphinx*, reuiling at their tyrannie; which ſo greatly diſpleaſed *Nero*, that he baniſhed him his Court and royall Pallace, inioyning him withall neuer to frequent the *Muſes Temple.*

The Morall importeth *Such*, as laying aſide *Time-obſeruing*, do not few pillowes to their Princes elbowes, but with bold and reſolued ſpirit, will with *Caliſtenes* tell *Alexander* of his drunkenneſſe, with *Canius* tell *Tyberius* of his crueltie, with *Brutus* tell *Cæſar* of his vſurping, with *Cato Cenſorius* will reprehend the Commonweale for her

her ryoting. And true it is, that a Commonwealth is better gouerned (if of neceſſitie it muſt be gouerned by either) by *Cynickes* then *Epicures*, more offences for moſt part ariſing by alluring and inducing men to ſenſuall pleaſures, then by *Spartas Damaſymbrotos*, his reſtraining of youth. The *Laconians* neuer liued ſo ſecurely, as when they liued barely; nor euer did Romes Commonwealth dilate her bounders more then by the practiſe of legall auſteritie, nor decreaſe more then by introduction of lawleſſe libertie. And yet I find it more rare to heare any admonitions but *Placentia* in the Courts preſence, then to ſee a graue and demure *ſeeming*, couer an hypocrites ranke diſſembling. We haue more * *Seiani* (which I wiſh had *Seians* fall) then *Vticani* to prouide for a Commonweals ſafetie. There were many could greete *Cæſar* with an *Aue*, but there were few would put him in mind of his *Memento mori*. Many could perſwade *Phaeton* that he could guide the *Sunnes chariot* in better order then his gray-hair'd father, but by aſſenting to their perſwaſions, he was like to make a flame of the world. Nothing more dangerous to the ſtate of a well-gouerned Commonweale, then *Paraſites, the tame beaſts of the Citie* (as *Diogenes* calls them). If the perſwading ſycophancie of Times-obſeruancie had not beſotted *Candaules* with his wiues beautie, he had preuented that miſerable euent which by his owne *Gyges* was practiſed and performed. *Dicit Varius, negat Scaurus vtri creditis? Varius* affirmes it, *Scaurus* denies it, whether beleeue you? The one ſincerely voyd

* *Ayming no leſſe at prinie glozers and deluders, then at aſpiring pioters, and ſtate-intruders.*

of diſſembling flatterie: the other gloſingly voyde of truth and veritie. By the one we are ſubiect to the ruine of our ſtate: by the other aduanced to a firmer conſtancy then ſuch as may be any way ſubiect to mutabilitie. *Nero* in the * beginning of his time baniſhed al the *Spintriæ, Inuentors of beaſtly pleaſures* out of his kingdome; I would he had baniſhed time-obſeruing flatterers, and that he had retained ſuch as *Terpnus*, that would reprehend him in his enormities. *Iulius Cæſar* was too much addicted to his Paraſites, but his ſucceſſour *Auguſtus* was—*ad accipiendas amicitias rariſſimus ad retinendas vero conſtantiſſimus.* It was long ere he would entertaine a friend, but being retained, he was moſt conſtant in his fauour towards him. The old approbation of friendſhip comes into my mind, to eate a buſhell of ſalt ere we be acquainted. We may trie our friends as *Pilades* did his *Oreſtes*, *Damon* his *Pythias*, *Æneas* his *Achates*, but it will be long I feare me, ere any of vs poſſeſſe ſuch impregnable Aſſiſtants, ſuch Preſidents of true friendſhip. The ſkilfull Painter when he depictures an vnthankfull man, becauſe he cannot well delineate him in his colours, without ſome proper Motto better to explaine him, repreſenteth him in the Picture of a Viper, that killeth her feeder. There be many ſuch Vipers, which appeare in externall ſhew as true hearted as Turtles, I feare them more then the open force of mine enemie: for theſe fugred kiſſes bring deſtruction to the receiuer. *Boœthius* defining a good man, ſaith: *He may be* thus defined: *he is a good man—cui nullum bonum*

* Quinquenniũ Nero.

bonum malumue ſit niſi bonus maluſue animus: to whom nothing is eſteemed either good or euill, but a good or an euill mind; and what effectually maketh this euill mind, but either an inbred euill diſpoſition, which ariſeth from the crookedneſſe of his nature, or frō the euill perſwaſions of depraued time-obſeruers: for the beſt natures be (for the moſt part) ſooneſt peruerted & ſeduced. Then how neceſſarie is it to roote out ſo noyſome and peſtilent a weede as *flatterie*, which corrupteth the affections of the worthieſt and moſt pregnant wits, as daily example hath well inſtructed vs? How hatefull was it to that worthie *Thebane* Prince, *Ageſilaus*, that memorable mirror of iuſtice (& no leſſe hatefull to our renowned Prince, whoſe exquiſite endowments make him as eminent abroad, as vs bleſſed at home) to ſee a *flatterer* in his Pallace? nay ſo much contemning popular applauſe, that he would not ſuffer his Statue to be erected, leſt thereby the vaine and profane *adorations* of his ſubiects ſhould grieue the gods, diſdaining that *veneration* of any mundane power, ſhould be confuſedly mixed with *adoration* and worſhip of the gods immortall: well remembring *Heſiods* caueat — μέδε αὔτοῦ, we muſt not mixe prophane worſhips with deuine. That Court-gate in Rome called̄ *Quadrigemina*, I would haue it demoliſhed in Troinouant, leſt her eſtate ſecond Roms ſlauery. *Cicero* thinks that no vice can be more pernicious then *aſſentation*, the verie helper and furtherer of all vices. She can giue life and being to the aſpiring thoughts of man, when *He* ſoares too ambi-

The Paraſite-gate.

tiouſly to the pearch of preferment, honour, or the like. That wicked *Catiline* who conſpired againſt Rome, and aſpired to the Diadem, ſeeking to reduce the Empire from a gouernment Ariſtocraticke, to a *Catilines* Monarchie; was egged & inſtigated thereto by complices fit for that purpoſe, and well ſorting with ſuch an agent, ſuch a cruell practitioner — *Incredibilia, immoderata & nimis alta ſemper cupiendo,* in deſiring things incredible, immoderate, and too high aboue ordinary reach. The like befell vpon *Carba*, and thoſe who ſought to diſſolue the Romane Monarchie, & to make it an Oligarchie or ſome other gouernment, which was vncertaine, becauſe their intendments neuer came to their accompliſhed ends. Theſe things thus conſidered in their natures, I haue here deſcribed *Terpnus* ſinceritie in reprehending *Neroes* crueltie, concluding with *Flaccus* Dyſtich.

—Hic murus ahæneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
What hard miſchance ſo ere to thee befall,
Let thy pure conſcience be the brazen wall.

The Satyre enſueth, which moſt eſpecially aymeth at Time-obſeruers, ſome whereof in particular I haue inſtanced, as *Seianus, Perennius, Sycites;* the diſmall euents whereof with their Tragicke ends, I haue amply deſcribed.

THE

THE EIGHTH SATYRE.

TErpnus * *Muſician to a tyrant Prince,*
Nero *by name, did in the funeralls*
Which were ſolemniz'd on his mothers hearſe,
Sing on his Lute theſe wofull tragicalls:
Where euery ſtraine he ſtrooke vpon his ſtring,
Did vexe the conſcience of the tyrant king.

* Terpnum citharædum v-gentem tunc præter alios accerſijt. *in Vit. Nero.*

Inceſtuous * Oedipus *who ſlue his father,*
Married his mother, and did violate
The law of nature, which aduis'd him rather
Single to liue, then take to ſuch a ſtate,
Becomes a ſubiect fit, for this ſad hearſe,
Where inke giues place to bloud to write her verſe.

* Inter cætera cantauit Canacem parturientem, Oreſtem matricidam, Oedipodem excæcatum, Herculem inſanum, &c. *Suet in vit. Ner.*

Cruell Oreſtes *bath'd his ruthleſſe ſword,*
Eſtrang'd from ſtrangers, in his mothers blood,
So little pittie did the child afford
To Her, *that was the parent of the brood;*
Yet ſome excuſe for this Oreſtes *had,*
Mad men exemption haue, and He *was mad.*

Sphinx *ſubtile Giant, who did riddles put*
Vnto each paſſenger He *met withall,*
Which, who could not reſolue He *peece-meale cut,*
Throwing them frō ſteepe rocks whence they ſhould fall,
Whereby their members broke and cruſh'd in peeces,
Remain'd as food in Sea to fillie fiſhes.

Yet this he did vpon mature aduice,

For who ſo'ere He *were aſſoil'd this queſtion,*
Was not oppreſt by him *in any wiſe,*
But might with ſafeſt conduct trauell on;
Where thou *foule* Matricide *doeſt infants vex,*
Without reſpect of perſon, ſtate, or ſex.

There is no ſex which may exempted be,
—Ciuis gaudet Roma cruore. *Sen.* *From thy inſatiate hand embrew'd in blood,*
But waxing proud in others miſerie,
Doeſt tyrannize vpon poore womanhood:
Blood-thirſty Tyrant there's prepar'd a doome,
To ſtartle thee *that rip'd thy mothers wombe.*

Rauing Oreſtes *heard a furious crie,*
Which did attend his phrenſie to his graue,
And did diſturbe his reſtleſſe ſleepe thereby,
So as ſaue troubled dreames He *nought could haue:*
With many broken ſleepes, to ſhew his guilt,
Of his deare mothers bloud, which He *had ſpilt.*

Fugit ab agro ad ciuitatem, à publico ad domum, à domo in cubiculum. *Auguſt. in enar. Sup. 45. Pſal.* *Which poore* Oreſtes *had no ſooner heard,*
Then to his pillow in a diſmall ſort,
Streight He *retir'd, and being much afeard,*
Leſt hell and horror ſhould conuent him for't,
With hands lift vp to heauen and hideous crie,
He oft would curſe himſelfe, and wiſh to die.

Oreſtes imprecation. *Turne me (ye gods) quoth he, to ſome wild beaſt,*
Some ſauage Lion, or ſome Tyger fierce,
Since I delight ſo much in bloud to feaſt,
For who can with remorſe my deeds rehearſe?
Which if time ſhould with her obliuion ſmother,

Bloud

Bloud cries reuenge, reuenge me cries my mother.

Worſe then the beaſts thou art, they cheriſh them,
And bring their parents food when they grow old:
Who then can daigne to looke on thee for ſhame,
That haſt defac'd that forme that gaue thee mold?
The tender * Storke *that ſees her parents lack,*
Will bring them food, and beare them on her back.

Baſilius hom. 8. 9.

But thou a mirrour of impietie,
Depriues thy parent of her vitall breath,
And makes her ſubiect to thy cruelty,
Thus ſhe that gaue thee life, thou giues her death:
A ſweete reward; *O then aſhamed be,*
Thou ſtaine of Greece, that Greece ſhould harbor thee.

Thus would Oreſtes *frame his ſad diſcourſe,*
With words as vile as were his actions foule,
To moue his phrenticke paſſions to remorſe,
Which long (too long) had triumpht ore his ſoule;
Nor could he find vnto his woes reliefe,
Till * *death did end his life, and cure his griefe.*

* *He was ſo vexed with furies (the reuengers of his mothers bloud) that he wandered mad up and downe till he came to Taurica, where he found an end of his troubles.*

If all his teares and ruthfull miſeries,
Could neuer expiate his mothers death,
To what extent ſhall thy calamities
Grow to in time, that ſtops thy mothers breath,
Euen Agrippinaes *breath, whoſe curſed birth,*
Maks her *to curſe the wombe that brought thee forth?*

ὑγιαινε πατερ
ὑγίαίνε ματερ

This Nero *notes, and noting ſhewes his ire,*
By outward paſſions, yet concealeth it,

Reſolu'd

Reſolu'd ere long to pay the minſtrels hire,
When time and opportunitie ſhould fit;
For tyrants haue this propertie 'boue other,
They meane reuenge, yet their reuenge cā smother.

And ſo did Nero, *whoſe perplexed mind,*
Guilty of what was ill, ſeem'd to admire
His Art in Muſicke, rather then to find
Any diſtaſt, leſt He *ſhould ſhew the fire,*
Which lay rak'd vp in aſhes, and diſplay
What time might ſleight, but could not take away.

Yet he began to ſcoule and ſhake the head,
With eyes as fierie-red as Ætnaes *hill,*
Willing him ſtreight to other acts proceed,
And ſilence them that parents-bloud did ſpill:
Sing to thy Lute (quoth he) ſtraines of delight,
*To cheare th' attendants of this wofull * ſight.*

* *Agrippinaes funerale.*

Terpnus *did paſſe vnto another theame,*
Yet ſtill relates He *in the end of all,*
The facts of Oedipus, Oreſtes *ſhame,*
How and by what effects ſucceed'd their fall;
Whereby (as well it was by all perceiued)
Nero *the tyrant inwardly was grieued.*

Terpnus *continu'd in his Lyricke ode,*
So long as Nero *in his throne remained,*
But now impatient longer of abode,
Wearied with audience (for ſo he feined)
Terpnus *left off from proſecuting further,*
*The ſad relation of this cruell * murther.*

* *For which no law amongſt the Pagans was enacted: imagining, none could be ſo brutiſh as commit ſuch vnnaturall cruelty.*

But

But ſee the Tyrant, who before delighted
More with the muſicke of good Terpnus *lyre,*
Then anything which ere his ſoule affected,
Neuer more ſtraines of Terpnus *did require;*
For being grieu'd, each day his grieues increaſed,
Till Terpnus *exile made his grieues appeaſed.*

Yet not appeaſed, for each day each night,*
He heard the hideous cries of Furies ſtriking:
Oft would He *turne himſelfe before day-light,*
But got no reſt, his bodie out of liking,
Yet tyranniz'd in ſpilling bloud apace,
Act vpon act as one bereft of grace.

* *For hauing ſlaine his mother, he ſaw in his ſleepe a ſhip, the rudder whereof was wreſted frō him guiding it, whence he was haled by Otlau. to moſt hideous darkneſſe.* ibid.

Sometimes He *ſaw his mother haling him,*
*With wombe new-rip'd; there** Sporus *whō* He *ſought,* * In vit. Ner.
To make of man a woman drag him in;
Here *ſundrie Matrons whom he forc'd to nought,*
And ſlue defil'd, which fix'd on Him *their eye,*
Which ſeene, He *fled, but flying, could not flie.*

Like the viſion appeared to Tiberius crying out —Redde Germanicum.

O conſcience, what a witneſſes thou brings,
'Gainſt Him *that iniures thee, where no content*
Can giue houres-reſpite to the ſtate of kings,
Thou of thy ſelfe art ſole-ſufficient,
To hale or heale, to hale from life to death,
Or heale the wound of which he languiſheth?

Behold here Terpnus *courage, to correct*
The great abuſes of his Princes mind,
Whoſe pompe, port, power, He *lightly doth reſpect,*
To taxe thoſe crimes to which He *is inclin'd:*

He's

He's *no Court-Adder that will winde him in,*
To Princes grace by praiſing of his ſinne.

O I could wiſh we had ſuch Terpni *many,*
Who would not ſooth nor flatter, but auouch,
Blacke to be blacke: but there's I feare not any,
Too few at leaſt, I doubt me rightly ſuch;
And yet me thinks ſuch Phœnix's might build here,
Within this Ile, as well as other where.

Vid. Cornel. Tacit. & Sueto. Tranq. in vit. Tib.

Seianus, *let him bloome in other coaſts,*
And purchaſe honour with his flatterie,
Let his aſpiring thoughts make priuate boaſts,
To raiſe his Fortunes *to a monarchie,*
He *cannot proſper here, for why, we know,*
State-ruine from Court-parasites may grow.

So Seian *thought (what haue not Traitors thought)*
To currie fauour with the Senators,
The better to atchieue what He *had wrought,*
By ſecret plots with his conſpirators;
Faire-tong'd, falſe-heart, whoſe deepe-cõtriuing braine
Gaue way to ruine, where He *thought to raigne.*

But He's *well gone, Rome is diſpatch'd of one*
That would haue made combuſtion in the ſtate,
Whoſe death made Hers *reioyce, but* His *to mone,*
Who on his fall built their vnhappie fate;
For Treaſon like a linked chaine doth ſhow,
Which broke in one, doth breake in others too.

Next whom Perennius, *whoſe affected grace,*

Italian-

Italian-*like, ſeem'd as compos'd by art,*
May for his ſmoothing humour take the place,
Who sole-poſſeſſor of a Princes heart,
The youthfull Commodus, *did so allure him,*
As his aduice ſeemes onely to ſecure him.

Faire Prince (quoth he) if any worldly wight, *A Paraſite pandor.*
May ſolace thoſe faire corps fram'd curiouſly,
Expreſſe Her *onely when ſhe comes in ſight,*
And I your pleaſure ſoone will ſatisfie;
Your Vnckle he's too ſtrict, he's too ſeuere, —Exeat aula Qui vult eſſe pius. *Lucan. 8. li.*
To coupe you vp in ſilence alwaies here.

What priuiledge haue Princes more then we,
If they depriued be of open aire?
What comfort reape they in their Empirie,
If Neſtor-*like, they ſtill ſit in their chaire?*
No, no, deare Prince, you know a Prince is borne
To be his ſubiects terror, not their ſcorne.

No Theater rear'd in your royall Court,
Turney, Iuſt, Barrier, ſhould ſolemniz'd be,
To which a Romane Prince ſhould not reſort,
Amazing Ladies with his maieſtie;
O then it is a ſhame for your eſtate,
To ſeeme in ought for to degenerate!

How gorgeouſly did Rome demeane her then,
When young Vitellius *did* * *banket it,* * *Banketting euer three times, and now and then foure times a day.* in vit. Vitell.
Seruing at table miriads of men,
With luſtie Ladies which did reuell it?
Yet you more high in ſtate, more ripe in wit,

Muſt

Muſt Hermit-like in cell retired ſit.

Shake off theſe Sages *which do now attend you,*
For they like fetters do reſtraine your pace;
Giue luſtfull youth in euery part his due,
Nec fuge me (fugiebat enim) iam paſcua Lernæ, &c. *Lib. 1. Meta.* *Let ſprightly gallants take the* Sages *place,*
By which enthron'd ſecure, you may command,
As Ioue *erſt did, with* Io *in his hand,*

This did Perennius *moue, and tooke effect,*
Greene thoughts receiue too aptly wanton ſeede,
Remaining with the Prince in chiefe reſpect,
As they are wont, who Princes humours feed;
Vid. Aurel. Sex. in epit. Herod. in vit. Commod. *Till* He *conſpiring to vſurpe the crowne,*
Amidſt his honours was caſt headlong downe.

Where he receiu'd a doome that ſeru'd for all,
(Like doome ſtill breath on ſuch infectious breath)
For ſoring thoughts muſt haue as low a fall,
Whoſe fauning liues play prologue to their death:
For well I know no bane on earth can be
*Worſe to the State then ruſt of** flatterie.

*Vid. Ciceronem in Lælio prope finem, &c.

Then ſhould theſe laſt-enſuing times beware,
Leſt they commit offences of like kind,
Which in the common wealth procure that iarre,
As by their proiects we ſubuerſion find:
For they depraue the vertues of the beſt,
And in the higheſt Cedars build their neſt.

Sycites, *he whoſe ſycophants pretence,*
Made wofull hauocke of his Common weale,

Abuſing

Abuſing much his Princes innocence,
At laſt by time (as time will all reueale)
Became diſpleaſde, who, as He was a ſo
Vnto the ſtate, the ſtate adiudg'd him ſo.

AN ADMONITION.

BE thou a Terpnus *to reſtraine abuſe,*
Sin-training pleaſures fraught with vanitie;
Be thou no Seian, *no* Perennius,
To humour vice to gaine a Monarchie;
Be not Sycites, *let examples moue thee,*
And thou wilt cauſe the Commonweale to loue thee.

The Argument of Epicurus, *as in the firſt Satyre familiarly expreſſed, ſo now in his miſerable end with liuely colours deſcribed.*

EPicurus, who firſt inuented that ſect of *Epicuriſme*, delighting in nothing ſaue voluptuous pleaſures and delights, in the end being grieuouſly vexed with the ſtopping of his vrine, and an intollerable paine and extremitie of his bellie exulcerated, became mightilie tormented; yet beſotted with the fruition of his former pleaſure, (ſo violent are cuſtomarie delights) thus concluded:

ded: *O quàm fælici exitu finem expectatum vitæ meæ impoſui?* With how happie an end do I limit the courſe and progreſſe of my life? The *morall* includes ſuch, as haue liued in ſecuritie, and careleſneſſe, reſpectleſſe of God or his iudgement; and euen now readie to make an end of ſo hapleſſe & fruitleſſe a race, cloſe vp the date of their life as ſecurely as they liued carnally. The ſecond *Satyre* in the former *Section* comprehends the like ſubiect, though the one ſeeme more generall vnder the name of *Pandora*, implying a gouerneſſe and directreſſe in all pleaſures, or exhibitreſſe of all gifts: The other more particular, containing one priuate and peculiar Sect, euen the *Epicures*, who thought that the *chiefe good* conſiſted in a voluptuous and ſenſuall life, expecting no future doome after the tearme and end of this life.

Here conſider the momentanie and fraile courſe of this short and vnconſtant life, toſſed and turmoiled with many turbulent billows, expoſed to ſundrie ſhelfs of perillous aſſaults, many home-bred and forreine commotions; in which it behoueth vs (like expert Pilots) to be circumſpect in ſo dangerous a voyage, leſt ſailing betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, preſumption and deſpaire, by encountring either we reſt ſhipwracked: where if any (which is rare to find) paſſe on vntroubled, yet muſt *He* of neceſſitie conclude with *Seneca; Non tempeſtate vexor, ſed nauſea.* So ſlow is euery one to proceede graduate in vertues *Academie; —ita vt non facile eſt reputare, vtrum inhoneſtioribus corporis partibus rem qæuſierit, an amiſerit:* as

Cicero

Cicero well obſerueth in his Declamation againſt *Saluſt.* For who is he of ſo pure and equall temper, whoſe man-like reſolution holds him from being drawne and allured by the vaine baits and deceits of worldly ſuggeſtions? where there be more of *Penelopes* companions in euery ſtew, in euery brothell of ſinne and wantonneſſe, then euer in any age before. Euery one *vt Lutulentus ſus*—as a hogge wallowing in the mire of their vaine conceits, roue from the marke of pietie and ſobrietie, into the broad ſea of intemperance and ſenſualitie: but none more of any Sect then *Epicuriſme*, which like a noiſome and ſpreading Canker, eats into the bodie and ſoule of the profeſſor, making them both proſtitute to pleaſure, and a very ſinke of ſinne. The *Satyre* will explane their defects more exactly, which followeth.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

THat Epicurus *who of late remained*
Subiect to euery fowle impietie,
Now with diſtempers and night-ſurfets pained,
Bids mirth adue, his ſole felicitie:
His vrine ſtopt wants paſſage from his vaines,
Which giues increaſe to his inceſſant paines.

Yet feeles He *not his ſoules-afflicted woe,*
Vnmindfull (wretched man) of her diſtreſſe,
But pampers that which is his greateſt foe,
And firſt procur'd his ſoules vnhappineſſe:
He *cannot weepe*, He *cannot ſhed a teare,*

But dying laughs, as when He *liued here.*

His Bon-companions drinking healths in wine,
Carouſing flagons to his health receiuing,
Whoſe ſparkling noſes taper-like do ſhine,
Offer him drinke whoſe thirſtie mind is crauing:*
For though He *cannot drinke, yet his deſire*
Is to ſee others wallow in the mire.

** Reſembling our Elderton, on whom this inſcription was writ: here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now thruſt: what ſaid I thruſt? nay rather here lies thirſt. In Rem. of a greater worke.*

Turne him to heauen He *cannot, for* He *knowes not*
Where heauens bleſt manſion hath her ſituation:
Tell him of heauens fruition, and he ſhewes not
The leaſt deſire to ſuch a contemplation:
His ſphere inferiour is, whoſe vanitie
Will ſuite no court ſo well as * Tartarie.

* Orcus vobis ducit. pedes.

He hath no comfort while He *liueth here,*
For He's orewhelmed with a ſea of griefe,
And in his death as little ioy appeares,
For death will yeeld him ſmall or no reliefe:
He *thought no pleaſure after life was ended,*
Which paſt, his fading comforts be extended.

Horror appeares euen in his ghaſtly face,
And ſummons (wofull ſummons) troups of diuels,
Whilſt He *benumn'd with ſinne reiecteth grace,*
The beſt receit to cure ſoule-wounding euils:
Forlorne He *liues, and liues becauſe* He *breaths,*
But in his death ſuſtaines a thouſand deaths.

Vngratefull viper, borne of vipers brood,
That hates thy parent, braues ore thy Protector,
Whoſe

Whoſe ſeruile life did neuer any good,
But hugging vice, *and ſpurne* Him *did correct her;*
See how each plant renewes and giues increaſe,
By him, whom ſtones would praiſe, if man ſhould ceaſſe.

Nor plant, nor worme, nor any ſenſleſſe creature,
Will derogate from Gods high Maieſtie,
Since they from him, as from the ſupreme Nature,
Receiue their vigour, grouth, maturitie,
Subſtance, ſubſiſtence, eſſence, all in one,
From Angels forme vnto the ſenſleſſe ſtone.

But time hath hardn'd thy depraued thoughts,
Cuſtome of ſin hath made thy ſin, no ſin;
Thus haſt thou reap'd the fruite thy labours ſought,
And dig'd a caue in which thou walloweſt in; *The Epicures Caue.*
The Porter of which caue, 's reproch and ſhame,
Which layes a laſting ſcandall on thy name.

A ſwine in mind, though Angell-like in forme,
Prepoſterous end to ſuch a faire beginning,
That Thou, *whom ſuch a feature doth adorne*
As Gods owne Image, ſhould be foild with ſinning;
Who well may ſay of it thus drown'd in pleaſures,
This Superſcription is not mine but Cæſars.

Thou wanteſt grace, and wanting, neuer calleſt,
Neſled in miſchiefe and in diſcontent;
Thou who from light to darkneſſe headlong falleſt,
Hauing the platforme of thy life miſpent,
Rouſe thee Thou *canſt not, for ſecuritie*
Hath brought thy long ſleepe to a Lethargie.

Sic faciunt hyemem decipiendo, glires.

Dull Dormouſe, ſleeping all the winter time,
Cannot endure the breath of aire or winde,
But euer loues to make the Sunne to ſhine
Vpon her rurall Cabbin; that ſame mind
Art Thou *endew'd withall,* All winter keeping
Thy drunken cell, ſpends halfe thy life in ſleeping.

Thou when thou read'ſt in ſtories of the Ant,
The painfull Be, the early-mounting Larke,
Thou cals them fooles, for Thou *hadſt rather want,*
Pine, droupe, and die in pouertie, then carke:
*Thou thinks there is no * pleaſure, but to dwell*
In that vaſt Tophet Epicurean cell.

* *According to that of the Poet.*
—No pleaſure but to ſwill,
And full, to emptie, and being emptie, fill.

Art thou ſo ſotted with earths worldly wealth,
That thou expects no life when this is ended?
Do'ſt thou conceiue no happineſſe in health,
If health in healths *be not profanely ſpended?*
Well there's ſmall hope of thee, and thou ſhalt find,
Sinne goes before, but vengeance dogs behind.

Thou canſt not tell by thy Philoſophie,
Where th' glorious Synod of the Angels ſit,
Nor canſt thou thinke ſoules immortalitie,
Should any mortall creature well befit:
Vnfit thou art for ſuch a prize as this, (wiſh.
Which Saints haue wiſh'd to gaine, and gain'd their

Thou ſings ſtrange Hymnes of loue of ſhepeard-ſwains,
How Amarillis *and* Pelargus *woed,*
Where in loue meaſures thou employes ſome paines,
To make thy works by wanton eares allow'd;

For

For loues encounter looſe wits can expreſſe it,
But for diuine power they will ſcarce confeſſe it.

Thus ſhould each ſinne of thine *vnmasked be,*
Each crime deblazon'd in her natiue colour:
There would appeare ſuch a deformitie,
As th' Greeke Therſites *ſhape was neuer fowler;* Homer, in Iliad: & alibi.
Which if compar'd to th' powerfull works of grace,
Would looke agaſt, aſham'd to ſhow their face.

If I ſhould moue thee, rectifie thy cares,
I know twere fruitleſſe, all thy care's to ſinne,
Whoſe barren harueſt interſowne with tares,
Endeth farre worſe then when it did begin;
A ranke indurate vlcerous hard'ned ill,
Can ill be bett'red till it haue her fill.

And yet when as this phrenticke mood ſhall leaue thee, Ad pœnas tardus Deus eſt, ad præmia velox.
There is ſome hope of gaine-recouerie,
When thy offenſiue life miſpent ſhall grieue thee;
Thy wound's not mortall, looke for remedie;
But if like Epicure *thou ſtill doeſt lie,*
As thou liues ill, ſo doubt I thou muſt die.

The Argument of Diagoras *Orator of Athens.*

Diagoras a corrupt Orator vſing to receiue bribes, was exiled, and this Satyre to gall him the more, engrauen vpon his ſhipboord: As followeth.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

Diagoras *was once to pleade a cauſe,*
Which th' aduerſe partie hauing well obſerued,
Claps me a guilded goblet in his clawes,
Which He *as priuately (forſooth) reſerued;*
Speake (quoth this client) either nought at all,
Or elſe abſent you from the ſeſſions *hall.*

Abſent He *would not be, and yet as good,*
For his mute tongue was abſent in the cauſe,
Saying, the cauſe he had not vnderſtood,
And therefore wiſh'd that he a while might pauſe;
But hauing pauſ'd too long, through his delay
The Court diſmiſt, the Senat went away.

Seeing the Senate gone, good gods (quoth he)
Can we not haue our cauſes heard, whoſe truth
Is manifeſt as light? ô thus we ſee
Our Clients wrong'd, whoſe wrongs afford much ruth:

I would not anſwer this before Ioues *throne,*
If I thereby might make the world mine owne.

Nought to a conſcience pure and void of blame,
Which (Ioue *be prais'd) is in this ſpotleſſe breſt,*
For no foule act could blemiſh ere my name,
No corrupt bribe did ere enrich my chest;
Yes one (the Clyent *anſwer'd) you know when:*
It's true indeed (my friend) *and nere but then.*

Yes once you know (another *anſwer'd) more,*
When you proteſted the Angina *pain'd you,*
For which corruption, you had gold in ſtore,
That ſilent ſpeech *of yours abundance gain'd you:*
It's true indeed, yet there's none can conuict me,
That ere my conſcience for theſe *did afflict me.*

Nay that Ile ſweare (quoth one) I neuer knew
Remorce of conſcience or relenting teare:
That heart of yours did nere repentance *ſhew,*
But could take more, if that you did not feare
You ſhould detected be, and your offence,
*As *iuſtice craues, ſhould giue you recompence.*

Thus as they talk'd, thus as they did diſcourſe,
In came a Senatour, which did reueale,
His corrupt dealings, for He *did enforce*
Himſelfe to publiſh what He *did conceale:*
Whoſe crimes diuulg'd, He *preſently was led*
To Coos *hauen, whence* He *was baniſhed.*

Thus was a corrupt Orator conuicted,

* *There were certaine images of Iudges (by report) set vp at Athens, hauing neither hands nor eyes: implying that Rulers and Magiſtrates ſhould neither be infected with bribes, nor any other way drawne from that which was lawfull and right.*
But moſt happie were thoſe dayes wherein Baſil the Emperour of Conſtantinople liued, that whenſoeuer he came to his iudgment ſeate, he found neither partie to accuſe, nor defendant to anſwer.

Preſſing himſelfe with his owne obloquie,
Whoſe ſelfe-detection made his ſtate afflicted,
His hands the weauers of his tragedie;
Which I could wiſh to all of like defert,
Whoſe good profeſſion's made a guilefull art.

The Argument.

Triptolemus is reported to haue inuented *Tillage* the firſt of any, and to haue taught the art of ſowing corne: whereupon the gratefull huſbandman, to repay the thankfulneſſe of his well-willing mind, rendreth this *Elegie*, as in part of payment for ſo rare inuention: Satyrically withall inueying againſt ſuch, who eate the fruite of others labours, liue on the ſweat of others browes, and muzling the mouth of the oxe that treads out the corne, reape what they neuer ſowed, drinke of the vine they neuer planted, and eate at the Altar of which they neuer partaked.

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE ELEGIACK.

AGed Triptolemus *father of our field,*
That teacheth vs thy children *rare effects;*
We do vnto thy ſacred Temple yeeld
The fruits we reape, and tender all reſpects

To

To thee, *that haſt this rare* * *inuention found,*
And gaue firſt light of tillage to our ground.

* Dona fero Cereris—*Met. lib.* 5.

Deſcribe we cannot in exact diſcourſe,
Thoſe rarer ſecrets which proceed from thee,
For poliſh'd words with vs haue little force,
That are inured to Ruſticitie;
But what we can we'le do, and to that end,
To thee *(as Patron) we our fields commend.*

By thee *we till the wilde vntempered ſoile,*
Make riſing hillocks champion and plaine;
Where though with early labour we do toile,
Yet labour's light where there is * *hope of gaine;*
We thinke no hurt, but trauell all the day,
And take our reſt, our trauels to allay.

* Spes alet agricolas.

No proiect we intend againſt the State,
But cuts the boſome of our Mother earth;
We giue no way to paſſion or debate;
By labour we preuent our Countries dearth:
Yet this aſcribe we not to our owne part,
But vnto thee, *that did inuent this art.*

Thoſe glorious Trophies *which* Menander *ſet,*
In honour of the ſacred Deities,
Would be too long a ſubiect to repeate,
Rear'd in ſuch ſtate with ſuch ſolemnities;
Yet theſe *to* ours, *inferiour be in worth,*
Thoſe *were of earth,* theſe *tell vs vſe of earth.*

We ope the cloſet of our mothers breaſt,

And

And till the ſedgie ground with crooked plough,
And in the euening take our quiet reſt,
When we the heate of day haue paſſed through:
Thus do we ſow, thus reape, and reaping we
Do conſecrate our firſt-fruites vnto thee.

And with our fruites our wonted Oriſons,
With ſolemne vowes to thy obſequious ſhrine,
*Whoſe * dedication merits heauenly ſongs,*
Will we proteſt what's ours is euer thine;
For what we haue came from thy deuine wit,
Or from His power *that firſt infuſed it.*

* *Of the dedication of Pagan Temples,* vid. Var. de Ant. & Macrob.

*— Ex nitido ſit ruſticus, atque Sulcos & vineta crepat mera, preparatvimos. *Hor.*

* Vina generoſiſſima, Maſſica, Cecuba, Falerna. *Hipp. de coll.*

* *As in ſome parts of Egypt, which (though elſewhere exceeding fruitfull) through extremitie of heate become to the people inhabitable.*

b *As in Scythia, which region in moſt places is ſo cold, as fruites can came to no ripeneſſe.*

For as the Aſtrologers are of opinion, there is a certaine breadth in the heauen, on earth from North to South, bounded out by ſome of the principall Circles, of the which are 5. in all: one fierie betweene the two Tropicks which is called Zona Torrida: two extreme cold, betweene the Polare circles and the Poles of the wold: and two temporate betweene either of the Polare circles and his next Tropicke.

*By thee we plant the * Vine and Oliue tree,*
Contriue coole harbors to repoſe and lie:
*By thee our * Vine ſends grapes forth fruitfully,*
The Almond, Cheſtnut, and the Mulberrie;
Thus Saturns *golden age approcheth neare,*
*And (*Flora*-like) makes ſpring-time all the yeare.*

The pleaſant banks of faire Parnaſſus mount,
With trees rank-ſet and branchie armes broad-ſpred,
The Mirtle-trees hard by Caſtalias fount,
With flowrie wreaths thy ſhrine *haue honoured;*
'Mongſt which, no Iland's more oblig'd to thee,
Then this fame Ile of famous Britannie.

** Others intemporate through parching heate,*
Haue their fruites blaſted ere they come to light,
b *Others are planted in a colder ſeate,*

Whereby

Whereby the Sun-beames ſeldome ſhew their might;
But we *(and therein bleſt) inhabite one,*
Which as it's fruitfull, it's a temp'rate Zone.

How can we then if we do ought, do leſſe
Then labour to requite as we receiue?
For ſuch a burning wind's *vnthankefulneſſe,*
As by it we do loſe that which we haue:
Let each then in his ranke obſerue his meaſure,
And giue Him *thanks that gaue* Him *ſuch a treaſure.*

How many regions haue their fruites deuoured,
By th' Caterpiller, Canker, Palmerworme?
Whil'ſt by thy grace *ſo richly on vs powred,*
Our fields reioyce, and yeeld increaſe of corne;
O then admire we this great worke of thine,
*Whereby all * regions at our ſtate repine!*

* Barbarus inuidit—*Met. l.* 5.

Repine they may, for we ſurpaſſe their ſtate,
In power, in riches, ſinewes of ſharpe warre;
They led in blindneſſe attribute to fate,
What ere befall, we *to the* morning *ſtarre,*
By which we are directed euery day,
Or elſe like wandring ſheepe might looſe our way.

Heſiod *relates ſeuen fortunate repoſes,*
Ilands, which Fortune *fauors for their ſeate,*
Adorn'd with fruitfull plants ſent-chaſing roſes;
Where there breaths euer a ſoile-cheriſhing heate,
By which the plants receiue their budding power,
And needs no other dew, no other ſhower.

Canariæ—fortunatæ inſulæ. *vid Heſiod. in li. de oper: & die. pag.* 15. Εν μακαρον κέσσοισι *in beatorum inſulis.*

Theſe

Iles in the ocean foure hundred miles frō Spaine

Theſe fruitfull Ilands which this Poet ſhewes,
Were ſeated farre within the Ocean,
And neuer warr'd as other Ilands vſe,
Being in peacefull league with euery man:
Confer now theſe *together, and then ſee*
If this bleſt Iland be not Brittannie.

Bleſt were thoſe Ilanders that did poſſeſſe
The fertile borders of thoſe healthfull Iles,
And we *as bleſt haue no leſſe happineſſe,*
In this our Ile, not ſtretch'd to many miles;
Though when thoſe * ſtreames *of* Hellicon *appeares,*
It doubles fruites in doubling of her yeares.

* *The two vniuerſities.*

Thames *full as pleaſant as* Euphrates *ſtood,*
Though ſhe containe not in her precious nauell,
The * *golden oare of* Ganges, *yet as good*
As any gold or any golden grauell,
Tranſporting hence, and bringing here againe,
Gaine *to the Citie by their fraught of graine.*

* *Tagus, Ganges, and Pactolus three riuers famous for their golden oare or grauell,*

Thus water, ayre, and earth, and all vnite
Their powers in one, to benefit our ſtate,
So as conferring profit with delight,
Well may we tearme this Iland fortunate;
For we more bleſt then other Iles haue bin,
Enioy both peace without and peace within.

Vnto his altar *let vs then repaire,*
That hath conferd theſe bleſſings on our land,
And ſure we are to find him preſent there,
Apt to accept this offring *at our hand;*

Where

Where, *as* He *hath remembred vs in peace,*
We'le *yeeld him* fruites *of ſoules and ſoiles increaſe.*

To thee *then (bleſſed Deitie) is meant,*
This votall ſacrifice, *how ere we ſpeake,*
Of old Triptolemus *thy inſtrument;*
For midſt inuentions we will euer ſeeke
To raiſe thy *praiſe, who haſt* thy *Throne aboue vs.*
And daily ſhewes that thou doeſt dearely loue vs.

The true explanation of this Elegie.

The Argument.

MElonomus a ſhepheard of Arcadia, who hauing frequented the plaines there long time, with great husbandrie vſed to exerciſe his paſtures, receiuing no ſmall profite from his fruitfull flocke: in the end fell in loue with *Cynthia* Queene of the forreſt adioyning: whom hauing woed with many loue-inducing tokens, and ſhepheards madrigals, and ſpent the profit of his flock in gifts (with too lauiſh a bountie beſtowed vpon her) and yet could no way preuaile, being poſted off with many trifling delayes; in the end wrote this ſhort *Satyre* in a Cynick mood, reuiling at the couetousneſſe and inſatiable deſire of women, who will proſtitute their fauour for lucre ſake vnto the meaneſt ſwaine, till *they* haue conſumed the fruite

fruite of his ſtocke, and then will turne him ouer ſhipboord.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

MElonomus *a worthie ſhepheard ſwaine,*
Beſotted with faire Cynthia's *amorous face,*
Beſeeched Her *to loue for loue againe,*
And take compaſſion on his wofull caſe;
Which ſhe halfe-yeelding to, diſſembling too,
Did moue the ſwaine more eagerly to woo.

* Non ſumus ingratæ, poſcunt pulcherrima pulchræ; Munera ſi referas, oſcula grata feres.

*And that with * gifts moſt powerfull to enſnare*
The minds of maids, whoſe curious appetite,
Deſires as they *be faire to haue things faire,*
To adde freſh fuell vnto loues delight;
Which to effect, each morne a flowrie wreath,
Compos'd the ſwaine, to breath on Cynthia's *breath.*

* Rupibus extractum Calibæis mittit electrum, &c. *Whence it is ſaid cometh the pureſt Amber.*

*Fine comely bracelets of refined * Amber.*
Vſed this Shepheard ſwaine to tender her,
And euery morne reſorting to her chamber,
Would there appeare ere Phœbus *could appeare,*
Where telling tales as ſhepheards vſe to tell,
She forc'd a ſmile, as though ſhe *lik'd* Him *well.*

* *Thus at Loues barre this Client, doubtfull ſtands, And weepes, & wipes, & wrings and wreathes his hands.*

Thus poore Melonomus *continued long,*
** Hoping for reſolution at her hands,*
Whileſt with delayes He *mixed gifts among,*
Which (as He *thought) were* fancies *ſtrongeſt bands;*
And ſtill He *craues diſpatch of his requeſt,*
And to performe what ſhe *in ſhow profeſt.*

But

But ſhe, from day to day puts off, replying,
She ſcarce reſolued was to marrie yet:
*But when his * gifts furceaſt, ſhe flat denying,*
Anſwer'd, A ſwaine was for a Queene vnfit;
He rurall, homely, bred of meane deſcent,
She royall-borne, of purer Element.

* Inſtat amans, tamen odit amans, sic munera quærit, Queis tamen acceptis. neſcit amare magis.

Melonomus *thus anſwer'd, wiſely fram'd*
This graue reply: And is it ſo indeed?
Be all thoſe gifts I gaue (all which He *nam'd)*
To no effect? why then returne and feed
Thy wanton flocke, furceaſſe thy bootleſſe ſuite,
Since ſhe conſum'd thy flocke with all their fruite.

A ſudden reſolution requiting her ſudden diſdaine.

Aged Alcmænon *who my father was,*
And as I gueſſe knew well the ſhepheards guiſe,
Thought ſcorne to ſet his loue on euery laſſe,
Aye me vnhappie, of a ſire ſo wiſe;
But this diſdaine *that lowres on beauties brow,*
Shall teach me, *ſwaines with ſwaines know beſt to do.*

I canot trull it I, nor fancie all I ſee, if ſhe be faire, wiſe and an heire, that girle liketh me.

The ſkipping Rams that butt with ragged hornes,
And brouze vpon each banke with ſweete repaſt,
Shall not my iealous head with wreathes adorne,
(But heauen forgiue my follie that is paſt;)
I will not fancie Cynthia, *ſince* ſhe
In my diſtreſſe ſcornes to conuerſe with me.

The

The Argument of Protagoras.

PRotagoras adored the ſtones of the *altar*, conceiuing them to be happie, as the Phyloſopher *Ariſtotle* witneſſeth: *Lapides, ex quibus aræ ſtruebantur, fælices eſſe putabat, quod honorentur. He thought the very ſtones themſelues to be happie, of which the altars were builded, becauſe* (ſaith *he*) *they might be honoured.* In this *Argument*, be ſuch men ſhadowed, as moſt impiouſly worſhip the creature for the Creator, the worke for the worker. Therefore haue I ſubinſerted this *Satyre*, to inueigh againſt the ſenſleſſe Gentiles and Painims, who in the fooliſhneſſe of their hearts, vſed to adore ſtockes, ſtones, plants, and ſenſleſſe creatures, *Nunc deorum cauſam agam;* I will now pleade the cauſe of God, ſo iniuriouſly dealt withall by his owne workmanſhip. *Alexander* himſelfe being but a mortall man as we our ſelues be, commanded *Calliſtenes* his Scholemaiſter to be ſlaine, becauſe *He* would not worſhip *Him* for a god: much more aboue compariſon, may God who is immortall and onely to be feared, puniſh yea and deſtroy *them* that in contempt of his infinite power and all-working maieſtie, adore the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, *Iſis* and *Oſyris*, with many other vaine, idolatrous, and profane venerations, derogating from the power and incomprehenſible

Cic. de nat. deor.

Alan. de conqueſt. nat.

henſible eſſence of God. When a King beholds his ſubiects to reſerue their allegiance to any Monarch ſaue himſelfe, *He* makes *them* to be proclaimed Traitors to his Crowne and perſon: Euen ſo the King of heauen, when *He* ſeeth any ſubiect of his (as we be all and happie if ſo we be, and not ſlaues to the captiuitie and thraldome of ſinne,) preſently proſcribeth *him*, or will puniſh *him* with death, leſt others by his impunitie ſhould attempt the like. Wherefore then ſhould any profane man, ſo ouerſhadowed with the duskie clouds of error and impietie, tranſgreſſe the deuine precepts, Lawes, and Ordinances of the Almightie; thoſe eternall decrees eſtabliſhed and enacted in the glorious Synod of heauen, by relinquiſhing the ſweet promiſes of God, and communicating the worſhip of the Creator with the creature, as if there were a diſtribution to be made vnto either? But I will referre them to this following Satyre.

THE THIRTEENTH SATYRE.

PRotagoras *both wicked and profane,*
Wicked in life, profane in worſhipping,
Adored ſtones: *(ſee Pagans, ſee your ſhame)*
And thought them *worthie too of reuerencing;*
For if the gods be honoured, ſaid He,
Needs muſt the ſtones *whereof their Temples be.*

The like conceit He *had of* altars *too,*
And of the ſtones *whereof they were erected,*
To which He *oft would ſolemne worſhip doe,*

And taxe ſuch men by whom they *were neglected;*
Wiſhing ſometime He *were an* altar ſtone,
That to himſelfe like honour might be done.

A iuſt reproofe to all Idolaters.

Thou ſenſleſſe man depriu'd of reaſons lore,
What grace art thou (forlorne) *endewd withall,*
That thou ſhouldſt ſhrines and ſenſleſſe ſtones adore,
That haue no eares to heare when thou doeſt call?
Thou deemes theſe relikes happie, *when god wot,*
If they *were happie, yet* they *know it not.*

The Altar is the ſhrine thou offreſt to,
Thy incenſe, ſacrifice, and fat of beaſts,
Which on the altar thou art wont to do,
Not to the altar *where thou makes requeſt;*
For it's enioynd thee by expreſſe command,
To kneele to nothing faſhion'd by mans hand.

* Ingentes lapidū ſtrues erigit, nec tam curat quo erigit quā curioſe diſponere quod arte conficit, &c.

The Manuall artiſt ſets vp heapes of ſtones,*
Erecting curious Statues to adore,
But what are theſe, *can* they *attend our mones?*
No, they *haue eares to heare, but heare no more*
Then rubbiſh, clay, or ſtone, whereof they'r ſaid,
(And ſuch were Pagan Idols) to be made.

Stadium ſolis.

Turne thee vnto the Eaſt, from whence the Sunne
Hath his ariſing, whence He *doth proceed,*
As Bridegroome from his chamber, and doth run
His ſpacious courſe with ſuch a paſſing ſpeed,
As twentie foure houres He *doth onely borrow,*
To poſt the world from end to end quite thorow.

Each

Each plant on earth, each creature in the ſea,
From whence haue they their grouth, I pray thee ſay?
Do they deriue't from ſtones or imagerie?
Nay, I muſt tell thee, thou art by the way,
It's no inferiour power brings this to paſſe,
But his, who is, ſhall be, *and* euer was.

And he it is who notes thy errors paſt,
And can reuenge, though He *the time adiourne,*
Whoſe loue *vnto his ſheepe doth euer laſt,*
And ſtill expects and waits for thy returne;
But how can He *to thee in kindneſſe ſhew him,*
That giues thee hands, yet will not lift them to him?

Deus cũ maxime iratus, non iratus, cum iratus propitius, &c. Qui fecit te ſine te, non ſaluabit te ſine te. *Auguſt.*

Vngratefull thou to haue that ill conceit,
Of his all-being and all-ſeeing *power,*
Whoſe bleſt tuition guards vs and our ſtate,
Whoſe fureſt hold is like a fading flower,
That ſprings and dies, ſuch is the pompe of man,
As there He *ends in earth where* He *began.*

Horror of men, contempt to thy beginning,
Shame to the world, wherein thou doeſt furuiue,
Whoſe beſt religion *is an act of ſinning,*
In which thou meanes to die, and loues to liue;
What ſhall theſe ſhrines affoord thee after death,
The breath of life? no, for they haue no breath.

Exorto tremore, erubeſcet conſcientia, obſtupeſcet conſcia mentis ſcientia, & dicendi facultates penitus amittent organa, &c.

Then here Ile leaue thee, yet with ſorrow too,
Thy Image *moues compaſſion, though't may be,*
Thou'lt aske the reaſon why I ſhould do ſo,
Since ſorrowes ſource hath loſt her courſe in thee:

To which I may in reaſon thus reply,
My eyes are wet, becauſe thy eyes are dry.

Yet will I to the altar, not t' adore it,
But offer incenſe to aſſoile thy ſin;
Where full of teares I'le weepe, and weeping ore it,
Wiſh thy returne, *that thou may honour him,*
Whoſe worſhip thou prophan'd (as was vnfit)
**Entitling any creature vnto it.*

Numen ſi diuidis, perdis.

Three other Satyres compoſed by the ſame Author, treating of theſe three diſtinct ſubiects.

1. *Tyrannie, perſonated in* Euryſtheus.
2. *Securitie, in* Alcibiades.
3. *Reuenge, in* Perillus.

With an Embleme of Mortalitie, in Agathocles.

The Argument.

EVryſtheus a potent and puiſſant Prince of Greece, by the inſtigation of *Iuno* impoſed *Hercules* moſt difficult labours, to the end to haue him diſpatched. But of ſuch inuincible patience was *Hercules* in ſuffering, and of ſuch reſolution in performing, as to his ſucceeding glory he purchaſed

chaſed himſelfe honour through their hate, gaining to himſelfe renowne, where his foe intended ineuitable reuenge. Whence we may collect two remarkable things, no leſſe fruitfull in obſeruing, then delightfull in peruſing. The one is, to note how prompt and prepared men of depraued or vicious diſpoſition are, to put in execution the pleaſure of great ones, how indirect or vnlawfull ſoeuer their pleaſures be: directing and addreſſing their employments to the bent of their command, be it wrong or right. And theſe are ſuch who account it good ſauing policie, to keepe euer correſpondence with greatneſſe, eſteeming no ſupportance firmer, no protection ſafer, then to hold one courſe with thoſe high-mounting *Cedars*, from whoſe grouth the lower *ſhrubs* receiue ſhadow and ſhelter. The ſecond which I note, is to obſerue what glorious and proſperous ſucceſſe many haue, who purſued and iniuriouſly perſecuted (like *Zenocrates* Sparrow) either find ſome compaſſionate boſome to cheare & receiue them, or by the aſſiſtance of an vnconfined power, attaine a noble iſſue in midſt of all occurrences. To inſiſt on inſtances, were to enlarge an Argument aboue his bounds: few or none there are who haue not or may not, haue inſtance in the one, as well as perſonall experience in the other. Eſpecially when we recal to mind how many inſtant & imminent dangers haue bene threatned vs, & how many gracious and glorious deliuerances tendred vs. Some other excellent obſeruations might be culled or ſelected from the flowrie border of this

ſubiect, but my purpoſe is rather to ſhadow at ſome, then amply to dilate on all. For I haue euer obſerued, how Arguments of this nature are to moſt profit compoſed, when they are not ſo amply as aptly compiled: Long and tedious diſcourſes being like long ſeruices, tending more to ſurfet then ſolace; whereas the pleasure of varietie, draweth on a new appetite in midſt of ſatietie. Now to our propoſed taſke: where you ſhall ſee how harmeleſſe innocencie ſhuffels out of the hands of boundleſſe crueltie.

THE SATYRE.

HOe Euriſtheus, *I am hither ſent,*
From Iunoes *Princely pallace to thy Court,*
To tell thee, thou muſt be her inſtrument,
(And to that purpoſe ſhe hath chus'd thee for't)
To chaſtiſe Hercules, *growne eminent*
By his renowned conqueſts: do not ſhow
Thy ſelfe remiſſe, Iuno *will haue it ſo.*

And Iuno *ſhall; I will ſuch taskes impoſe,*
That earth ſhall wonder how they were inuented,
So as his life he ſhall be ſure to loſe,
What do I care, ſo Iuno *be contented,*
Darkneſſe ſhall not my ſecreſies diſcloſe?
Her will is my command, nor muſt I aſke
Whence's her diſtaſt; come yong man *heare your taske*

* Heſperidum horti in cuſtodes, peruigiles retinent forores.

*A fruitfull * garden, full of choyce delights,*
Enricht with ſprayes of gold and apples too,
Which by three ſiſters watch'd both dayes and nights,
Yeeld

Yeeld no acceſſe vnto th'inuading foe,
Is thy firſt progreſſe; where with doubtfull fight,
Thou muſt performe thy taske: this is the firſt,
Which if it proue too eaſie, next is worſt.

For in this firſt thou art to deale with women,
And reape a glorious prize when thou haſt done;
And ſuch an enterprize (I know) is common,
Crowning vs great by th'triumph we haue wonne:
** Gold is ſo ſtrange a baite, as there is no man,*
But he will hazard life to gaine that prize,
Which makes men fooles that are ſuppoſed wife.

* Aurifera nemora teretem ferentia corticem, aureumq; pomum.

But next taske ſhall be of another kind,
No golden apples pluckt from Heſperie:
For in this worke thou nought but dong ſhalt find,
**Augean ſtables muſt thy labour be,*
Which if thou cleare not, as I haue aſſign'd,
Death ſhall attend thee: tis in vaine to come,
By prayers or teares to change my fatall doome.

* Augei ſtabuli, &c.

The third, that hideous Hydra, *which doth breed*
Increaſe of heads, for one being cut away,
Another ſprings vp ſtreight way in her ſtead:
Hence then away, and make me no delay,
Delay breeds danger, do what I haue ſaid,
Which done thou liues, which vnperform'd thou dies,
This ſaid; Alcydes *to his labour hies.*

* Abſciſſo capite, caput renaſcitur alterum.

He coucheth all his labours (infinite in number and nature) in theſe three.

Alas (poore man) how well it may be ſaid,
So many are the perils he muſt paſſe,
That he with dangers is inuironed?

So hopeleſſe and ſo hapleſſe is his caſe,
As he by death is ſo encompaſſed,
That howſoere his power he meanes to trie,
Poore is his power, he muſt be forc'd to die.

Imperious tyrant, couldſt thou wreake thy rage
On none but ſuch whoſe valour hath bene ſhowne,
As a victorious Mirror to this age,
And hath bene blaz'd where thou wer't neuer knowne?
Muſt thou his perſon to ſuch taskes engage,
As fleſh and bloud did neuer yet ſuſtaine?
Well, he muſt trie, although he trie in vaine.

Yes, he will trie, and act what he doth try,
He'le tug and tew, and ſtriue and ſloope to ought,
Yea die, if ſo with honour he may die,*
Yet know, that thoſe who haue his life thus ſought,
Are but inſulting types of * tyrannie, *(ſhelues,*
Whoſe boundleſſe ſplene, when He *hath paſt theſe*
Will be diſgorg'd, and fall vpon themſelues.

Non terret me ſapientem. Thales mileſium interroganti quid difficile; ſenem (inquit) videre tyrannum.

For ſee, thou cruell ſauage, whoſe deſire
Extends to bloud, how this aduentr'ous Knight,
Gaines him renowne, and ſcorneth to retire,
Till he hath got a conqueſt by his fight:
So high heroick thoughts vſe to aſpire,
As when extremeſt dangers do encloſe them,
They ſleight thoſe foes that labour to oppoſe them.

* Pro telo gerit quæ fudit, armatus venit Leone & Hydra. *Senec.*

Here ſee thoſe taskes which thy imperious power,
Impos'd this Noble champion, finiſhed;
The Serpent, * Hydra, *which of heads had ſtore,*

Now

Now headleſſe lies by valour conquered,
The ſtables *purg'd from th'filth they had before,*
The golden Apples *Trophies of his glorie,*
Dilate their ends vnto an endleſſe ſtorie.

Here ſee th'euent where vertue is the aime,
Here ſee the iſſue of a glorious mind,
Here ſee how martiall honour makes her claime,
Here ſee the crowne to diligence aſſign'd,
Here ſee what all may ſee, a ſouldiers fame,
Not tipt with fruitleſſe titles, but made great,
More by true worth, then by a glorious feate.

For ſuch, whoſe natiue merit hath attain'd
*Renowne'mongſt men, should*aduerſe guſts aſſaile them*
In ſuch an Orbe reſt their reſolues contain'd,
As well they may inuade but not appall them,
For from eſteeme of earth they'r wholly wain'd,
Planting their mounting thoughts vpon that ſphere,
Which frees ſuch minds as are infranchis'd there.

* Si ſola nobis adſunt proſpera, ſoluimer: ad virtutem vero melius per aduerſa ſolidamur *Greg.*

Hence learne ye Great-ones, who eſteeme it good
Sufficient to be great, *and thinke't well done,*
Be't right or wrong, what's done in heate of blood,
Hence learne your ſtate, leſt ye decline too ſoone,
For few ere firmely ſtood, that proudly ſtood.
*But ſpecially ye men that are in * place,*
Iudge others as your ſelues were in ſame caſe.

*Locum virtus habet. *Sen.*

Here haue you had a mirror to direct
Your wayes, and forme your actions all the better,
Which preſident if careleſſe, ye neglect,

And

And walke not by this line, liue by this letter,
Hows'ere the world may tender you reſpect,
Ye are but gorgeous paintings daubed ouer,
Clothing your vice with ſome more precious couer.

Hence likewiſe learne ye whom the frowne of fate,
Hath ſo depreſt, as not one beame doth ſhine
Vpon the forlorne manſion of your ſtate,
To beare with patience and giue way to time,
So ſhall ye vie with Fortune in her hate;
And prize all earths contents as bitter-ſweete,
Which armes you 'gainſt all fortunes ye can meete.

This great Alcydes *did, who did with eaſe*
(For what's vneaſie to a mind prepard)
*Diſcomfit * th'* Hydra *and th'* Stymphalides,
With whom he cop'd, encountred long and warr'd,
And gain'd him glory by ſuch acts as theſe.
Obſerue this Morall (for right ſure I am)
The imitation ſhewes a perfect man.

* Has Hydra ſenſit, his iacent Stymphalides. *Ibid.*

The laſt not leaſt, which may obſerued be,
Is to ſuppreſſe ſplene or conceiued hate,
Which in perfidious * Neſſus *you may ſee,*
Fully portraid, who meerely through deceit,
Practis'd Alcydes *wofull Tragedy:*
For of all paſſions, there's no one that hath
More ſoueraignty ore man, then boundleſſe wrath.

—Neſſus hos ſtruxit dolos. Ictus ſagittis qui tuis vitam expulit. Cruore tincta eſt Palla ſemiferi, pater. Neſſuſque nunc has exigit pœnas ſibi. *in Herc. Oet.*

Which to reſtraine, (for wherein may man ſhow
Himſelfe more manly, then in this reſtraint)
That there is nought more generous, you ſhould know,

Then

Then true compaſſion to the indigent,*
Which euen humanitie faith, that we owe
One to another, while we vſe to tender
Loue to our Maker, *in him to each* member.

Flete Herculeos numina casus. *ibid.*

Thus if ye do, how low ſoere ye be,
Your actions make you noble, and ſhall liue
After your ſummons of Mortalitie,
And from your aſhes ſuch a perfume giue,
As ſhall eternize your bleſt memorie:
If otherwiſe ye liue, ye are at beſt
But guilded gulls, and by opinion *bleſt.*

The Argument.

Alcibiades a noble Athenian, whoſe glorious & renowned actions gained him due eſteeme in his Country: at laſt by retiring himſelfe frō armes, gaue his mind to ſenſuality; which ſo effeminated his once imparallel'd ſpirit, as he became no leſſe remarkable for ſenſuall libertie, then he was before memorable for ennobled exploits of martiall chiualrie. From hence the *Satyre* deriues his ſubiect, inueying againſt the remiſneſſe of *ſuch* as waine their affections from employment, expoſing their minds (thoſe glorious or reſplendent images of their *Maker)* to *ſecuritie*, rightly termed *the diuels opportunitie.* How perillous vacancie from affaires

Others are of opinion that he was drawne frō ſenſuall affections to the practiſe of vertue, by the graue inſtruction of Socrates: *but it appeares otherwiſe by his much frequenting* Timandraes *companie.* Vid. Plut. in vit. Alcib.

faires hath euer bene, may appeare by ancient and moderne examples, whoſe *Tragicall cataſtrophe* wold craue teares immix'd with lines. Let this ſuffice, there is no one motiue more effectually mouing, no Rhetoricke more mouingly perſwading, no Oratorie more perſwaſiuely inducing, then what we daily feele or apprehend in our ſelues. Where euery * houre not well employed, begets ſome argument or other to moue our corrupt natures to be depraued. Let vs then admit of no vacation, ſaue onely vacation from vice. Our liues are too ſhort to be fruitleſly employed, or remiſly paſſed. O then how well ſpent is that oyle which conſumes it ſelfe in actions of *vertue*

* Quot horæ (ſi male expenſæ) tot iræ. Quot horæ, tot vmbræ.

Whoſe precious ſelfe's a glory to her ſelfe!

May nothing ſo much be eſtranged frō vs as *vice*, which, of all others, moſt disfigures *vs; Though our feete be on earth, may our minds be in heauen:* where we ſhall find more true glory then *earth* can affoord vs, or the light promiſes of fruitleſſe vanity aſſure vs. Expect then what may merit your attention; a rough-hew'd *Satyre* ſhall ſpeake his mind boldly without partiality, taxing *ſuch* who retire from *action*, wherein *vertue* conſiſteth, and lye ſleeping in *ſecuritie*, whereby the ſpirit, or inward motion of the ſoule wofully droupeth.

THE SATYRE.

AWake, thou noble Greeke! how ſhould deſire,
Of ſenſuall ſhame (ſoules ſtaine) ſo dull thy wit,
Or

Or cloud thoſe glorious thoughts which did aſpire,
Once to exploits which greatneſſe might befit?
Where now the beamlins *of that ſacred fire,*
Lie rak't in aſhes, and of late do ſeeme
(So ranke is vice) as if they had not bene.

*Can a faith-breaking leering * Curtizan,*
Whoſe face is glaz'd with frontleſſe impudence,
Depreſſe the ſpirit of a Noble man,
And make him loſe his reaſon *for his* ſence?
O ſpan *thy life (for life is but a* ſpan*)*
And thou ſhalt find the scantling is ſo ſmall,
*For vaine delights there is no *time at all!*

* Illa pictura vitij eſt. *Ambroſ Hexam. l. 6. c. 8.*

* Sicut capillus non peribit de capite, ita nec momentum de tempore. *Bern.*

Shall azur'd breaſt, ſleeke skin, or painted cheeke,
**Gorgeous attire, locks braided, wandring eye,*
Gaine thee delight, when thou delights ſhould ſeeke
In a more glorious obiect? O relie
On a more firme foundation, leſt thou breake,
Credit with Him *who long hath giuen thee truſt,*
Which thou muſt pay be ſure, for he is iuſt.

* *All gorgeous attire is the attire of ſinne.*

O do not then admire, what thy deſire
Should moſt contemne, if reaſon *were thy guide;*
Let thy erected thoughts extend farre higher,
*Then to theſe wormelins that like *ſhadowes glide,*
Whoſe borrowed beautie melts with heate of fire.
Their ſhape *from ** ſhop *is bought and brought; ô* art
What canſt thou promiſe to a knowing heart!

* Sunt iſta poematis vmbræ.

* Quarum vnicum eſt officiū, ab officina elicere formam. Lecythum habet in malis. *vid. vict. ad Sal.*

A knowing heart, which plants her choiceſt bliſſe
In what it ſees not, but doth comprehend

By

By eye of faith ! not what terreſtriall is,
*But what affoordeth * comfort without end,*
Where we enioy whats euer we did wiſh ;
Who then, if he partake but common ſence,
Will ere reioyce, till he depart from hence ?

* Ea vita beata eſt, quando quod optimum eſt, amatur & habetur. Sola eius viſio, vera mentis noſtræ refectio eſt. *Greg. in Mor. Expo. in Iob.*

Yet ſee the blindneſſe of diſtracted man,
How he prefers one moment of delight,
(Which cheares not much when it does all it can)
Before delights in nature infinite,
Whoſe iuyce (yeelds perfect fullneſſe, ſure I am :)
O times ! when men loue that they ſhould neglect,
Diſualuing that which they ſhould moſt reſpect.

For note how many haue aduentured
Their liues (and happy they if that were all)
And for a * painted trunke *haue periſhed ;*
O England, *I thy ſelfe to witneſſe call,*
For many hopefull plants haue withered
Within thy boſome, cauſe whereof did ſpring,
Mearely from luſt, and from no other thing !

* Quanta amẽtia eſt effigiem mutare naturæ, picturam quærere ? *Cypri de diſcip. & hab. virg.*

How many promiſing youths, whoſe precious bloud
Shed by too reſolute hazard, might haue done
Their gracious Prince and natiue Countrie good,
In heate of bloud haue to their ruine gone,
While they on termes of reputation ſtood,
Preferring titles (ſee the heate of ſtrife)
Before the loue and ſafetie of their life ?

* Inanis gloriæ ſuccum proprie ſaluti præponentes.

O Gentlemen, know that thoſe eyes *of yours,*
Which ſhould be piercing like the * Eagles *eyes,*

* Cunctarum quippe auium

Are

Are not to view theſe Dalilahs *of ours,*
But to eye heauen and fullen earth *deſpiſe,*
And ſo increaſe in honours *as in* houres,
O ye ſhould find more happineſſe in this,
Then ſpend the day in courting for a kiſſe!

viſum acies aquilæ ſuperat: ita vt ſolis radios fixos in ſe cius oculos nulla lucis ſuæ coruſcatione reuerberans, claudat. *Greg. in Mor. Expoſ. in Iob.*

Were time as eaſie purchas'd as is land,
Ye better might diſpenſe with loſſe of time;
Or 'twere in you to make the Sunne to ſtand,
So many points t'aſcend or to decline,
I'de ſay ye had the world at command:
*But as time *paſt, is none of yours, once gone,*
So that time is not yours, which is to come.

* Quicquid de illo præteritum eſt, iam non eſt: quicquid ne illo futurum eſt, nondum eſt. *Aug.*

Addreſſe your ſelues then to that glorious place,
Where there's no time, no limit to confine,
No alteration: but where ſuch a grace,
Or perfect luſtre beautifies the clime,
Where ye'r to liue, as th'choiſeſt chearefullſt face,
*Ye ere beheld on earth, were't nere *ſo faire,*
Shall ſeeme deformitie to beautie there.

* Videndo pulchra, cogita hæc omnia, & pulchriora, eſſe in cœlo: videndo horribilia, cogita hæc omnia, & horribiliora, eſſe in inferno. *Lanſperg.*

But this ſhall ſerue for you! now in a word,
*Heare me ** Timandra *(for I muſt be heard;)*
Thou whoſe light ſhop *all vanities affoord,*
Reclaime thy ſenſuall life, which hath appear'd
As odious and offenſiue to thy Lord,
As thoſe laſciuious robes (robes ſuiting night)
Are in diſgrace, when good men are in ſight.

* In Timandræ gremio paululũ recumbens, perimitur. *Plut. in vit. Alcib.*

More to enlarge my ſelfe were not ſo good,
Perhaps this litle's more then thou wilt reade:

But

But if thou reade, I wiſh't may ſtirre thy blood,
And moue thee henceforth to take better heed,
Then to tranſgreſſe the bounds of womanhood:
Whoſe chiefeſt eſſence in theſe foure appeare,
In gate, looke, ſpeech, *and in the robes you weare.*

The Argument.

PErillus an excellent Artificer (being then famous for excellent inuentions) to ſatisfie the inhumane diſpoſition of the tyrant *Phalaris*, as alſo in hope to be highly rewarded for his ingenious deuice: made a *bull* of *braſſe* for a new kind of torment, preſenting it to *Phalaris*, who made triall thereof by tormenting *Perillus* firſt therein. From this Argument or ſubiect of *reuenge*, we may obſerue two ſpeciall motiues of Morall inſtruction or humane Caution. The firſt is, to deterre vs from humoring or ſoothing ſuch, on whom we haue dependence, in irregular or ſiniſter reſpects. For the vertuous, *whoſe comfort is the teſtimonie of a good conſcience*, ſcorne to hold correſpondence with vicious men, whoſe commands euer tend to depraued and enormious ends. The ſecond is, a notable example of *reuenge* in *Perillus* ſuffering, & in *Phalaris* inflicting. Much was it that this curious Artizan expected, but with equall & deſerued cenſure was he rewarded: for inglorious aimes

ſeconded by like ends. Hence the Satyre diſplay-eth ſuch in their natiue colours, who rather then they will loſe the leaſt eſteeme with men of high ranke or qualitie, vſe to diſpence with faith, friend, and all, to plant them firmer in the affection of their Patron. But obſerue the concluſion, as their meanes were indirect, ſo their ends ſorted euer with the meanes. They ſeldome extend their temporizing houres to an accompliſhed age, but haue their hopes euer blaſted, ere they be well bloomed: their iniurious aimes diſcouered, ere they be rightly leuelled: and their wiſhes to a tragicall period expoſed, as their deſires were to all goodneſſe oppoſed. May all proiectors or ſtate-forragers ſuſtaine like cenſure, hauing their natures ſo reluctant or oppoſite to all correſpondence with honour. Longer I will not dilate on this ſubiect, but recollect my ſpirits, to adde more ſpirit to my ouer-tyred *Satyre*, who hath bene ſo long employed in the *Embaſſie of Nature*, and wearied in dancing the *Wilde mans meaſure*, that after *Perillus* cenſure ſhe muſt repoſe ere ſhe proceede any further; and take ſome breath ere I dance any longer.

THE SATYRE.

BRaue Enginer, *you whoſe more curious hand*
Hath fram'd a Bull of braſſe *by choyceſt art,*
That as a Trophie it might euer ſtand,
And be an Embleme of thy cruell heart:
Hearke what's thy tyrant Phalaris *command,*

Whoſe will's a law; and hauing heard it well,
Thy cenſure to ſucceeding ages tell.

Thou muſt (as it is iuſt) be firſt preſented
A ſacrifice vnto the brazen Bull,
And feele that torture which thy art *inuented,*
That thou maiſt be rewarded to the full;
No remedy, it cannot be preuented.
Thus, thus reuenge *appeares which long did ſmother,*
He muſt be catcht, that aimes to catch another.

Iuſt was thy iudgement, Princely Phalaris,
Thy cenſure moſt impartiall; that he
Whoſe artfull hand that firſt contriued this,
To torture others, and to humour thee,
Should in himſelfe feele what this torture *is.*
Which great or ſmall, he muſt be forc'd to go,
May ſuch * tame-beaſts *be euer vſed ſo.*

* *For ſo Diogenes the Cynicke tearmes all humering Timiſts or temporizing ſycophants.* Laert.

Like fate befell vnhappie * Phereclus,
Who firſt contriu'd by cunning more then force,
To make once glorious Troy as ruinous
As ſpoile could make it: therefore rear'd a Horſe,
Framed by Pallas *art, as curious,*
As art could forme, or cunning could inuent,
To weaue his end, which art could not preuent.

* *Who built Pallas horſe, and after periſhed in the ſiege of Troy* Homer, in Iliad

See ye braue ſlate-proiectors, what's the gaine
Ye reape by courſes that are indirect:
See theſe, *who firſt contriu'd, and firſt were ſlaine,*
May mirrors *be of what ye moſt affect!*
Theſe labour'd much, yet labour'd they in vaine;

For

For there's no wit how quicke ſoere can do it,
If powers diuine ſhall make[a] *reſiſtance to it.*

And can ye thinke that heauen, whoſe glorious eye
Surueyes this Vniuerſe, will daigne to view
Men that are giuen to all impietie?
You ſay, he will; *he will indeed, it's true;*
But this is to your further miſery.
For that ſame eye *which viewes what you commit,*
Hath ſight to ſee, and power to[b] *puniſh it.*

To puniſh it, *if hoording ſin on ſin,*
Ye loath Repentance, and beſtow your labour,
Onely to gaine eſteeme, or elſe to win
By your pernicious plots ſome great mans fauour;
O I do ſee the ſtate that you are in,
Which cannot be redeem'd, vnleſſe betime
With[c] *ſighs for ſins, you wipe away your crime!*

For ſhew me one, (if one to ſhew you haue)
Who built his fortunes on this ſandie ground,
That euer went gray-headed to his graue,
Or neare his end was not diſtreſſed found,
Or put not truſt in that which did deceiue!
Sure few there be, if any ſuch there be,
But ſhew me one, and it ſufficeth me.

I grant indeed, that for a time theſe *may*
Flouriſh like to a Bay tree, *and increaſe,*
Like Oliue branches, *but this laſts not aye,*
Their[d] Halcyon *dayes ſhall in a moment ceaſſe,*

a *Witneſſe that matchleſſe* Powder plot, *no leſſe miraculouſly reuealed, then miſchieuouſly contriued, no leſſe happily preuented, then hatefully practiſed. Of which cruell Agents (being his owne ſubiects) our gracious Soueraigne might iuſtly take vp the complaint of that Princely Prophet Dauid.* My familiar friends, whō I truſted, which did eate of my bread, haue liſted vp their heeles againſt me. *Pſal.* 51. *and* 55. Si non parcet, perdet.

b Vbi non eſt per gratiam, adeſt per vindictam. *Aug.*

c Qui non gemit peregrinus, non gaudebit eiuis. *Aug.*

d Halcyonei dies ab Halcyonijs auibus dicti: neque boni maliue ominis aues hos eſſe arbitror; quantum tamen à Propheta dicitur, tantum à

me afferendum afferendumque eſſe puto. Etiam Ciconiain cœlo nouit ſtata tempora ſua, & Turtur, gruſque, & Hirundo obſeruant tempus aduentus ſui. *Ierem.* 8. 7.

When night (ſad night) ſhall take their ſoules *away.*
Then will they tune their ſtrings to this ſad ſong,
Short was our ſun-ſhine, but our night-ſhade long.

Ye then, I ſay, whoſe youth-deceiuing prime,
Promiſe ſucceſſe, beleeue't from me, that this,
When time ſhall come (as what more ſwift then time)
Shall be conuerted to a painted bliſſe,
Whoſe gilded outſide beautifide your crime;
Which once diſplaide, cleare ſhall it ſhew as light,
Your Sommer-day's *become a* winter night.

Beware then ye, who practiſe and inuent,
To humour greatneſſe; for there's one *more great,*
* Pari culpa, pari pœna. *Who hath pronounc'd,* like * ſinne, like puniſhment;
Whom at that day ye hardly may intreat,
When death and horror ſhall be eminent:
Then will ye ſay vnto the Mountaines *thus,*
And ſhadie groues, Come downe and couer vs.

* *The priuiledge of greatneſſe, muſt be no ſubterfuge for guiltineſſe.* *But were ye great as earthly pompe could make ye,*
Weake is the arme of fleſh, *or* * *mightineſſe,*
For all theſe feeble hopes ſhall then forſake ye,
With the falſe flouriſh of your happineſſe,
When ye vnto your field-bed *muſt betake ye;*
Where ye *for all your ſhapes and glozed formes,*
Might deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes.

The

The Statue of *Agathocles.*

The Argument.

Agathocles a tyrant of Syracuſa, cauſed his *Statue* to be compoſed in this manner. *The * head of gold, armes of iuory, and other of the liniments of pureſt braſſe, but the feete of earth:* intimating of what weake and infirme ſubſiſtence this *little-world, Man,* was builded. Whence we may collect, what diuine conſiderations the *Pagans* themſelues obſerued and vſually applied to rectifie their morall life: where inſtructions of nature directed them, not onely in the courſe of humane ſocietie, but euen in principles aboue the reach and pitch of *Nature,* as may appeare in many Philoſophicall Axioms, and diuinely inſerted ſentences in the Workes of *Plato, Plutarch, Socrates;* and amongſt the Latines in the inimitable labours of *Seneca, Boæthius, Tacitus,* and *Plinius Secundus.* Vpon the Morall of this *Statue* of *Agathocles* inſiſts the Author in this *Poeme,* concluding with this vndoubted poſition: *That as foundations on ſand are by euery tempeſt ſhaken, ſo man ſtanding on feete of earth, hath no firmer foundation then mutabilitie to ground on.*

* Caput de auro innuendo regis dignitatem brachia de ebore intimando eius venuſtatem, cætera liniamenta de ære denotãdo ſtrenuitatem, pedes vero de terra, indicando eius fragilitatem. *vid. Plut. Apotheg.*

THE EMBLEME.

AGathocles, *me thinkes I might compare thee,*
(So rare thou art) to ſome choice ſtatuarie,
Who doth portray with Pencile *he doth take,*
Himſelfe to th'image which he's wont to make;
How artfull thou, *and gracefull too by birth,*
A King, *yet ſhewes that thou art made of* earth,
Not glorying in thy greatneſſe, *but would ſeeme,*
Made of the ſame mould other men haue bene!
A head of gold, *as thou art chiefe of men,*
So chiefe of mettalls makes thy Diadem;
Victorious armes *of pureſt* iuorie,
Which intimates the perſons puritie;
The other liniments *compos'd of* braſſe,
Imply th'vndaunted ſtrength of which thou was;
But feete *of* earth, *ſhew th'ground whereon we ſtand,*
That we're caſt downe in turning of a hand.
Of which, that we might make the better vſe,
Me thinkes I could dilate the Morall *thus.*
Man *made of* earth, *no ſurer footing can*
Preſume vpon, then earth *from whence he came,*
Where firmeneſſe is infirmeneſſe, and the ſtay
On which he builds his ſtrongeſt hopes, is clay.
And yet how ſtrangely confident he growes,
In heauen-confronting boldneſſe and in ſhowes,
Bearing a Giants ſpirit, when in length,
Height, breadth, and pitch he is of Pigmeis *ſtrength.*
Yea I haue knowne a very Dwarfe *in ſight,*
Conceit himſelfe a Pyramis *in height,*
Ietting ſo ſtately, as't were in his power

To

To mount aloft vnto the airie tower.
But when Man's *proud, I ſhould eſteeme't more meete*
Not to preſume on's ſtrength, *but looke on's feete:*
Which nature (we obſerue) hath taught the * Swan,
And ought in reaſon to be done in Man.
Weake are foundations *that are rer'd on ſand,*
And on as weake grounds may we ſeeme to ſtand,
Both ſubiect to be ruin'd, ſplit and raz't,
One billow ſhakes the first, *one griefe the* laſt.
Whence then or how ſubſiſts this earthly frame,
That merits in it ſelfe no other name,
Then *ſhell of baſe corruption! *it's not* braſſe,
Marble, *or* iuory, *which when times paſſe,*
And our expired fates furceaſſe to be,
Reſerue in them our liuing memorie.
No, no, this mettall *is not of that proofe,*
We liue as thoſe vnder a ſhaking roofe,
Where euery moment *makes apparent ſhow,*
For want of props of finall ouerthrow.
Thus then, me thinkes you may (if ſo you pleaſe)
Apply this Statue *of* Agathocles;
As he compos'd his royall Head *of* gold,
The pur'ſt of mettals, you are thereby told,
*That th'*Head *whence reaſon and right iudgement*
Should not be peſterd with inferior things; (ſprings,
And as his actiue ſinnewes, armes *are ſaid,*
To ſhew their pureneſſe, to be iuored,
Like Pelops *milke-white ſhoulders; we are giuen*
To vnderſtand, our armes *ſhould be to heauen,*
As to their proper orbe enlarg'd, that we
Might there be made the Saints of puritie;
*By reſt of th'*parts *which were compos'd of* braſſe,

* In cuius atriores pedes lumé non citius figitur, quam in ſeipſo ſtatim deijcitur. *Vid. Plin. in nat. Hiſt. Ælian. ibid. Sambuc. in Emblem. Alciat. ibid.*

* O quam contempta res eſt homo, niſi ſupra humana ſe erexerit!

(Being of bigger bone *then others was)*
We may collect, men made of ſelfe-ſame clay,
May in their ſtrength do more then others may,
Laſtly on earth, *as men ſubſiſtence* haue,
Their earthly * feete *do haſten to their graue.*

* Pes in terris, mens ſit in cœlis.

A ſhort Satyre of a corrupt Lawyer.

THE XIIII. SATYRE.

Naſo Iuridicus.

NAſo *is ſicke of late, but how canſt tell?*
He hath a ſwelling in his throate *I feare;*
I iudg'd as much, me thought He *ſpake not well,*
In his poore clients cauſe: nay more I heare,
His tumour's growne ſo dang'rous, as ſome *ſay,*
He was abſolued *but the t'other day.*

And what confeſt He? *not a ſinne I trow,*
Thoſe He *referu'd within a leatherne bag,*
And that's his conſcience; *did* He *mercy ſhow*
Vnto the poore? not one old rotten rag
Would he affoord them, or with teares bemone them,
Saying, that—forma pauperis *had vndone them.*

Did He *not wiſh to be diſſolu'd from hence?*
No, when you talk'd of finall Diſſolution,

He

He *with a ſea of teares his face would drench,*
Wiſhing He *might but make another* motion,
And He *would be* diſſolu'd *when* He *had done*
But His *forg'd* motion *each tearme day begun,*

Had He *ſome matter laid vpon his heart?*
Abundance of corruption, foule infection.
Did He *no ſecret treaſure there impart?*
Nought but a boxe containing his complexion.
What was it Sir, ſome precious oyle of grace?
No, but an oyle to ſmeere his brazen face.

Oleum gratiæ ἔλαιον.

I haue heard much of his attractiue noſe
How He *could draw white Riols with his breath;*
It's true indeed, and therefore did He chooſe
To drinke Aurum potabile *at his death,*
Nor car'd He *greatly if* He *were to loſe*
His ſoule, *ſo that* He *might enioy his* noſe.

Aurũ palpabile & aurum potabile; Aurum obrizum & aurum adulterinum.

It was a wonder in his greateſt paine,
How He *ſhould haue* remorſe; *for well I know,*
In his ſucceſſiue fortunes nought could ſtraine
His hardned conſcience, which He *would not do*
For hope of gaine, *ſo as in time no ſinne*
So great, but grew familiar with him.

O Sir, the many fees He *had receiu'd,* (*him,*
And hood-winck'd bribes which at his death oppreſt
The forged deeds *his wicked braine contriu'd*
And that blacke buckram bag which did arreſt him,
Commencing ſuite in one, ſurcharg'd Him *ſo,*
That He *was plung'd into a gulph of wo.*

O what a ſmoke of powder there appeared
At the diſſoluing of his vglie ſoule;
All *that were preſent there to ſee* Him *feared,*
His caſe vncas'd *did ſhow ſo grim, ſo foule:*
Yet there were ſome had hope He *would do well,*
Make but one motion, and come out of hell.

But others fear'd that motion *would be long,*
If it ſhould anſwer motions He *made here:*
Beſides, that place of motions *is ſo throng,*
That one will ſcarce haue end a thouſand yeare.
Then Naſo *fare thee well, for I do ſee,*
Earth sends to hell thy mittimus with thee.

Two ſhort moderne Satyres.

In Ambulantem.
Hypocritam. } Pfeudophilia.

A *Walking* Hypocrite *there was, whoſe pace,*
Trunkhoſe, ſmall ruffe, deminutiue in forme,
Shew'd to each man He *was the* child of grace,
Such were the vertues *did his life adorne;*
Nought could He *heare that did of* lightneſſe *come,*
But He *would ſtop his eares, or leaue the roome.*

Diſcourſe (thus would He *ſay) of things deuine,*
Soyle *not your ſoules with ſuch laſciuiouſnesse.*

Your

Your veſſels *ſhould with precious vertues ſhine,*
As lamps *of grace and* lights *of godlineſſe;*
But laſſe for wo, ſin's ſuch a fruitfull weed,
Still as one dies another doth ſucceed.

Here *one doth beate his braine 'bout practiſes,*
There *is another plotting wickedneſſe;*
O how long Lord wilt thou blindfold their eyes,
In ſuffering them to worke vnrighteouſneſſe?
Well, I will pray for them, *and Syons peace,*
The prayers of Saints can no way chuſe but pleaſe.

Thus did this mirror of deuotion walke,
Inſpir'd it ſeem'd with ſome Angelicke gift,
So holy was his life, ſo pure his talke,
As if the ſpirit of zeale had Ely *left,*
And lodg'd within his breaſt, it could not be,
Fuller of godly feruor then was He.

But ſee what end theſe *falſe pretences haue,*
Where zeale is made a cloke to couer ſinne,
This whited wall *to th'eye ſo ſeeming graue,*
Like varniſh'd tombes had nought but filth within,
For though of zeale He *made a formall ſhow,*
In Fortune Alley *was his Rendeuow.*

There He *repos'd, there* He *his ſolace tooke,*
Shrin'd neare his Saint, his female-puritan,
In place ſo priuate as no eye could looke,
To what they *did, to manifeſt their ſhame;*
But ſee heauens will, thoſe eyes they leaſt ſuſpected,
Firſt ey'd their ſhame, whereby they were detected.

Thus

Thus did his ſpeech and practiſe diſagree
In one examplar, *formall, regular,*
In th'other loose *through carnall libertie,*
Which two when they do meete, ſo different are,
As there's no diſcord worſe in any ſong,
Then twixt a hollow heart and holy tongue.

For He *that doth pretend, and think't enough,*
To make a ſhew *of what* He *leaſt intends,*
Shall ere the period of his dayes run through,
Beſhrew himſelfe for his miſchieuous ends;
For he that is not good, but would be thought,
Is worſe by odds then this plaine dealing nought.

In Druſum meretricium Adiutorem. } Poligonia.

DRuſus, *what makes* thee *take no trade in hand,*
But like Hermaphrodite, *halfe man, halfe womã*
Pandors thy ſelfe, and ſtands at whoores command,
To play the bolt for euery Haxter common?
Spend not thy houres with whoores, leſt thou confeſſe,
There is no life to thy obdurateneſſe.

Obdurate villaine hard'ned in ill,
That takes delight in ſeeing Nature naked,
Whoſe pleaſure drawne from ſelfe-licentious will,
Makes thee of God, of men, and all forſaked;

Shame

Shame is thy chaine, thy fetters linkes of ſinne,
Whence to eſcape is hard, being once lock'd in.

What newes from Babell, *where that purple whoore,*
With feared marrow charmes deluded man,
So lull'd aſleepe, as He *forgets heauens power,*
And ſerues that hireling-Neapolitan ?
I'le tell thee Druſus, *ſad and heauie newes,*
Death *vnto* Druſus *while he hants the ſtewes.*

An Admonition to the Reader vpon the precedent Satyres.

WHo will not be reprou'd, it's to be fear'd,
Scornes to amend, or to redeeme the time ;
For ſpotleſſe Vertue *neuer there appear'd,*
Where true Humility, *that fruitfull* vine
Hath no plantation, for it cannot be,
Grace ſhould haue growth but by Humilitie.

Let each man then into his errors *looke,*
And with a free acknowledgement confeſſe ;
That there are more Erratae *in his booke,*
Then th'crabbedſt Satyre can in lines expreſſe :
For this will better Him, *and make* Him *grow*
In grace with Vertue, *whom* He *knowes not now.*

Theſe

Theſe my vnpoliſh'd Satyres *I commend,*
To thy protection, not that I do feare
Thy cenſure otherwiſe then as a friend,
For I am ſecure of cenſure I may ſweare,
But for forme ſake : *if shou't accept them do,*
If not, I care not how the world go.

Thine if thine owne,

Muſophilus.

Silentio culpa creſcit.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

Too true poore ſhepheards *do this Prouerbe find,*
No ſooner out of ſight then out of mind.

LONDON, .
Printed for Richard Whitaker.
1621.

TO MY WORTHIE AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN RICHARD HVTTON

Eſquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honoured and ſincere diſpenſer of judgement, Sir RICHARD HVTTON Sergeant at Law, and one of the *Iudges* of the *Common Pleas:*

The fruition of his ſelectdeſt wiſhes.

TO ſit ſecure and in a ſafe repoſe,
To view the croſſe occurrences of thoſe
Who are on Sea; or in a ſilent ſhade,
To eye the ſtate of ſuch *as are decay'd;*
Or neere ſome ſiluer Rill or Beechy Groue,
To reade how Starre-croſt louers loſt their loue,
Is beſt *of humane bleſsings, and this beſt*
Is in your worthy ſelfe (Deere Cuz) *expreſt,*
Who by your fathers *vertues and your owne*
Are truly lou'd, whereſeuer you are knowne:
In State *ſecure, rich in a faithfull* make, [*mate*
And rich in all *that may ſecure your State.*
Now in theſe dayes of yours, theſe Halcion *daies,*
Where you enioy all ioy, peruſe theſe layes,

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

That you who liu'd to loue, liue where you loue,
May reade what you nere felt, nor ere did proue;
Poore Swainlins *croſt where they affected mioſt,*
And croſt in that which made them euer croſt.
Receiue this Poem, Sir, for as I liue,
Had I ought better, I would better giue.

RICH: BRATHVVAIT.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

THE FIRST PART.

The Argument.

THEchnis *complaines,*
And labours to diſplay
Th' uniuſt diſtaſte
Of Amarillida.

The ſecond Argument.

HEre relates this forlorne Swaine
How he woo'd, but woo'd in vaine,
Her whoſe beautie did ſurpaſſe
Shape of any Country Laſſe,
Made more to delight the bed,
Than to ſee her Lambkins fed ;
Yet poore Shepheard ſee his fate,
Loue ſhee vow'd, is chang'd to hate :

For being iealous of his loue,
Shee her fancie doth remoue,
Planting it vpon a Groome,
Who by *Cupids* blindeſt doome
Is preferd vnto thoſe ioyes,
Which were nere ordain'd for Boyes:
On whoſe face nere yet appear'd
Downie ſhew of manly beard.
Hauing thus drunke ſorrows cup,
Firſt, he ſhewes his bringing vp,
What thoſe *Arts* were he profeſt,
Which in homely ſtyle expreſt,
He deſcends vnto the Swaine
Whom he ſought by loue to gaine;
But preuented of his ayme,
Her he ſhowes, but hides her ſhame.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

The ſhepheards:

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.
Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Technis tale.

WHy now I ſee theſe Plaines ſome good afford,
When Shpherds will be maſters of their word.

Dory. *Yes,* Technis *yes, we ſee it now & then*
That they'le keep touch as wel as greater men,
Who can proteſt and take a ſolemn vow
To doe farre more then they intend to doe.

Dym.

Dym. *Stay* Dorycles, *me thinkes thou goeſt too farre,*
Lets talke of Shepheards, as we Shepheards are:
For why ſhould we theſe Great mens *errors note,*
But learne vnto our Cloth *to cut our* coat.
Sapp. Dymnus, *'tis true; we came not to diſplay*
Great mens abuſes, but to paſſe away
The time in Tales, *wherein we may relate*
By one and one our bleſt or wretched ſtate.
Cor. *Indeed friend* Dymnus *therfore came we hither,*
To ſhew our Fortune and diſtreſſe together,
Lin. *Proceede then* Technis, *you'r the eldeſt Swaine*
That now feeds Flocks vpon this fruitfull Plaine:
So as your age, whatſeuer we alledge,
Doth well deſerue that proper priuiledge.
Tech. *As to begin;*
Lin. *So* Technis *doe I meane.*
Tech. *Thanks Shepherds heartily, that you will daine*
A hapleſſe Swaine ſuch grace; which to requite,
Ile mix my dolefull Storie with delight,
That while yee weepe for griefe, I may allay
Your diſcontent, and wipe your teares away.
Dory. *On* Technis *on, and weele attention lend,*
And wiſh thy loue may haue a happie end.
Dym. *Which ſhowne, each ſhall reply, and make expreſt*
When all is done, whoſe fate's the heauieſt.
Tech. *Attend then Shepheards, now I doe begin,*
Shewing you firſt where I had nurturing,
Which to vnfold the better, I will chuſe
No other words then home-ſpun Heardſmen vſe.
Firſt then, becauſe ſome Shepheards may ſuppoſe
By meere conjecture, I am one of thoſe
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,

I muſt confeſſe that they are much miſta'ne,
For if I would, I could ſtrange ſtories tell
Of Platoes *and of* Ariſtotles *Well,*
From whence I drain'd ſuch drops of diuine wit,
As all our Swaines could hardly diue to it:
Dor. *Indeed I'ue heard much of thee in thy youth*
Tech. *Yes* Dorycles, *I ſay no more than truth.*
A Prentiſhip did I in Athens *liue,*
Not without hope but I might after giue
Content and comfort where I ſhould remaine,
And little thought I then to be a Swaine:
For I may ſay to you, I then did ſeeme
One of no ſmall or popular eſteeme,
But of conſort with ſuch, whoſe height of place
Aduanced me, becauſe I had their grace:
Though now, ſince I my Lambkins gan to feede,
Clad in my ruſſet coat and countrey weede,
Thoſe broad-ſpred Cedars *ſcarce afford a neſt*
Vpon their ſhadie Boughes, where I may reſt.
Sapp. *It ſeemes they're great men* Technis.
Tech. *So they are,*
And for inferiour groundlins, little care.
But may they flouriſh: thus much I am ſure,
Though Shrubs *be not ſo high, they're more ſecure.*
Lin. *High ſtates indeed are ſubiect to decline.*
Tech. *Yes* Linus *yes, in this corrupted time*
We may obſerue by due experience
That where a Perſon has preeminence,
He ſo tranſported growes, as he will checke
Ioue *in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,*
Whereas ſo vertuous were precedent times,
As they were free not only from the crimes

To

To which this age's expoſed, but did liue
As men which ſcorn'd Ambition.
Dymn. *Now I diue*
Into thy meaning Technis; *thou do'ſt grieue*
That thoſe *who once endeer'd thee, now ſhould leaue*
Thy fellowſhip.
Tech. *Nay* Dymnus *I proteſt*
I neuer credited what they profeſt;
For ſhould I grieue to ſee a ſurly Lout,
Who for obſeruance caſts his eye about;
In nothing meriting, ſaue only He
Is rich in acres, to diſvalue me?
Dory. *No* Technis *no, th'art of a higher ſpirit*
Than theſe inferiour Gnats, *whoſe only merit*
Conſiſts in what they haue, not what they are.
Tech. *No* Dorycles, *for theſe I little care,*
Nor euer did: though ſome *there be that feede*
On ſuch mens breath.
Dymn. *Good* Technis *now proceed.*
Tech. *Hauing thus long continued, as I ſaid,*
And by my long continuance Graduate *made,*
I tooke more true delight in being there,
Than euer ſince in Court or Country ayre.
Sapph. *Indeed minds freedome beſt contenteth men.*
Tech. *And ſuch a freedome I enjoyed then,*
As in thoſe Beechie ſhades of Heſperie.
I planted then my ſole felicitie.
So as howſere ſome of our rurall Swaines
Prerogatiue aboue all others claimes, (ought,
That they haue nought, want nought, *nor* care for
Becauſe their minde vnfurniſht is of nought
That may accompliſh man: I could averre,

(Howſere I doubt theſe *in opinion erre)*
That in my breaſt was treaſured more bleſſe,
Then euer ſenſuall man could yet poſſeſſe.
For my delights were princely, and not vaine,
Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,
Whoſe happy purchaſe might enrich me more,
Then all this traſh which worldly men adore.
So as if Pan *were not the ſame he is,*
He'de wiſh himſelfe but to enioy my bliſſe,
Whoſe choice content afford me ſo great power,
As I might vye with greateſt Emperour.
Coryd. *It ſeemes thy ſtate was happie ;*
Tech. *So it was,*
And did my preſent ſtate ſo farre ſurpaſſe,
As th' high top'd Cedar *cannot beare more ſhow*
Aboue the loweſt Muſhrom *that doth grow,*
Or more exceed in glory, than that time
Outſtripp'd this preſent happineſſe of mine.
For tell me Shepheards, what's eſteem'd 'mongſt men
The greateſt ioy, which I enioy'd not then !
For is there comfort in retired life ?
I did poſſeſſe a life exempt from ſtrife,
Free from litigious clamour, or report
Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.
Is contemplation ſweete, or conference,
Or ripe conceits ? why there's an influence,
Drawne from Minerua's *braine, where euery wit*
Tranſcends conceit, and ſeemes to rauiſh it.
Is it delightfull Shepheards to repoſe,
And all-alone to reade of others woes ?
Why there in Tragick Stories might we ſpend
Whole houres in choice diſcourſes to a friend.

And

And reaſon of Occurrents to and fro,
And why this thing or that did happen ſo,
Might it content man, to allay the loade
Of a diſtemperd minde to walke abroad,
That he might moderate the thought of care
By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?
What noble conſorts might you quickly finde
To ſhare in ſorrow with a troubled minde?
What cheerfull Groues, what ſilent murmuring ſprings,
Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,
Freſh flowrie Paſtures, Gardens which might pleaſe
The ſenſes *more then did th'* Heſperides,
Greene ſhadie Arbours, curled ſtreames which flow,
On whoſe pure Margins ſhadie Beeches grow,
Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whoſe rer'd tops
The merry Thruſh and Black-bird nimbly hops
And carols ſings, ſo as the paſſers by
Would deeme the Birds infus'd with poeſie?
Sapp. *Sure* Technis *this was earthly Paradiſe.*
Tech. Sapphus *it was; for what can Swaine deuiſe*
To tender all delight to eye *or* eare,
Taſte, Smell, *or* Touch *which was not frequent there?*
Beſides;
Lin. *What could be more, pray* Technis *ſay?*
Tech. *We had more ioyes to paſſe the time away.*
Dory. *What might they be good* Technis?
Tech. *'Las I know*
They'r ſuch as Shepheards cannot reach vnto.
Dym. *Yet let vs heare them.*
Tech. *So I meane you ſhall,*
And they were ſuch as we internall *call.*
Cor. *Infernall,* Technis, *what is meant by that?*

Tech.

Tech. *Infernall, no; thou ſpeakſt thou knowſt not what:*
I meane internall gifts which farre ſurmount
All theſe externall bounties in account:
For by theſe bleſſings we ſhall euer finde
Rich Treaſures ſtored in a knowing minde,
Whoſe glorious inſide is a thouſand fold
more precious than her Caſe *though cloath'd in gold*
And all Habilliments: for by this light
Of Vnderſtanding, we diſcerne whats right
From crooked error, and are truly ſaid
To vnderſtand by this, why we were made
Sapp. *Why, we nere thought of this.*
Lin. *Nay, I may ſweare*
I haue liu'd on this Downe, *this twentie yeare,*
And that was my leaſt care.
Corid. Linus, *I vow*
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe
I euer thought.
Dory. *So* Coridon *did I.*
Dymn. *The cauſe of this, good* Technis, *now deſcrie.*
Tech. *Heardſmen I will; with purpoſe to relate,*
Leſt my Diſcourſe ſhould be too intricate,
In briefe, (for length makes Memorie to faile)
The ſubſtance of your wiſhes in a Tale.
Within that pitchie and Cymmerian *clyme,*
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,
Who long had in thoſe ſhadie Mountaines won,
Yet neuer ſaw a glimpſe of Sunne or Moon.
Yet ſee what cuſtome is, though they were pent
From ſight of Sunne or Moone they were content,
Sporting themſelues in vaults and arched caues,
Not ſo like dwelling Houſes, as like graues.

Nor

Nor were theſe men ſeene ere ſo farre to roame
At any time as halfe a mile from home;
For if they had, as th' Hiſtorie doth ſay,
They had beene ſure right ſoone to loſe their way:
For darke and miſtie were thoſe drerie caues
Where they repos'd, ſo that the wretcheſt ſlaues
Could not expoſed be to more reſtraint,
Than theſe poore ſnakes in th' ragged Mountaines pent;
And thus they liu'd.
Lin. *But never lou'd.*
Tech. *To tell*
Their loues I will not: but it thus befell,
That a great Prince, *who to encreaſe his fame*
Had conquer'd many Countries, thither came.
Sapp. *For what good* Technis?
Tech. *Only to ſuruey it.*
Corid. *Why ſure he had ſome Torch-light to diſplay it,*
For th' Coaſt you ſay was darke.
Tech. *And ſo it was;*
But yet attend me how it came to paſſe:
By meanes he vs'd, hauing this coaſt ſuruei'd,
With all perſwaſiue reaſons he aſſaid,
Partly by faire meanes to induce them to it,
Sometimes by threats, when he was forc't vnto it,
That they would leaue that forlorne place, and giue
Way to perſwaſion, and reſolue to liue
Neere ſome more cheerefull Border, which in time
They gaue conſent to, and forſooke their Clime.
But ſee the ſtrength of Habit, when they came
To ſee the light *they hid themſelues for ſhame,*
Their eyes grew dazled, and they did not know,
Where to retire or to what place to goe:

Yet

Yet was the Region *pleaſant, full of groues,*
Where th' airy Quiriſters expreſſe their loues
One to another, and with Melodie
Cheer'd and refreſh'd Siluanus *Emperie.*
The warbling Goldfinch *on the dangling ſpray,*
Sent out harmonious Muſicke euery day;
The prettie ſpeckled Violet *on the Banke*
With Pinke *and* Roſe-bud *placed in their ranke;*
Where chafed Violets *did ſo freſh appeare,*
As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare;
Whoſe borders were with various colours dy'd,
And Prim-roſe *bankes with odours beautifi'd;*
Where Cornell *trees were planted in great ſtore,*
Whoſe checkerd berries beautifi'd the ſhore.
Beſides, ſuch gorgeous buildings as no eye
Could take a view of fuller Maieſtie;
Whoſe curious pillers made of Porphyrite
Smooth to the touch, and ſpecious to the ſight,
Sent from their hollow Cell a criſpling breath,
Arched aboue and vaulted vnderneath.
Yet could not all theſe choyce varieties
(Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes)
Satisfie theſe Cimmerians, *for their ayme*
Was to returne vnto their Caues againe,
And ſo they did: for when the Prince *perceiu'd*
How hard it was from error to be reau'd,
Where ignorance diſcerns not what is good,
Becauſe it is not rightly vnderſtood;
Hee ſent them home againe, where they remain'd
From comfort of Societie reſtrain'd.
Dym. *Apply this* Tale, *my* Technis;
Tech. *Heare me then.*

You

You may be well compar'd vnto theſe men,
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe eſteeme
More of your Flocks, *how they may fruitfull ſeeme,*
Then of that part, *whereby you may be fed*
From ſauage beaſts to be diſtinguiſhed.
Dory. Technis *you are too bitter;*
Tech. *Not a whit,*
Shepheards ſhould tell a Shepheard what is fit:
Though I confeſſe that Heardſmen merit praiſe,
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.
Yet to recount thoſe Swaines *of elder time,*
How ſome were rapt with Sciences diuine,
Others adorn'd with Art of Poeſie,
Others to reaſon of Aſtrologie;
Swaines *of this time might think't a very ſhame,*
To be ſo bold as to retaine the name
Of iolly Heardſmen, when they waut the worth (forth.
Of thoſe braue Swaines which former times brought
Corid. *Why, what could they?*
Tech. *Endorſe their Names in trees,*
And write ſuch amorous Poems as might pleaſe
Their deereſt loues.
Dym. *Why* Technis *what was this,*
Can we not pleaſe our loues more with a kiſſe?
Dory. *Yes* Dymnus, *thou know'ſt that;*
Dym. *Perchance I doe,*
For Dymnus *knowes no other way to wooe.*
But pray thee Technis *let vs ſay no more,*
But hie thee now to where thou left before.
Tech. *I'me eaſily entreated; draw then neere,*
And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.
Hauing long liued in Minerua's *Groue,*
My life became an Embleme *of pure loue.*

Dym. *Of Loue my* Technis, *pray thee ſay to whom!*
Tech. *As thou mean'ſt* Dymnus, *I did fancie none:*
No; my affection ſoared higher farre,
Than on ſuch toyes as now affected are:
I doated not on Beautie, nor did take
My aime at faire, *but did obſeruance make,*
How humane things be ſhar'd by diuine power,
Where fickle faith ſcarce conſtant reſts one houre;
How higheſt ſtates were ſubiect'ſt to decline;
How nought on Earth but ſubiect vnto Time;
How vice though clad in purple was but vice;
How vertue clad in rags was ſtill in price;
How Common-weales in peace ſhould make for warre;
How Honour crownes such as deſeruing are.
Dory. *And yet we ſee ſuch as deſerued moſt,*
What ere the cauſe be, are the ofteſt croſt.
Tech. *Ile not denie it (Swaine) and yet attend,*
For all their croſſe occurrents, but their end,
And thou ſhalt ſee the fawning Sycophant
Die in diſgrace, and leaue his Heire in want:
While th' honeſt and deſeruing Stateſman *giues*
Life to his Name and in his dying liues.
This I obſeru'd and many things beſide,
Whilſt I in famous Athens *did abide;*
But 'laſſe whilſt I ſecure from thought of care,
With choiſeſt conſorts did delight me there,
Free from the tongue of rumor or of ſtrife,
I was to take me to another life.
Lin. *To what good* Technis?
Tech. *To haue* Harpies *clawes;*
To take my fee and then neglect the cauſe.
Sapp. *A Lawier* Technis!

Tech.

Tech. *So my father ſaid,*
Who as he had commanded, I obey'd.
But iudge now Shepheards, could I chuſe to grieue,
When I muſt leaue, what I was forc'd to leaue,
Thoſe ſweet delightfull Arts, *with which my youth*
Was firſt inform'd, and now attain'd ſuch growth,
As I did reape more happy comfort thence
In one ſhort houre than many Twelue-months ſince?
Corid. *This was a hard command.*
Tech. *Yet was it fit*
I ſhould reſpect his *loue impoſed it.*
For ne're had Father ſhowne vnto his ſonne
More tender loue than he *to me had done:*
So as his will was ſtill to me a law,
Which I obſerued more for loue *than* awe,
For in that childe few ſeeds of grace appeare,
Whom loue *doth leſſe induce than thought of* feare.
Hauing now tane my leaue of all the Muſes,
I made me fit as other Students vſes,
To waine my minde, and to withdraw my ſight
From all ſuch ſtudies gaue me once delight:
And to inure me better to diſcerne
Such rudiments as I deſir'd to learne,
I went to Iohn a Styles, *and* Iohn an Okes,
And many other Law-baptized folkes,
Whereby I ſet the practiſe of the Law
At as light count as turning of a ſtraw,
For ſtraight I found how Iohn a Styles *did ſtate it,*
But I was ouer Style *ere I came at it;*
For hauing thought (ſo eaſie was the way)
That one might be a Lawyer *the firſt day.:*
I after found the further that I went,

The

The further was I from my Element:
Yet forasmuch as I esteem'd it vaine,
To purchase law still from anothers braine,
I stroue to get some law at any rate,
At least so much as might concerne my state.
Lin. *I am more sorie for it.*
Tech. Linus *why?*
Lin.. *Because I feare me thou wilt haue an eye*
More to thy priuate profit, than deuise
How to attone such quarrels as arise.
Dym. Technis *is none of those.*
Tech. *No, credit me,*
Though I'me resolued many such there be
Who can dispence with fees *on either part,*
Which I haue euer scorned with my heart;
For this shall be my practice, to assay
Without a fee to doe you th' good I may.
Corid. Technis *enough.*
Tech. *Hauing thus long applide*
The streame of Law, my aged father dide,
Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,
For you all knew him;
Doric. *So we did indeed:*
A Patron of all Iustice, doe him right.
Sap. *Nor was there* Art *wherein he had no sight.*
Dym. *Yet was he humble.*
Lin. *And in that more blest.*
Corid. *He liues though seeming dead;*
Tech. *So let him rest.*
Hauing lost him whose life supported me,
You may imagine Shepheards, what might be
My hard succeeding fate: downe must I goe

To

To know if this report were true or no.
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,
And had enioyn'd me Guardians *in his ſtead*
To ſway my vntraind youth.
Dym. *And what were they?*
Tech. *Such men as I had reaſon to obey:*
For their aduice was euer for my good,
If my greene yeeres ſo much had vnderſtood:
But I puft vp with thought of my demaines,
Gaue way to Folly, and did ſlacke my raines
Of long reſtraint;
Dory. *'Las* Technis, *then I ſee*
What in the end was like to fall on thee.
Tech. *O* Dorycles *if thou hadſt knowne my ſtate,*
Thou wouldſt haue pitied it!
Corid. *Nay rather hate*
Thy youthfull riot.
Tech. *Thou ſpeakes well vnto't,*
For the Blacke Oxe *had nere trod on my foot:*
I had my former ſtudies in deſpight,
And in the vaineſt conſorts tooke delight.
Which much incens'd ſuch as affection bare
To my eſteeme: but little did I care
For the inſtruction of my graue Protectors
Who neuer left me, but like wiſe directors
Conſulted how to rectifie my ſtate,
And ſome aduiſed this, and others that,
For neuer any could more faithfull be
In ſincere truſt, than they were vnto me.
At laſt, one to compoſe and end the ſtrife,
Thought it the fitt'ſt that I ſhould take a wife.
Corid. *Yea, now it workes.*

Lin. *Stay till he come vnto't;*
Sap. *And then I know he will goe roundly to't.*
Tech. *Nay ieſt not on me, but awhile forbeare,*
And you the iſſue of my loue ſhall heare.
Hauing at laſt concluded, as I ſaid,
With ioynt conſent I ſhould be married,
One 'mongſt the reſt did freely vndertake
This priuate motion to my ſelfe to make;
Which I gaue eare to: wiſhing too that he
Would me informe where this my Wife *ſhould be.*
Dym. *As it was fit.*
Cor. *Who was it thou ſhouldſt ha?*
Tech. *Ile tell thee Boy, 'twas* Amarillida.
Cor. Lycas *faire daughter?*
Tech. *Yes, the very ſame.*
Dory. *She was a wench indeed of worthie fame;*
Tech. *As ere fed Lambkins on this flowrie Downe:*
Whom many ſought and ſude to make their owne,
But ſhe affected ſo a virgin life,
As ſhe did ſcorne to be Amyntas *wife.*
Dym. *Is't poſſible?*
Tech. *Yes* Dymnus *I doe know*
Some tokens of affection twixt them two,
Which if thou heard, right ſoone wouldſt thou confeſſe,
More vnfaind loue no Heardſman could expreſſe:
But to omit the reſt, I meane to ſhow
The time and tide when I began to woo.
*Vpon that * Day (ſad day and heauy fate)*
When euery Bird is ſaid to chuſe her mate,
Did I repaire vnto that faireſt faire,
That euer lou'd, or liu'd, or breath'd on aire.
And her I woo'd, but ſhe was ſo demure,

* *S. Valentines* day; on which *Birds* are said to chuse their *Mates*, with whom they repose and partake in mutuall ioyes.

So modeſt baſhfull, and ſo maiden pure,
As at the firſt, nor at the ſecond time
She would no eare to ſound of loue incline.
Cor. *But this (I'm ſure) would be no meanes to draw*
Thy loues aſſault from Amarillida.
Tech. *No* Coridon, *for then I ſhould not ſeeme*
Worthy ſo rare a Nymph as ſhe had beene.
But I did finde that female foes would yeeld,
Though their relentleſſe breaſts at firſt were ſteeld:
Continuall drops will pierce the hardeſt ſtone.
Sap. *Did* Technis *finde her ſuch a ſtony one?*
Tech. Sappho *I did: yet though ſhe oft had vowd*
A veſtall life, and had my ſuit withſtood,
I found her of a better minde next day,
For ſhe had throwne her veſtall weed away.
Lin. *Thrice happy Shepheard!*
Tech. Linus, *ſay not ſo;*
If it be happineſſe to end in woe,
Thou mightſt enſtyle me happy;
Dory. *Was not ſhe*
Fully reſolued now to marry thee?
Tech. *Yes* Dorycles: *but when ſhe had conſented,*
Heare by what ſtrange miſchance I was preuented!
Vpon a time a Summering *there was,*
Where euery liuely Lad tooke in his Laſſe
To dance his Meaſure, and amongſt the reſt
I tooke me one *as frolike as the beſt.*
Dym. *What was ſhe man?*
Tech. *A Matron full of zeale,*
But pardon me, I muſt her name conceale.
Lin. *It was* Alburna *I durſt pawne my life.*

Tech. *I muſt confeſſe it was the Parſons wife,*
A luſty Trolops I may ſay to you,
And one could foot it giue the wench her due.
Lin. *Yea marry Sir, there was a Laſſe indeed*
Knew how ſhe ſhould about a Maypole tread.
Tech. *And I may ſay, if* Linus *had beene there,*
He would haue ſaid, we euenly matched were:
For I may ſay at that day there was none
At any actiue game could put me downe
And for a dance;
Sap. *As light as any fether,*
For thou didſt winne the Legge *three yeeres together.*
Tech. *And many ſaid that it great pittie was*
That ſuch a Parſon *had not ſuch a* Laſſe:
So as indeed all did conclude and ſay,
That we deſerú'd the Pricke and prize that day.
But hauing now our May-games wholly plaid,
Danc'd till we wearie were, and Piper paid:
Each tooke his wench he danc'd with on the Downe,
Meaning to giue her curt'ſie of the Towne.
Sim. *What curt'ſie* Technis?
Tech. *As our Shepheards vſe,*
Which they in modeſtie cannot refuſe:
And this we did, and thus we parted then,
Men from their women, women from their men.
Dory. *But didſt nere after with* Alburna *meet?*
Tech. *Yes, on a time I met her in the ſtreet,*
Who after kinde ſalutes inuited me
Vnto her houſe, which in ciuilitie
I could not well deny;
Dym. *True* Technis *true.*

Tech.

Tech. *And ſhe receiu'd me, giue the wench her due,*
With ſuch a free and gracefull entertaine,
As did exceed th' expectance of a Swaine.
Dory. *She had ſome reaſon for't;*
Tech. *None I may ſweare,*
Saue that ſhe ioyed much to ſee me there.
Dory. *Yet did;*
Tech. *Did eat, did drinke, and merry make,*
For no delight ſaue theſe did Technis *take.*
For I may ſay to you if ſo I had,
My lucke to Horſe-flesh *had not beene ſo bad,*
As by ſome yeeres experience I haue found;
So as of your ſuſpicion there's no ground:
But if I had, no fate could be more hard
Than that which I ſuſtained afterward.
Corid. *Relate it* Technis.
Tech. *To my griefe I will,*
Hauing done this without leaſt thought of ill,
This (as report doth new additions draw)
Came to the eare of Amarillida:
Who iealous of my loue (as women are)
Thought that Alburna *had no little ſhare*
In my affection, which I may proteſt
Was nere as much as meant, much leſſe expreſt.
Sap. *Alas good Shepheard.*
Tech. *So as from that day*
I found her fancy falling ſtill away,
For to what place ſoeuer I did come,
She fain'd excuſe to leaue me and the roome.
Lin. *Yet ſhe nere fix'd her loue on any one.*
Tech. *Yes* Linus, *elſe what cauſe had I to mone?*
Some few moneths after did ſhe take a Mate,

I muſt confeſſe of infinite eſtate;
Yet in my minde (nor doe I ſpeake't in ſpight)
He's one can giue a woman ſmall delight,
For he's a very Erwig.
Lin. *What is he?*
Tech. Petreius *ſonne;*
Lin. *The map of miſerie.*
Tech. *Yet thou wouldſt wonder how this dunghil worm*
When he encounters me, redarts a ſcorne
On my contemned loue:
Dym. *All this doth ſhow,*
That he reſolues to triumph in thy woe;
But how ſtands ſhee affected?
Tech. *'Las for griefe,*
Shee is ſo farre from yeelding me reliefe,
As ſhee in publique meetings ha's affaid
To glory in the trickes which ſhee hath plaid.
Dory. *O matchleſſe inſolence!*
Tech. *Yet ſhall my bliſſe*
In wanting her, be characſtred in this;
" *Hauing loſt all that ere thy labour gain'd,*
" *Be ſure to keepe thy precious name vnſtain'd.*
Corid. *A good reſolue.*
Tech. *Yet muſt I neuer leaue*
While I doe liue, but I muſt liue to grieue:
For I perſwade me, there was neuer Swaine
Was recompenc'd with more vniuſt diſdaine.
Dym. *Indeed thou well mightſt grieue.*
Dory. *Yet ſhall't appeare,*
I haue more cauſe, if you my Tale *will heare:*
For nere was ſtory mixed with more ruth,
Or grounded on more Arguments of truth.

Corid.

Corid. *Let's haue it* Dorycles;
Dory. *With all my heart,*
And plainly too; griefe hates all words of art.

The Argument.

Dorycles *loues* Bellina;
Who eſteemes
As well of him,
But proues not ſame ſhe ſeemes.

The ſecond Argument.

Orycles a youthfull Swaine,
Seekes *Bellina's* loue to gaine:
Who, ſo euen doth fancy ſtrike,
Tenders *Dorycles* the like.
Yet obſerue how women be
Subiect to inconſtancie!
Shee in abſence of her loue,
Her affection doth remoue,
Planting it vpon a *Swad,*
That no wit nor breeding had.

Whom ſhe honours; but in time
Dorycles ſeemes to diuine,
Since her loue is ſtain'd with ſin,
She'le ere long diſhonour him;
For who once hath broke her vow,
Will infringe't to others too.
In the end he doth expreſſe
His diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe:
Who, when ſhe had iniured
Him and his, and cancelled
That ſame ſacred ſecret oath,
Firmely tendred by them both;
She a Willow-garland ſends
For to make her Swaine amends,
Which he weares, and vowes till death
He will weare that forlorne wreath.
With proteſts of leſſe delight
In her *Loue*, than in her *Spight*.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Dorycles tale.

Ome Shephherds come, and heare the wofulſt Swaine
That euer liu'd, or lou'd on weſtern plaine:
Whoſe heauy fate all others doth furpaſſe
That ere you heard;

Dym. *Say Heardſman what it was.*

Dory. *I muſt and will, though* Dymnus *I confeſſe,*
I'm very loth my folly to expreſſe,
Whoſe madding paſſion though it merit blame,

I will diſplay't.
Tech. *To't then: away with ſhame.*
Dory. *I lou'd a bonny Laſſe as ere lou'd man,*
For she a middle had that you might ſpan,
A mouing eye, a nimble mincing foot,
And mannerly ſhe was, for ſhe could lout:
And her I lou'd, and me ſhe held as deare.
Corid. *But* Dorycles *where liu'd ſhe?*
Dory. *Very neare:*
Knowſt thou not Polychreſtus?
Corid. *Who, the Swaine*
That with his ſheepe doth couer all our Plaine?
Dory. *It ſeemes thou knowſt him* Coridon;
Corid. *I doe:*
And ſeuen yeeres ſince I knew his Daughter too.
Dory. *Who, faire* Bellina?
Corid. *Yes, the very ſame.*
Dory. *And her I lou'd, nor need I thinke't a ſhame.*
For what might moue affection or imply
Content of loue to any Shepheards eye,
Which ſhe enioy'd not? For if choyce diſcourſe
(As what more mouing than the tongue) had force
To infuſe loue, there was no Heardſman neare her
Who was not rauiſh'd if he chanc'd to heare her;
And for a beauty mix'd with white and red.
Corid. *I know 't was rare, good* Dorycles *proceed.*
Dory. *When I was young, as yet I am not old,*
I doted more than now a hundred fold:
For there was not a May-game *that could ſhow it*
All here about, but I repaird vnto it,
Yet knew not what loue meant, but was content
To ſpend the time in harmleſſe merriment.

But

But at the laſt, I plaid ſo long with fire,
I cing'd my wings with heat of loues deſire.
And to diſplay my folly how it was
Without digreſſion, thus it came to paſſe.
Downe by yon Vale *a* Myrtle *groue there is,*
(Oh that I nere had ſeene it, I may wiſh)
Where Pan *the Shepheards God to whom we pray,*
Solemniz'd had his wonted holiday:
Whereto reſorted many noble Swaines,
Who flouriſh yet vpon our neighbour Plaines;
'Mong ſt which Bellina *with a youthfull ſort*
Of amorous Nimphs, came to ſuruey our ſport.
Which I obſeruing (ſee the fault of youth)
Tranſported with vain-glory, thought in truth
Shee came a purpoſe for a ſight of me,
Which I with ſmiles requited louingly:
But howſoere, I know Bellina *ey'de*
My perſon more than all the ſwaines beſide.
When night was come, vnwelcome vnto ſome,
And each was now to haſten towards home,
I 'mong ſt the reſt of Laddes, did homeward paſſe,
And all this time I knew not what Love *was.*
To ſupper went I and fell to my fare,
As if of loue I had but little care,
And after ſupper went to fire to chat
Of ſundry old-wiues tales, as this and that;
Yet all this while loue *had no power of me,*
Nor no command that euer I could ſee.
Hauing thus ſpent in tales an houre or two,
Each to his reſt (as he thought beſt) did goe,
But now when I ſhould take me to my reſt,
That troubled me which I did thinke of leaſt.

Tech. *Trouble thee Swaine!*
Dory. *Yes* Technis; *and the more,*
Becauſe I neuer felt ſuch pangs before.
This way and that way did I toſſe and turne,
And freeze and frie, and ſhake for cold and burne,
So as I wiſht a hundred times, that day
Would now approach my paſſion to allay.
Yet ſtill, (ſo weake was my diſtemper'd braine)
I thought Bellina *put me to that paine,*
Yet knew no cauſe why ſhee ſhould vſe me ſo,
Yet thought to aſke her if 't were ſhee or no:
So as next day, I purpos'd to repaire
To ſee if ſhee could yeeld a cure to care.
But ſhe *(poore wench) was ſplit on fancies ſhelfe,*
All full of care, yet could not cure her ſelfe;
So as in briefe we either did impart,
The ſecret paſſions of a wounded heart,
Shot by loues ſhaft, for ſo't appear'd to be,
Which found, we vow'd a preſent remedie;
Yet to our friends both ſhee and I did feane,
As if we neuer had acquainted beene.
Dym. *A prety ſleight;*
Dory. *Though many times and oft,*
Plaid we at Barlybreake in Clytus *croft.*
And thus our loues continued one halfe yeere
Without ſuſpition, till one *neighboring neere,*
An equall friend vnto vs both, did make
A motion of our Mariage.
Tech. *Did it take?*
Dory. *Yes* Technis *yes, ſo as firſt day I went,*
My friends, to ſhew that they were well content,
Wiſh'd that all good ſucceſſe might vſher mee.

Lin.

Lin. *One ſhould haue throwne an* old ſhoo *after thee.*
Dory. *Nay* Linus *that was done: and now to hie*
Vnto my Tale, *on went my* dogge *and I,*
Poore loaue-eard Curre.
Sapp. *Why* Dorycles, *hadſt none*
To ſecond thee?
Dory. *Too many (Swaine) by one:*
For trowſt thou Lad, when I my ſuit ſhould make
Vnto her friends, my dogge *he let a ſcape.*
Sapp. *Ill nurtur'd ſlitchell.*
Dory. *Now yee may ſuppoſe*
Bellina *tooke the Pepper in the noſe,*
That to her friends when I ſhould breake my minde,
The carrian Cur ſhould at that time breake winde.
So as for halfe an houre I there did ſhow
Like to a ſenſleſſe Picture made of dough:
Nor was my dogge *leſſe'ſham'd, but runs away*
With taile betwixt his legs with ſpeed he may.
At laſt my ſpirits I did call together,
Showing her friends the cauſe why I came thither,
Who did accept my motion; for that day
I was eſteem'd a proper Swaine I ſay,
And one well left.
Cor. *We know it* Dorycles,
Both for thy wealth and perſon thou mightſt pleaſe.
Lin. *For good mug-ſheepe and cattell, Ile be ſworne*
None could come neare thee both for haire and horne.
Dory. *Yee ouer-value me, but ſure I am*
I had ſufficient for an honeſt man:
Hauing thus free acceſſe to her I lou'd,
Who my affection long before had prou'd
Though ſhe ſeemd nice, as women often vſe,

When

When what they loue they ſeemingly refuſe.
Not to inſiſt ought longer on the matter,
They deemd me worthy, if they did not flatter,
Of her I ſu'd; So as without more ſtay,
Appointed was this ſolemne Nuptiall day.
Sapp. *Happy appointment;*
Dory. Sapphus *ſay not ſo,*
It rather was the ſubiect of my woe,
For hauing heard reported for a truth
She formerly had lou'd a dapper youth,
With whom ſhe purpos'd euen in friends deſpight,
To make a priuate ſcape one winter night;
I for a while thought to furceaſe my ſuit,
Till I heard further of this iealous bruit.
Tech. *Why didſt thou ſo?* Bellina *had conſented*
To loue that youth, before you were acquainted.
Dory. Technis *'tis true; But ſome there were auer'd,*
Though I'm reſolu'd they in opinion err'd,
That theſe two were affide one to the other.
Sapp. *What hindred then the match?*
Dory. Bellinas *mother:*
Who tender of th' aduancement of her childe,
And well perceiuing Criſpus *to be wilde,*
(For ſo the youth was named) did withdraw
Bellina *from him by imperious awe:*
Which done, and he preuented of her daughter,
His Countrey left, he neuer ſought her after.
Tech. *I knew that* Criſpus.
Dory. *Then you knew a lad*
Of ſeeming preſence, but he little had,
And that was cauſe he grew in diſeſteeme.
Sap. *Alas that want of meanes ſhould make vs meane.*

Dory.

Dory. *So did it fare with him; for to his praiſe*
(Though with his tongue he wrong'd me many waies,
But tongues *inur'd to* tales *are nere beleeu'd)*
He had from Nature choiceſt gifts receau'd,
Which might haue mou'd loue in a worthy creature,
If that his life had beene vnto his feature.
But promiſing out-ſides like the Panthers *skin,*
Though faire without, are oft times foule within;
But heauens, I hope, to mercy will receiue him,
His wrongs to me are buried; ſo I leaue him.
Corid. *But admit Shepheard they had beene affide,*
Shee might reuolt, it cannot be denide.
Dory. *I grant ſhe might; and I confeſſe there be*
Some *that haue done 't are greater farre than we:*
But goodneſſe is the marke, not height of ſtate
That meaner men by right ſhould imitate.
I might produce ſtore of examples here,
But leſt I ſhould be tedious, I forbeare,
What tragick Scenes from breach of faith are bred,
How it hath caus'd much guiltleſſe bloud be ſhed.
This caus'd me for a time to hold my hand,
To ſee how all this buſineſſe would ſtand,
And that I might my fancie better waine
From her I lou'd, to Troynouant *I came.*
Where I imploi'd my ſelfe no little time
About occaſions for a friend of mine:
For I did thinke to be from place remou'd,
Would make me ſoone forget the wench I lou'd.
Sap. *I rather thinke it would thy loue renew;*
Dory. Sapphus *it did; and farre more rigour ſhew:*
" *For true it is, when louers goe to wooe,*
" *Each mile's as long as ten, each houre as two.*

Whence

" *Whence each true louer by experience proues*
" *Man is not where he liues, but where he loues.*
For what delight, as all delights were there,
Could my enthralled minde refreſh or cheere,
Wanting my Loue, *whoſe only ſight could ſhow*
More true content than all the world could doe?
Yet ſtay'd I ſtill, expecting I ſhould heare,
How in my abſence, ſhe herſelfe did beare,
And whether thoſe ſame rumours which I heard,
Were true or falſe, as I found afterward.
Lin. *How went they* Dorycles?
Dor. *Howſo'ere they went*
I found Bellina *meerely innocent;*
Whence I inferr'd, that many times we wrong them,
By cauſeleſſe laying falſe aſperſions on them:
For I peceiu'd ſhe had beene woo'd by many,
But neuer yet affianc'd vnto any.
Coryd. *Thrice happie* Dorycles!
Dor. *Happie indeed,*
Till worſe euents did afterwards ſucceed.
Coryd. *What fate?*
Dor. *Farre worſe than ere on Shepheard leight.*
Tech. *Expreſſe it Heardſman;*
Dor. *So I purpoſe ſtreight.*
Hauing thus heard all rumours to be vaine,
I ſtreight reſolu'd to returne backe againe
Into my Countrey: where I found my wench
The ſame I left her when I came from thence;
So as in briefe, ſo happie was my ſtate,
I meant my marriage rites to conſummate.
Which that they might be done more ſolemnly,
All our young Shepheards *in a company,*

Addreſt

Addreſs'd themſelues to grace that day; beſide
The choiceſt Damſels *to attend the* Bride,
For to preuent occaſion of delay,
Set downe on both ſides was the Mariage day.
Tech. *Me thinkes this cannot chuſe but happen well;*
Dory. *Stay* Technis *heare, what afterwards befell!*
The Euen before that I ſhould maried be,
One came in all haſte and acquainted me
How Cacus *that vnciuill loſſell, would*
Carry the beſt Ram *that I had to fold;*
Wherewith incens'd withouten further ſtay,
Going to th' fold I met him in the way:
Who of my Ram *not onely me denide,*
But vs'd me in diſgracefull ſort beſide,
Which I diſtaſting, without more adoe
Reach'd my vnnurtur'd Cacus *ſuch a blow,*
As he in heat of paſſion aymd his Crooke
Iuſt at my head to wound me with the ſtroake:
Which I rewarded, ſo as by our men
Without more hurt we both were parted then.
But ſcarce had Phœbus *lodged in the Weſt,*
Till He, *whoſe fury would not let him reſt,*
Sent me a challenge ſtuffed with diſgrace,
Length of his Weapon, Second, *and the* Place.
Dym. *Then we muſt haue a field fought.*
Dory. *Without ſtay;*
I met him though it was my mariage day,
Though not on equall termes.
Tech. *More fit 't had bin*
T' encounter'd with Bellina *than with him.*
Sapp. *I would haue thought ſo* Technis;
Lin. *So would hee,*

If

If he had beene reſolu'd as he ſhould be.
Dor. *Shepheards 'tis true; but now it is too late,*
For to exclaime againſt relentleſſe fate,
Whoſe aduerſe hand preuented that delight,
Which louers reape in a bleſt nuptiall night. (Swaine;
Cor. *Thou mightſt with credit haue deferr'd it,*
Dor. *I know it,* Corydon: *but 'twas my aime*
To right my reputation, which did ſtand
Engag'd, vnleſſe I met him out a hand,
Which I perform'd, and with my Second *too,*
To beare me witneſſe what I meant to doe.
Dym. *And he perform'd the like;*
Dor. *He vow'd he would,*
And ſo indeed by Law of armes he ſhould,
But I perceiu'd his recreant ſpirit ſuch,
To fight on equall termes he thought too much:
Neere to Soranus *caue there ſtands a groue,*
Which Poets faine was conſecrate to Loue,
Though then it ſeem'd to be transform'd by fate,
From th' groue of Loue, *vnto the graue of* Hate;
There we did meet: where he out of diſtruſt,
Fearing the cauſe he fought for was not iuſt,
To ſecond his iniurious act, did bring
A rout of deſperate rogues along with him,
Who lurking, kept together till we met,
And ſo vpon aduantage me beſet,
As fight or fall, there was no remedie,
Such was the height of Cacus *villanie.*
Tech. *Who euer heard a more perfidious tricke?*
Dor. *Tis true; yet though my* Second *had been ſicke,*
And much enfeebled in his former ſtrength,
We held them play, till haplesly at length,

Through violence of fury, from him fell
His luckleſſe weapon.
Dym. *Oh I heare thee tell*
A heauy Scene!
Dor. *Yes* Dymnus *hadſt thou ſeene*
How our ſhed bloud purpled the flowrie greene,
What crimſon ſtreamlins flow'd from either of vs,
Thou wouldſt haue pitied, though thou nere did loue vs:
For hauing fought ſo long as we had breath,
Breathleſſe we lay as Images of death,
Bereft of ſenſe or Motion.
Sap. *'Las for woe,*
Any true Heardſman ſhould be vſed ſo.'
Cor. *What boundleſſe ſorrowes were ye plunged in!*
Dor. *Tis true; and worſer farre had vſed bin,*
Had not Dametas *that well natur'd Swaine,*
Repair'd that inſtant to our forlorne Plaine;
Who ſeeing vs, and in what ſtate we were,
In due compaſſion could not well forbeare
From ſhedding teares, ſo ſoone as he had found
Our red-bath'd Corpes faſt glewed to the ground.
Oft did he reare our Bodies, *but in vaine,*
For breathleſſe they fell to the Earth againe;
Oft did he rub our temples to reſtore
That vitall heat, which was ſuppreſt before:
But without hope of life, though life was there,
As Men of Earth, did we on Earth appeare.
At laſt aſſiſted by a Swaine or two,
(See what the Prouidence of Heauen can doe)
We were conueyed to a Graunge *hard by,*
Whereto were Surgeons ſent immediatly,
Whoſe learned ſkill drain'd from experience,

Brought

Brought vs in time to haue a little ſenſe
Of our endanger'd ſtate.
Dym. *But pray thee tell*
Whoſe hand expreſt moſt art?
Dor. *Graue* Aſtrophel,
Whoſe knowne experiments of Art haue ſhowne
More noble cures of late on this our Downe,
Than all our Mountebankes *could euer doe,*
For all theſe precious drugs they value ſo.
Sap. *Indeed I know* He *has much honour won*
For his admired Cures; good Shepheard on.
Dor. *Hauing long languiſh'd betwixt life and death,*
Remou'd from thought of loue for want of breath,
As men we liu'd expos' to dangers Sconce.
Lin. *Would not* Bellina *ſee thee?*
Dor. *Nere but once.*
For hauing heard there was no way but one,
And that in all mens iudgements I was gone,
Shee ſtraight reſolues to finde a cure for care,
That if I liu'd ſhe might haue one to ſpare.
Tech. *Why, made ſhee choice of any but thy ſelfe?*
Dor. *Yes* Technis *yes, and of a dwarfiſh elfe,*
Whom ſhe preferr'd, (though he could little pleaſe).
Before her firſt loue, hapleſſe Doricles.
Tech. *Inconſtant Swainlin.*
Dor. *Hauing heard of this,*
You may conceaue how griefe augmented is:
I ſtraight depriu'd of hope, began to raue,
And would not take what my Phyſician *gaue,*
But ſcorning all preſcriptions valued death
Aboue a languiſhing diſtaſtfull breath;
Till by perſwaſion and recourſe of time

Thoſe braine-ſicke paſſions and effects of mine
Depreſſed were: ſo as vpon a day,
The burden of my ſorrowes to allay,
And to expreſſe the nature of my wrong,
I ſet my hand to pen, and made a Song.
Dym. *Good* Dorycles *let's heare what it may be,*
It cannot but be good if't come from thee.
Dor. *Shepheards you ſhall; and if you thinke it fit,*
I lou'd her once, *ſhall be the* Tune *of it.*
Tech. *No* Tune *more proper; to it louely Swaine.*
Dor. *Attend then Shepherds to my dolefull ſtraine.*

THe faireſt faire that euer breath'd ayre,
Feeding her Lambkins on this Plaine;
To whom though many did repaire,
I was eſteem'd her deareſt Swaine.
To me ſhe vow'd, which vow ſhe broke,
That ſhe would fancie me or none,
But ſince ſhe has her Swaine forſooke,
I'le take me to a truer one.

Had ſhe beene firme, as ſhe was faire,
Or but perform'd what ſhe had vow'd,
I might haue ſung a fig for care,
And ſafely ſwum in fancies flood;
But ô the ſtaine of womanhood!
Who breakes with one, keepes touch with none;
Wherefore in hate to ſuch a brood,
I'le take me to a truer one.

Was't not enough to breake her vow,
And quit my loue with ſuch diſdaine,

But

But ſcornfully deride me too,
With ſcoffes to gratifie my paine?
But ſince my labours are in vaine,
Ile ſpend no more my time in mone,
But will my former loue diſclaime,
And take me to a truer one.

Who euer liu'd and ſhew'd more loue,
Or leſſe expreſt what ſhe did ſhow?
Who ſeeming firme ſo falſe could proue,
Or vow ſo much, and ſlight her vow?
But ſince I doe her nature know,
I am right glad that ſhe is gone;
For if I ſhoot in *Cupids* bow,
I'le take me to a truer one.

More faithleſſe faire nere ſpoke with tongue,
Or could proteſt leſſe what ſhe thought;
Nere Shepheard ſuffer'd greater wrong,
Or for leſſe profit euer wrought;
But ſince my hopes are turn'd to nought,
May neuer Heardſman make his mone
To one whoſe mold's in weakneſſe wrought,
But take him to a truer one.

Cor. *May all poore Swaines be henceforth warn'd by (thee;*
But didſt thou neuer ſince Bellina *ſee?*
Dor. *Yes, and her louely ſpouſe* Archetus *too,*
Who ſeeing me (quoth he) There doth he goe,
Who on a time, as I enformed am,
Would loſe his Laſſe *before he loſt his* Ram;
Which I retorted, ſaying, I thought beſt,

My butting Ram *ſhould be his worſhips creſt,*
Whoſe broad-ſpread frontlets did preſage what fate
Would in ſhort time attend his forked pate.
Sap. *Thou hit him home my* Dorycles; *but ſay,*
What ſaid ſhe to thee?
Dor. *Bit lip, and away;*
Though the next morne, my ſorrow to renew,
Shee ſent a Willow wreath *faſt bound with* Rew,
Which I accepted, but that I might ſhow
I neuer rue her breach of promiſe now,
The Rew *that tyde my* Wreath *I threw aſide,*
And with Hearts eaſe *my* Willow garland *tyde.*
Lin. *A good exchange.*
Dor. *Now Shepheards you haue heard*
My faithfull loue, and her vniuſt reward;
Did euer Swaine enioy the light of Sunne,
That bare ſuch iniuries as I haue done?
Tech. *Indeed thy wounds were great;*
Dym. *Yet mine as wide.*
Dor. *I miſt my* Loue, *and loſt my* bloud *beſide.*
Dym. *Suſpend thy iudgement, and thine eare incline*
Vnto my Tale, *and thou wilt yeeld to mine.*
Coryd. *Let's haue it* Dymnus;
Dym. *Heardſman ſo thou ſhalt,*
Yet if I weepe, impute it to the fault
Of my ſurcharged heart, which ſtill appeares
The beſt at eaſe, when eyes are full'ſt of teares.

The

The Argument.

DYmnus Palmira
Woes to be his Wife,
But ſhe had vow'd
To liue a ſingle life.

The ſecond Argument.

Dymnus with long looking dim,
Loues the wench that lotheth him;
Price nor praier may not perſwade
To infringe the vow ſhe made;
Hauing meant to liue and die
Veſta's virgin votarie.
Yet at laſt ſhe seemes to yeeld
To her loue-ſick *Swaine* the field,
So that he will vndertake
Three yeares ſilence for her ſake:
Which hard Pennance he receaues,
And performes the taske ſhe craues.
But while he reſtraines his tongue,
Shee pretends the time's too long:
Wherefore ſhe doth entertaine
In her breaſt another *Swaine.*

Dymnus hauing heard of this,
Hies to th' place where th' marriage is,
Purpoſing to make a breach
By dumbe ſignes, though want of speech:
But alas they all command him
Silence, cauſe none vnderſtand him.
Thus he ſuffers double wrong,
Loſſe of *wench*, and loſſe of *tongue*,
For till three yeares were expir'd,
He nere ſpoke what he deſir'd,
All which time conſum'd in dolour,
He diſplayes her in her colour;
And concluding, wiſheth no man
Loſe his tongue to gaine a woman:
And to cheere his penſiue heart,
With a *Song* they end this *part*.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Dymnus tale.

VPon a time while I did liue on Teeſe,
I made loue to a wench my friends to pleaſe,
But (as my fate was ſtill) it would not be,
For wooe I knew not how, no more than ſhe:
Yet I can well remember this ſhe ſaid,
For ought ſhe knew, ſhe meant to die a Maid,
A Veſtall *Virgin, or a Votareſſe,*
A cloyſter'd Nun, or holy Prioreſſe;
To which I anſwer'd, if't were her deſire
To be a Nun, *I meant to turne a* Frier,
So might it chance that we againe ſhould meet,
Where th' Nun *and* Frier *might play at Barly-breake.*

Cor.

Cor. *Where liu'd thy Loue?*
Dym. *Neere th' bottome of the hill,*
Betweene Pancarpus *temple and the mill,*
There liu'd my faire Palmira, *who I ſay,*
'Mongſt all our wenches bore th Palme *away:*
And her I lou'd and lik'd, and ſu'd and fought,
But all my loue and labour turn'd to nought;
For ſhe had vow'd which vow ſhould nere be broke,
Shee'd die a Maid, *but meant not as ſhe ſpoke.*
Dor. *No* Dymnus, *no, the niceſt ſure I am,*
Would liue a Maid if't were not for a man;
But there is none of them can brooke ſo well,
To be a Beareward and leade Apes in Hell.
Dym. *True* Dorycles, *for in proceſſe of time,*
I found her maiden humour to decline:
For ſhe did grant the boone which I did aske,
Vpon condition of a greater taske.
Lin. *What heauie cenſure might this* taske *afford?*
Dym. *That for three yeeres I ſhould not ſpeake a word.*
Cor. *Alas poore Swaine, this* taske *which ſhe prepar'd,*
In all my time the like was neuer heard.
Dor. *But this ſame* ſilent taske *had harder bin,*
If ſhe had prou'd what ſhe enioyned him:
For none can doe a woman greater wrong,
Than barre her from a priuiledge of tongue.
Sap. *A womans tongue's a clapper in the winde,*
Which once a foot, can neuer be confinde;
But to thy taske, *good* Dymnus.
Dym. *To proceed,*
What ſhe enioyn'd I did performe indeed:
For I appear'd as one depriu'd of ſpeech,
Yet nere my friends vnto my aimes could reach;

But

But much lamented that a Swaine ſo young,
And promiſing, ſhould loſe his vſe of tongue.
Tech. *I wonder how thou could expreſſe thy minde!*
Dym. *Onely by dumbe ſignes, ſo as I did finde*
Within ſhort time, a great facilitie
In that hard taske *which ſhe impoſed me.*
Lin. *Hardeſt aduentures oft the eaſieſt ſeeme,*
Only for loue of ſuch inioined them. (eaſe
Dym. *And ſuch were mine; when others talk'd with*
Of this and that, I euer held my peace;
Others ſung Carols of their faireſt faire,
But I in ſilent meaſures had a ſhare;
Others diſcours'd of pleaſures of the time,
And I approu'd them with a ſecret ſigne.
Others could court, as Shepheards vſe to doe,
Which I could doe as well, but durſt not ſhow:
For all my aymes and purpoſes did tend
To gaine my Loue, *and for no other end.*
Cor. *Did not performance of this* taske *obtaine*
That prize of loue which thou deſir'd to gaine?
Dym. *No* Corydon; *for though I did obey,*
Shee thought three yeares too long a time to ſtay,
So as her dumbe knight *ſhe did ſtraight diſclaime,*
And tooke her ſelfe vnto another Swaine.
Sap. *Diſloyall wench!*
Dym. *Yet 'las what remedie;*
A mariage is intended ſolemnlie:
Which that it might more priuatly be caried,
In a retyred Cell *they muſt be maried.*
Tech. *Vnhappy Swaine!*
Dym. *So did I then appeare:*
For when the mariage came vnto my eare,

I ſtraight repair'd to th' Cell *right ſpeedily,*
Where theſe ſad rites ſolemniz'd were to be.
Straite was the Gate kept by a Porter *grim,*
Who guards the doore that none ſhould enter in:
But I, as time requir'd, reſolu'd to venter,
Did boldly knock, and knocking freely enter;
Where entring in, each caſts his eye about,
Some full of feare, as others were of doubt,
What my approach ſhould meane; but to be briefe,
(Short tales ſeeme long that doe renue our griefe)
The Prieſt pronouncing, iuſtly as I came,
Who giues her to be maried to this man?
I ruſh'd into the croud, their hands to breake,
And gladly would haue ſpoke but durſt not ſpeake:
At which attempt, ſome ſtrange conſtructions had,
And verily imagin'd I was mad;
Others ſuſpecting what I did intend,
Thought that my aymes were to no other end,
Than to preuent the Mariage for that time,
And afterwards perſwade her to be mine.
Nor were their iudgements erring, for I thought
By my deuice to haue this Proiect wrought
Only by dumbe ſignes: ſometimes would I ſhow
With eyes heau'd vp to Heauen her breach of vow;
Sometimes in violent manner would I ſeeme
As if through loue I had diſtracted beene,
Pulling my deare Palmira *from his hand,*
Who to receiue her for his Spouſe did ſtand.
Sometimes, as Men in ſorrowes plunged deepe
And could not vtter them, I 'gan to weepe,
And waſh the Temple with a brinie flood,
Yet all this while I was not vnderſtood:

For

For in deſpite of all that I could doe,
I was reſtrain'd, and ſhe was married too.
Cor. *What diſcontent might equall this of thine?*
Dym. *Yet though I bore it ſharply for the time,*
I afterwards, and haue done euer ſince,
Borne this diſgrace with greater patience. (end!
Lin. *Yet* Dymnus *thou waſt* dumbe *till three yeeres*
Dym. *Yes* Linus, *and as truly did intend*
What ſhe enioyned me, as I deſir'd
To marrie her, when thoſe three yeeres expir'd:
Which comne and paſt, I then expreſt my griefe,
Finding apt words to tender me reliefe;
" *For woes doe labour of too great a birth,*
" *That want the helpe of words to ſet them forth.*
Tech. *But didſt thou nere diſplay her hatefull ſhame?*
Dym. *In generall I did, but not by name,*
Nor euer will: my purpoſe is to liue
And laugh at loue, and no occaſion giue
Of iuſt offence to her or any one,
Or ſilently conſume my time in mone,
Frequenting ſhadie Lawnes in diſcontent,
Or to the Ayre my fruitleſſe clamors vent.
Though I reſolue, if ere I make my choice,
In better ſort and meaſure to rejoyce
Than I haue done;
Dor. *Or elſe I'me ſure thy ſhare*
Though it decreaſe in ioy, will grow in care.
Dym. *I know it will: Now as my wrong was great,*
And greater farre than I could well repeat,
This ſhall be my Concluſion; There is no Man
Wiſe that will loſe his tongue for any Woman:
For ſure I am that they will be more prone

(*Such*

(Such is their guize) to triumph ouer one
When they haue drawne him headlong to their traine,
Than ſuch as on more firmer grounds remaine.
" *Fly Women, they will follow (ſtill ſay I)*
" *But if ye follow women, they will fly.*
Tech. *Rightly opinion'd* Dymnus ; *but t'allay*
Thy grounded griefe, and to conclude the day,
Let's haue a Song.
Dor. Technis *with all my heart.*
Dym. *Though I'ue ſmal mind to ſing, I'le beare a part.*
Cor. *And you too* Sapphus.
Sap. *Yes, and* Linus *too,*
Lin. *Yes, I my Art amongſt the reſt will ſhow.*
Dor. *To it then freely : ſafely ſing may we,*
Who haue beene ſlaues to Loue, but now are free.

Tech. TEll me Loue what thou canſt doe ?
Dor. Triumph ore a ſimple Swaine ;
Dym. Binding him to ſuch a vow ;
Cor. As to make his griefe thy gaine.
Sap. Doe thy worſt thou canſt doe now ;
Lin. Thou haſt ſhot at vs in vaine.
All. For we are free, though we did once complain.

Dor. Free we are as is the ayre ;
Tech. Or the ſiluer-murm'ring ſpring.
Dym. Free from thought or reach of care ;
Cor. Which doe hapleſſe Louers wring.
Sap. Now we may with ioy repaire ;
Lin. To our gladſome Plaines and ſing ;
All. And laugh at Loue, and call't an idle thing.

Dym.

Dym. Sport we may and feede our Sheepe,
Dor. And our Lamkins on this Downe;
Tech. Eat and drinke, and ſoundly ſleepe,
Cor. Since theſe ſtormes are ouer-blowne;
Sap. Whilſt afflicted wretches weepe,
Lin. That by loue are ouerthrowne:
All. For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

Cor. Here we reſt vpon theſe rocks;
Dym. Round with ſhadie *Iuy* wreath'd;
Dor. Ioying in our woolly flocks;
Tech. On theſe Mountaines freely breath'd;
Sap. Where though clad in ruſſet frocks,
Lin. Here we ſport where we are heath'd;
All. Our only care to ſee our Paſtures freath'd.

Sap. Thus we may retire in peace;
Cor. And though low, yet more ſecure,
Dym. Then thoſe Men which higher preaſe;
Dor. *Shrubs* than *Cedars* are more ſure:
Tech. And they liue at farre more eaſe,
Lin. Finding for each care a cure.
All. Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

Lin. For wherein conſiſts earths bliſſe,
Sap. But in hauing what is fit?
Cor. Which though greater men doe miſſe;
Dym. Homely Swaines oft light of it.
Dor. For who's he that liuing is,
Tech. That in higher place doth ſit,
All. Whoſe ſly Ambition would not higher git.

Tech.

Tech. Let vs then contented be,
Dor. In the portion we enioy;
Cor. And while we doe others ſee,
Sap. Toſs'd with guſts of all annoy;
Dym. Let vs ſay this feele not we:
Lin. Be our wenches kinde or coy,
All. We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

Dor. Let's now retire, it drawes to Euening time,
Next Tale *my* Corydon, *it muſt be thine.*
Tech. *Which may be done next day we hither come,*
Meane time, let's fold our flocks and hye vs home.

A Paſtorall Palinod.

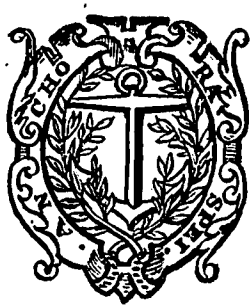
THeſe Swains *like dying* Swans *haue ſung their laſt,*
And ioy in thinking of thoſe woes *are paſt;*
For woes *once paſt, like pleaſing* paſtimes *ſeeme,*
And ioy vs more than if they had not beene. (Plaines,
Such Layes *become theſe* Launes, *ſuch* Plaints *theſe*
" *Great men may* higher *haue, no* heuier *ſtraines;*
For Swains *their* Swainlins *loue, and wooe them too,*
And doe as much as brauer outſides doe.
But Heardſmen *are retired from their ſhade*
Of Myrtle *ſprayes and ſprigs of* Oſyer *made,*
With purpoſe to reuiſit you to morrow,
Where other three *ſhall giue new life to ſorrow:*
Meane time repoſe, leſt when the Swaine *appeares,*
You fall aſleepe when you ſhould flow with teares.

FINIS.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

Too true poore ſhepheards *do this Prouerbe find,*
No ſooner out of ſight then out of mind.

[THE SECOND PART.]



LONDON,
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HIS PASTORALLS ARE HERE CONTINVED WITH THREE OTHER TALES;

hauing relation to a former part, as yet obſcured: and deuided into certaine Paſtorall Eglogues, ſhadowing much delight vnder a rurall ſubiect.

The Argument.

Here Corydon *proues,*
That nothing can be ſent,
To croſſe loue more,
Thē friends vnkind reſtraint.

The ſecond Argument.

Orydon coy *Celia* woes,
And his loue by tokens ſhowes.
Tokens are thoſe lures, that find
Beſt acceſſe to woman kind.
Long he woes ere he can win;

Yet at laſt ſhe fancieth him :
And ſo firme, as you ſhall heare,
Each to other troth-plight were ;
But alas, where loue is moſt,
There it oft-times moſt is croſt.
For theſe two are cloſly pent,
Each from other by reſtraint ;
He, vnto the plaine muſt go,
Loue-ſicke, heart-ſicke, full of wo,
Where he ſings ſuch chearefull layes,
In his chaſt choiſe, *Celias* praiſe,
That ſteepe mountaines, rocks and plaines,
Seeme entranced with his ſtraines :
But alas, while he does keepe,
Helpleſſe ſhepheard, hapleſſe ſheepe,
Celia for to ſeeke her *make*,
From her *keeper* makes eſcape,
And vnto the mountaine goes,
Where her ſelfe, her ſelfe doth loſe ;
While one of *Lauerna'es* crew,
Seizeth on her as his dew,
Where by force, by awe, by feare,
She was long detained there,
And in the end affianc'd ſo,
As ſhe ends her life in wo.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

The ſhepheards.

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.
Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Corydons tale.

NAy ſhepheards ſtay, there is no haſt but good,
We three are ſhepheards, and haue vnder-ſtood
Both of your follies and your fancies too ;
Dor. *Why tell vs* Corydon, *what thou wouldſt do !*
Cor. *Shew my misfortune Swaines, as you haue done,*
Tech. *Deferre it till to morrow* Corydon.
Cor. *No,* Technis *no, I cannot if I would,*
You'ue told your griefes, and now mine muſt be told :
What though the Sunne be drawing to the Weſt,
Where he intends to take his wonted reſt,
Tis Moone-light (lads) and if it were not light,
Welcome you are to lodge with me all night.
Dor. *Thankes* Corydon.
Cor. *Why thanke you* Corydon?
Simple and meane's the cottage where I won;
Yet well I wot, for cheſtnuts, cakes, and creame,
If you'le accept my welcome as I meane,
You ſhall not want, but haue ſufficient ſtore,
With hearty welcome ſwaines, what would ye more ?
Dym. *More* Corydon ! *t'is all that we can wiſh,*
But to thy tale, *let's heare now what it is.*
Dor. *Yes, do good* Corydon ; *and we will ſtay ;*

Cor. *Attend then ſhepheards, heare what I ſhall ſay.*
Sap. *And when you'ue done, I will begin with mine;*
Lin. *Which I'le continue in the euening time.*
Cor. *Well ſaid, good ſhepheards, we are iuſtly three,*
To anſwer their three tales, *and here for me.*
There was a Maid, *and well might ſhe be ſaid,*
So chaſt, ſo choice ſhe was, to be a Maid,
Where lillie white mixt with a cherrie red,
Such admiration in the ſhepheards bred,
As well was he that might but haue a ſight
Of her rare beauty mirror of delight.
Oft would ſhe come vnto a ſiluer ſpring,
Which neare her fathers houſe was neighboring,
Where ſhe would eye her ſelfe as ſhe did paſſe,
For ſhepheards vſe no other looking-glaſſe.
Tech. *True* Corydon.
Cor. *But which may ſeeme more rare,*
This Maid *ſhe was as wiſe as ſhe was faire;*
So as diſcretion did ſo moderate
The ſafe condition of her low eſtate,
As enuie neuer wrong'd her ſpotleſſe name,
Or ſoild her matchleſſe honour with defame.
Dor. *Vnder a happie Planet ſhe was borne,*
Cor. *She was indeed; nor did ſhe euer ſcorne,*
The company of any country maid,
How meane ſoere or ſluttiſhly araid:
But ſhe would be their play-fare, to make chuſe,
Of ſuch poore ſimple ſports as wenches vſe.
Yea in their wakes, ſhroues, waſſel-cups, or tides,
Or Whitſon-ales, or where the country brides
Chuſe out their bride-maids, as the cuſtome is,
She ſeld or neare was ſeene to do amiſſe:
But ſo reſpectiue of her name and fame,

That though ſhe bluſht, ſhe neuer bluſht for ſhame
Of any act immodeſt, but retain'd
That good opinion which her vertues gain'd.
Dym. *Sure* Corydon *this was a Saintly woman ;*
Cor. *Indeed ſuch Saints 'mongſt women are not cõmon:*
But to my ſtory ; her did many ſwaine,
By fruitleſſe ſuite endeuour to obtaine,
As young Spudippus, *rich* Archymorus,
Actiue Amintas, *youthfull* Hirſius.
Dor. *It ſeemes ſh'ad choice.*
Cor. *Yes* Dorycles, *ſhe had :*
And ſome of theſe were good, and ſome as bad,
But neither good nor bad, nor rich nor poore,
Could her content, though ſhe had daily ſtore.
Yet from Pandoras *box did nere proceed,*
More hatefull poyſon vpon humane ſeed,
Then from theſe forlorne louers, whoſe report,
(But iuſt is heauen, for thèy were plagued for't,)
Aſpers'd this ſcandall on faire Celia,
That ſhe had made her choice ſome other way.
Tech. *Vnworthy louers.*
Cor. *True indeed, they be*
Vnworthy th' loue of ſuch an one as ſhe ;
For Linus *you do know them ;*
Lin. *Yes, I do,*
But ſpecially Spudippus, *whom I know,*
To be thē notedſt cot-queane that's about him.
Tec. *Sure* Linus *thē ſhe could not chuſe but ſlout him.*
Cor. *Perhaps ſhe did, yet with that modeſtie,*
As ſhe did ſhadow it ſo couertly,
That he could ſcarce diſcouer what ſhe ment.
Lin. *How ere* Spudippus *would be patient.*

Dor. *Then he's ſome gull.*
Lin. *No he's a wealthy man,*
And ſuch an one as rightly, ſure I am,
Knows how much milke crummock *his cow will giue,*
And can diſcerne a riddle *from a* ſiue.
Cor. Linus, *it ſeemes thou knowes him paſſing well.*
Lin. *Las if I would, ſome ſtories I could tell,*
Would make you laugh: for as it chanc'd one day,
Some with my ſelfe did take his houſe by th' way,
Where we an houre or two meant to remaine,
To trie how he his friends would entertaine.
Dor. *And pray thee how?*
Lin. *I'le tell thee* Dorycles:
Hauing an houre or two taken our eaſe,
And readie to depart (I pray thee heare)
He ſent one of his Scullerie *for ſome beare,*
Which though long firſt, came in an earthen cup,
Which being giuen to me, I drunke it vp;
Which drunke.
Cor. *How then good* Linus, *pray thee ſay?*
Lin. *The reſt were forc'd to go a thirſt away.*
Dor. *Had he no more?*
Cor. *Thou vs'd him in his kind.*
Lin. *May all be vſed ſo that haue his mind.*
But much I feare me, I'ue diſturbed thee,
Now Corydon *ſhew what th'euent may be!*
Cor. *Long did theſe woe, but* Celia *could approue*
Of nothing leſſe then of theſe ſwainlings loue,
Yet would ſhe faine to fancie one of theſe,
Whereby ſhe might her bedrid *father pleaſe.*
Tech. *Had ſhe a father?*
Cor. *Yes, a furly Lout,*

Who

Who long had laine decrepit with the gout,
And liu'd for all the world, and ſo did die
Like to a hog, *that's pent vp in a* ſtie.
Dor. *Some cancred erwig.*
Cor. *True, a very elfe,*
Who car'd not who ſtarv'd, ſo he fed himſelfe.
He, as the want of one ſenſe is expreſt,
By giuing more perfection to the reſt,
For euen his ſenſe of feeling *did decline,*
Though he had bene a nigglar *in his time,*
Yea all thoſe mouing, actiue faculties,
Which in the heate of youth are wont to riſe,
Gaue way vnto ſuſpition, leſt his daughter
Through thoſe loue-luring gifts which many brought
Should fet her Maiden honor at whole ſale. (her,
Tech. *Age h'as an eare indeed for euery tale.*
Cor. *True,* Technis *true, for no affection can*
Haue more predominance ore any man,
Then iealouſie *a ſelfe-conſuming rage,*
Is ſaid to haue ore men of doting age.
Dor. *Thy reaſon* Corydon?
Cor. *That diſſeeme*
Of being now more weake then they haue bene,
Makes them repine at others now that may,
And are as able to beget as they.
Tech. *Tis rightly noted* Corydon.
Lin. *Yes, he*
Knowes by obſeuance whence theſe humors be,
Cor. Linus *I d, and better had I bene,*
If I had neuer knowne what theſe things meane;
But ſhepheards you ſhall heare the reaſon, why
I ſhould this Dicards humour thus deſcrie.

Sap. *Yes, do good Swaine.*
Cor. *It chanc'd vpon a night, (bright,*
A Moone-light night, when Moone and ſtarres ſhine
That I with other ſhepheards did repaire
*To th'*old-mans *houſe, and found faire* Celia *there,*
Whom I in curtſie with a kind ſalute,
Kiſt, & with ſpeaking heart though tongue was mute,
Wiſh'd, ô what wiſhes do poſſeſſe a mind,
That dare not vtter how his heart's inclind
She might be mine, thrice bleſt in being mine!
Dor. *Why didſt not woe her Swaine, for to be thine?*
Cor. *Yes* Dorycles *I woed her, though not then,*
For Maidens they are baſhfull amongſt men,
And dare not well in modeſtie impart,
What they could giue conſent to with their heart;
So as to tell thee truly Dorycles,
We paſt that night in making purpoſes,
Singing of catches, *with ſuch knowne delights.*
As young folke vſe to paſſe ore winter nights.
And at that time, I may be bold to tell thee,
For ſuch conceits I thought none could excell me.
For well you know, I was in Hyble *bred,*
And by the ſacred ſiſters *nouriſhed,*
So as being ſtor'd by Nature, help'd by art,
There was no ſtraine I bore not in ſome part:
Which gaue faire Celia *ſuch entire content,*
As ſhe diſcouerd after, what ſhe ment.
Though I may ſweare, for fiue month I came to her,
And with ſome termes of art affaid to woe her:
During which time, all th'anſwer I could get,
Was this; ſhe did not meane to marrie yet.
Tech. *That's all the anſwer theſe young women haue,*

While

While they reiect what after they receiue.
Cor. Technis, *indeed I did perceiue as much,*
Though all young wenches humours be not ſuch:
But th'greateſt cauſe of Celias *diſtaſte,*
Which made me many times the leſſer grac't,
Proceeded from that chrone *her dogged father,*
As after by coniectures I did gather:
Perſwading her, that ſhe ſhould plant her loue
On ſuch whoſe hopefull meanes might beſt approue
Her diſcreet choice: and that was not to be
Affianced to ſuch an one as me. *(faith,*
Dor. *Alas poore Swaine; 'tis true what th' Prouerbe*
We aske not what he is, but what he hath.
Cor. *And yet perſwaſions which her father vs'd,*
Could not preuaile with her, for ſhe had chus'd,
In heart I meane.
Tech. *Whom did ſhe dote vpon?*
Cor. *Will ye beleeue me!*
Tech. *Yes.*
Cor. *Twas* Corydon.
Lin. *Thrice happie ſwaine.*
Cor. *Thrice happie had I bene,*
If I had ſlept ſtill in this golden dreame;
But afterwards occurrences there were,
Which thus abridg'd my hopes, as you ſhall heare.
Such deepe impreſſion had affection made,
As there remained nothing vnaſſaid,
To conſummate our wiſhes, but the rite.
Tech. *Yes ſomething elſe.*
Cor. *What* Technis!
Tech. *Marriage night.*
Sap. *They had enioyed that, you may ſuppoſe.*

Cor.

Cor. *No,* Sapphus *no, ſhe was not one of thoſe:*
So modeſt, chaſt, reſpectiue of her name,
Pure and demure, as th'ſweetneſſe of her fame,
Aboue the choiſeſt odors that are ſent
From ſpicie Tmolus *flowrie continent,*
Sent forth that fragrant and delightfull ſauour,
As none ere heard, and did not ſeeke to haue her.
For ſundrie choiſe diſcourſes haue we had,
And I nere knew that ought could make her glad,
Which had leaſt taſte of lightneſſe.
Tech. *Sure thou art,*
So much thy praiſes reliſh true deſert,
Worthy ſuch vertuous beautie.
Cor. Technis *no,*
Albeit Celia *eſteem'd me ſo,*
As long and tedious ſeem'd that day to be,
Which did deuide her from my companie.
So as in ſilent groues and ſhady launes,
Where Siluans, water-nimphs, fairies, *and* faunes,
Vſe to frequent, there would we ſit and ſing,
Eying our beauties in a neighbour ſpring,
Whoſe ſiluer ſtreamlings with ſoft murmring noiſe,
To make our conſort perfect, gaue their voice.
And long did we obſerue this cuſtome too,
Though her conſent did bid me ceaſſe to woe:
For now I was no woer, but her loue,
And that ſo firmely linkt, as nought could moue,
Alter or ſunder our vnited hearts,
But meagre death, which all true louers parts.
Tech. *Then* Corydon, *to me it doth appeare,*
That you were troth-plight.
Cor. Technis *ſo we were.*

But

But ſee (good ſhepheards) what ſucceeded hence:
This loue ſhe bore me did her ſire *incenſe,*
So as diſcurteouſly he pent his daughter
In ſuch a vault, I could not ſee her after.
Which when my friends perceiu'd, they grieued were,
That th' loue which I his Celia *did beare,*
Should be rewarded with contempt and ſcorne,
Being for parentage equally borne,
With beſt of his, as moſt of you can tell.
Lin. *Proceed good* Corydon, *we know it well.*
Cor. *For was I not of* Polyarchus *line,*
A noble ſhepheard!
Sap. *True, who in his time*
Solemniz'd many wakes *on this our* downe,
And ere he dide was to that honour growne,
As all our plaines refounded with his laies,
Sung by our Swaines in Polyarchus *praiſe.*
Cor. *It ſeemes thou knew him* Sapphus : *but attend*
For now my ſtorie draweth neare an end.
My friends diſtaſting this repulſe of mine,
Forc'd me from th' courſe whereto I did incline:
So as my hopes confin'd, I'me driuen to go
From Adons *vale vnto a mount of wo.*
Lin. *Vnhappie ſhepheard.*
Cor. *And vnhappie ſheepe,*
For ill could I my heards from worrying keepe,
Though to that charge my friends enioyned me,
When I could ſcarcely keepe my owne hands free,
From doing violence vpon my ſelfe:
So as one day vpon a ragged ſhelfe,
Wreath'd round with Iuie, as I ſate alone,
Deſcanting Odes of ſorrow and of mone,

I chanc'd on my miſhap to meditate,
Celias *reſtraint, and my forlorne eſtate;*
Which done, I vow'd if ſpeedy remedy
Gaue no reliefe vnto my maladie,
That very cliff where I repos'd that day,
Should be the meanes to take my life away.
Tech. *O* Corydon *this foundeth of deſpaire.*
Cor. *It does indeed: but ſuch a watchfull care,*
Had gracious Pan *of me, that in ſhort time,*
Theſe motiues to deſpaire 'gan to decline,
And loſe their force: ſo as when griefes grew ripe,
I vs'd to take me to my oaten pipe.
Dor. *But ere thou proceed further, tell vs Swaine,*
Where all this time thou vſed to remaine.
Cor. *A broad-ſpread* oake *with aged armes & old,*
Directs the paſſenger the way he would,
Neare Cadmus *riſing hillocks, where the ſpring*
Of golden Tagus *vſeth oft to bring*
Such precious trafficke to the neighbour ſhore.
As former times through blindneſſe did adore
Thoſe curled ſtreames, wherein they did deſcry
Their loue to gold, by their Idolatrie:
That ſhady oake *I ſay, and that bleſt ſpring,*
In my diſtreſſe, gaue me ſuch harboring;
As night and day I did not thence remoue,
But waking mus'd, and ſleeping dream'd of loue.
Tech. *Who euer heard the like!*
Dor. *How didſt thou liue?*
Cor. *On hope.*
Tech. *Weake food.*
Cor. *Yet did it comfort giue,*
To my afflicted mind, which did deſire,

Euer

Euer to ſinge her wings in fancies fire.
For many weekes in this diſtreſt eſtate,
Wretched, forlorne, helpleſſe and deſolate,
Sate I deiected, muſing on deſpaire,
And when thoſe drerie clouds would once grow faire:
But las the more I did expect reliefe,
The leſſe hope had I to allay my griefe,
So as in th' end, as you ſhall after heare,
All meanes for my redreſſe abridged were.
But that you may perceiue what loue can do,
And how effectually her paſſions ſhow,
I who before I louely Celia *kent,*
Knew not what th' Heliconian *Muſes ment,*
Addreſt my ſelfe;
Lin. *To what good* Corydon?
Cor. *To write of loue, and thus my Muſe begun.*
Tech. *Pray thee kind Swaine let's heare what thou didſt write.*
Dor. *Yes do: for well I know it will delight*
S[h]epheards to heare, of ſhepheards amorous toyes;
Sap. *On then good* Corydon.
Cor. *Haue at ye Boyes.*

Celia ſpeake, or I am dombe,
Here I'le ſoiorne till thou come,
Seeke I will till I grow blind,
Till I may my *Celia* find.
For if *tongue-tide*, ſtring would breake,
If I heard but *Celia* ſpeake;
And if *blind*, I ſoone ſhould ſee,
Had I but a ſight of thee;
Or if *lame*, loue would find feete,
Might I once with *Celia* meete;

Or

Or if *deafe*, ſhould I but heare
Loues ſweete accents from thy eare :
Thy choice notes would me reſtore,
That I ſhould be *deafe* no more.
Thus though *dombe*, *blind*, *deafe*, and *lame*,
Heard I but my *Celias* name,
I ſhould *ſpeake*, *ſee*, *heare*, and *go*,
Vowing, *Celia* made me ſo.

Tech. *Beſhrow me* Corydon, *if I had thought,*
That loue *ſuch ſtrange effects could ere haue wrought.*
Cor. *Yes* Technis, *yes*, loue's *ſuch a wondrous thing,*
That it will make one plungd in ſorrow ſing,
And ſinging weepe, for griefe is wont to borrow
Some ſtrains of ioy, that ioy might end in ſorrow.
For what is woe (as we muſt needs confeſſe it)
Hauing both tongue and teares for to expreſſe it,
But a beguiling griefe, whoſe nature's ſuch,
It can forget, leſt it ſhould grieue too much.
Dor. *Indeed ſuch ſorrow ſeldome laſteth long,*
But ſay good Swaine, heard Celia *of thy ſong ?*
Cor. *I know not*, Dorycles : *but twas her lot,*
That from her keeper afterwards ſhe got.
Tech. *Happie eſcape.*
Cor. *Ah* Technis, *ſay not ſo,*
For this eſcape gaue new increaſe to wo ;
Lin. *How could that be ?*
Cor. *Heare but what did enſue,*
She was preuented by a ruffin-crue,
As ſhe vpon the mountaines rom'd about,
Through deſart caues to find her ſhepheard out.
Tech. *Alas poore wench; what were they* Corydon ?
Cor. *Such as did haunt there, and did liue vpon*
Rapine

Rapine and violence, triumphing in
Impunitie, ſole motiue vnto ſin.
In briefe, they were, for ſo they did profeſſe,
Of braue Lauerna'es *crue, that patroneſſe*
Of all diſorder, and each euening time
Offer'd ſtolne booties to her godleſſe ſhrine.
Tech. *Miſhap aboue miſhaps.*
Cor. *True, ſo it was;*
My laſſe ſhe loſt her lad, the lad his laſſe.
And ſundry daies, this rout *did her detaine,*
While hapleſſe, helpleſſe ſhe did ſore complaine
Of their inhumane vſage, but her griefe,
Sighs, ſobs, teares, throbs, could yeeld her ſmall reliefe:
For in the end one of this forlorne crew,
Seiz'd on my long-lou'd Celia *as his dew,*
To whom eſpouſd whether ſhe would or no,
She ends her life, her tedious life, in wo.
Lin. *A ſad euent: but can ſhe not be freed?*
Cor. *To what end* Linus, *ſhe's diſhonoured!*
Tech. *Vnhappie fate.*
Cor. *Beſides, ſhe now is tide,*
And by enforcement, made anothers Bride.
Come ſhepheards come, and ſay if euer time,
Made heardmens woes ſo ripe, as't hath done mine.
Sap. *Yes* Corydon, *though thou thy griefes haſt ſhowne,*
Which makes thee thinke none equall to thine owne,
I haue a Tale *will moue compaſſion too,*
If Swaines haue any pittie.
Dym. *Pray thee how?*
Sap. *Nay I will not be daintie; but attend,*
And then compare our ſtories to the end,

And

And you'le conclude that neuer any Swaine
Did loue ſo well, and reape ſo ſmall a gaine.

The Argument.

SApphus *woes* Siluia,
Yet he thinks it ill,
To take to that,
Which he did neuer till.

The ſecond Argument.

SHe, whoſe ſweet and gracefull ſpeech,
Might all other ſhepheards teach:
She, whom countries did admire,
For her preſence and attire:
She, whoſe choiſe perfections mou'd,
Thoſe that knew her to be lou'd.
She, euen *Siluia*, for ſaue ſhe,
None ſo faire, and firme could be;
When ſhe ſhould be *Sapphus* Bride,
And their hands were to be tide
With their hearts in marriage knot,
Sapphus heares of *Siluias* blot.
Whereby *Sapphus* doth collect,

How

How hard it is for to affect,
Such an one as will reioyce,
And content her in her choice;
He concludes, ſince all things be
Certaine in vncertaintie,
Who would truſt what women ſay,
Who can do but what they may.
„ Forts are won by foes aſſault,
„ If Maids yeeld, it is Mans fault.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Sapphus tale.

Had a Loue *as well as any you,*
And ſuch an one, as had ſhe but her due,
Deſeru'd the ſeruice of the worthieſt ſwaine
That ere fed ſheepe vpon the Weſterne *plaine.*
Dym. *Good* Sapphus *ſay, what was thy laſſes name?*
Was it not Siluia?
Sap. *The very ſame;*
It ſeemes thou knew her.
Dym. *Yes exceeding well,*
And might haue knowne her, but I would not mell,
In more familiar ſort.
Sap. *Vnworthy Swaine,*
Did her affection merit ſuch a ſtaine?
Suppoſe ſhe threw ſome looſer lookes vpon thee,
And thou collected thence ſhe would haue won thee,
Is this th'requitall of the loue ſhe bore?
Dym. *Nay on good* Sapphus, *I'le do ſo no more.*
Sap. *No more! why now I ſweare, and may be bold*
That Dymnus *would haue done it if he could.*

Why ſir, what parts were euer in you yet,
That ſhe on you ſuch fancie ſhould haue ſet?
Tech. *Fie, ſhepheards fie, we come not here to ſcold:*
Come Sapphus, *tell thy* tale *as we haue told.*
Sap. Dymnus *doth interrupt me.*
Lin. Dymnus *ceaſſe.*
Dym. *Nay I haue done, ſo he will hold his peace.*
But to vpbraid me, that I had no part
To gaine her loue, I ſcorne it with my heart:
For Ile auouch.
Tech. *Nay then the ſtrife's begun.*
Dor. Dymnus *for ſhame.*
Dym. *Nay ſhepheards, I haue done.*
Dor. *Pray then proceed good* Sapphus.
Sap. *Willingly:*
Though I can hardly brooke this iniury.
Dym. *Why* Sapphus, *I am ſure thou know'ſt all this,*
That ſhe was light.
Sap. *I know ſhe did amiſſe,*
Yet I muſt tell you Dymnus, *'t had bene fit,*
That rather I then you had noted it:
For it concern'd me moſt.
Dym. *Pray let it reſt,*
I did not know ſo much, I may proteſt.
Sap. Dymnus, *enough: and thus I do proceed;*
Vpon a time when I my flocks did feed,
Her father Thyrſis *chanc'd to come that way,*
And to obſerue me more, a while made ſtay
Vpon the Downe, *where I did feede my ſheepe:*
Who eying me, how duely I did keepe
My woollie ſtore (as I had care) from worrien,
Scab, ſought, the rot or any kind of murren:

Tooke

Tooke ſuch a liking on me, as to ſay
The very truth, vpon next holy day,
He did inuite me to his houſe, where I
Found what was loue in louely Siluia's *eye.*
In briefe, I lou'd her, I may boldly tell,
And this her father notes, and likes it well:
For oft vs'd he to ſay, right ſure I am,
A penny in a man then with a man,
He did eſteeme more of, which he applide
Vnto that care which he in me deſcride.
Dym. *A iolly Swaine he was.*
Sap. *He was indeed,*
And on theſe Downs *more frolicke* rams *did breed,*
Then any Swainling that did dwell about him,
And truth to ſay, they would do nought without him.
Dor. *Tis ſaid that* Thirsk *frõ* Thirſis *tooke her name,*
Who thither with his heards a grazing came,
And plaid vpon his pipe ſuch pleaſant ſtraines,
As he yet liues vpon the neighbour plaines.
Sap. *This know I* Dorycles, *that in my hearing,*
He pip'd ſo ſweete, that many ſhepheards fearing
Th'melodious ſtraines which iſſued from his reed,
Would ſo amaze their flocks they could not feede:
Ioyntly together in a ſecret caue,
Where Palms *and* Mirtles *their increaſing haue,*
They ſo contriu'd an harbour *for the nonſt,*
That he might from the ſcorching Sunne be ſconſt,
And ſing at pleaſure, while his accents raiſing,
Heardſmen were hearing, and their heards were gra-
For curious ſeats hewne from the ſolid ſtone, (zing.
Were aptly fram'd for Swaines to ſit vpon,
Who in his voice conceiu'd ſuch choice delight,

As a whole Sommer day from morne to night,
Seem'd but an houre, ſo ſweetly did he ſing,
While euery day he found out some new ſpring.
But all too long digreſſion haue I made;
Falling in loue with Siluia *as I ſaid,*
I ſaw *and periſhd*, periſhd, *for it coſt*
My libertie, which I by ſeeing loſt.
Dor. *Deare was that ſight.*
Sap. *Yet dearer may I ſweare,*
Was ſhe to me, then any ſenſes were:
For other obiects I did wholly ſhon,
Chuſing her ſelfe for me to looke vpon.
Neither was I hope-reft, for ſhe did ſeeme
To fancie me, hows'euer ſhe did meane;
And I deſeru'd it, as I thought that day,
For clothed in my ſuite of ſhepheards gray,
With buttond cap and buskins all of one,
I may aſſure you (heardſmen) *I thought none*
On all our Downe *more neate or handſome was,*
Or did deſerue more kindneſſe from his laſſe.
Dym. *A good conceit doth well.*
Sap. *And truth was this,*
She ſhew'd me all reſpect that I could wiſh,
And vndiſſembled too, I am perſwaded,
Though afterwards all that affection faded.
For on a day, (this I thought good to tell,
That you may thence perceiue ſhe lou'd me well)
In a greene ſhadie harbour *I repos'd,*
With Sycamours *and* Iunipers *enclos'd,*
She priuately into the harbour *crept,*
Which ſeene, I fain'd aſleepe, but neuer ſlept.
Tech. *A faire occaſion!*

Lin.

Lin. *How did ſhe reueale*
Her loue?
Sap. *If you had felt, what I did feele,*
You neuer would awakt, but wiſht do die, [*to*
In ſuch a ſoule-beguiling phantaſie.
For firſt ſhe eyed me, nor contented ſo,
With nimble pace ſhe to my lips did go:
And calls, and clings, and clips me round about,
Vſing a ſoft-ſweete dalliance with her foote,
Not to awake me from my chearefull dreame,
But to impart what ſhe in heart did meane;
Wherewith I ſeem'd to wake.
Tech. *Why didſt thou ſo?*
Sap. Technis, *I thought ſhe trod vpon my toe,*
But as I wak'd, ſhe without further ſtay,
Dying her cheekes with bluſhes, ſtole away.
Dym. *This ſhew'd ſhe lou'd thee.*
Sap. *So I know ſhe did,*
But who can perfect what the fates *forbid?*
For long we liued thus, and loued too,
With vowes as firme as faith and troth could do,
That nought ſhould ere infringe that nuptiall band,
Confirm'd betwixt vs two with heart and hand.
So as with Thirſis *knowledge and conſent,*
After ſo many weekes in loue-toyes ſpent,
It was agreed vpon by either ſide,
That I ſhould be her Bridegroome, *ſhe my* Bride.
And th'day of Solemnization was ſet downe,
So as the choiſeſt youths in all the towne,
Addreſt themſelues, for I was valued then
Amongſt the chiefeſt Swaines, to be my men.
Lin. *I know it* Sapphus, *both thy wealth and worth,*

Were both of power enough to ſet thee forth.
Sap. *In briefe, for I your patience might wrong,*
To ſtand vpon theſe marriage rites too long;
To th' Church we went, ſuſpecting I may ſweare,
No ſuch euents as after did appeare.
Tech. *What ſad euents, good* Sapphus?
Sap. *Being now*
Come to do that which we could nere vndo,
The Prieſt pronounc'd a charge, whereby was ment,
If either of vs knew impediment,
Why we ſhould not be ioyned, then to ſpeake,
That we in time might ſuch a wedlocke *breake;*
Or any one there preſent ſhould ſhew cauſe,
Why we might not be married by the lawes:
There to declare, in publicke one of theſe,
Or elſe for euer after hold their peace.
God ſpeed them well, ſaid all, ſaue onely one,
Who ſtood from thence ſome diſtance all alone,
Crying, aloud in open audience,
Sapphus *forbeare, there is no conſcience,*
That thou ſhould ioyne thy hand to one *defil'd;*
At leaſt prouide a father *for her* child,
Which ſhe kind pregnant wench is great withall,
And, who ere got it, will thee father *call.*
Tech. *This was a ſtrange preuention.*
Sap. *I confeſſe it,*
But if y'ad heard how Meuus *did expreſſe it,*
(For ſo his name was) you would haue admir'd
His frontleſſe impudence.
Dym. *Sure he was hir'd,*
To fruſtrate these ſolemnities.
Sap. *Ah no,*

Beleeue

Beleeue me Dymnus *it was nothing ſo:*
For ſhe was fruitfull long before her time,
But th' fault was hers, it was no fact of mine:
So as her neighbours iudg'd and cenſurd on her,
That ſhe begun by time to take vpon her.
But this ſhall be in ſilence paſt for me,
Onely ſhe's ſhadowed in my *Omphale.
And ſo characſtred, as the time may come,
Siluia *ſhall be as* Flora *was in* Rome.
Dor. *But what ſucceeded hence?*
Sap. *Vpon this voice*
There ſtreight aroſe a ſtrange confuſed noiſe,
Some Meuus *tax'd, and ſaid he was to blame,*
To blemiſh any modeſt Maidens name;
Others were doubtfull, leſt it ſhould be true,
And thus they thought, and thus it did enſue.
I now ſuſpicious of this foule diſhonour,
Which Meuus *publickly had laid vpon her:*
Reſolu'd thoſe ſolemne ſpouſals to delay,
And put them off vntill another day:
Meane while, (attend me Swains) when th'day came on
That I ſhould marrie, Siluia *had a ſonne.*
Cor. *God bleſſe the boy.*
Dym. *Who might the child begit?*
Sap. *Nay* Dymnus *ſure, who euer fatherd it.*
Dym. *Who I!*
Sap. *Nay bluſh not man, for you haue told,*
You might oft-times haue done it if you wold;
But I do wiſh her all the good I can,
And praiſe her choiſe, though I be not the man.
Tech. *Vnhappie choice!*
Dor. *Hard fate!*

* *A Poem entitled* Omphale.

T'is nothing ſo,
You'le heare a choiſe more fatall ere you go.
Theſe were but toyes to entertaine the time,
Prepare your handkerchers *if you'le haue mine.*
All. *What, muſt we weepe?*
Lin. *Shepheards a while forbeare,*
And if there be no cauſe, iudge when you heare.

The Argument.

LInus *doth* Lesbia *loue,*
And woe, and win,
And after by her
Lightneſſe wrongeth him.

The ſecond Argument.

IOuely *Leſbia*, who might be,
For birth, beauty, quality,
Styled Natures Paragon,
Fram'd for *Swaines* to dote vpon;
In a word for to expreſſe,
Feature of this *Shepheardeſſe*,
If you would her ſtature know,
She was neither high nor low;

But

But of ſuch a middle ſize,
As if Nature did deuiſe,
(For as't ſeemeth ſo ſhe ment)
To make her, her preſident;
With a Sun-reflecting eye,
Skin more ſmooth then iuory;
Cherrie lip, a dimple chin,
Made for loue to lodge him in;
A ſweete chearing-chaſing ſent,
Which perfum'd ground where ſhe went;
A perſwaſiue ſpeech, whoſe tongue
Strucke deepe admiration dombe.
She, euen ſhe, whom all approu'd,
Is by liuely *Linus* lou'd,
And at laſt (what would ye more)
Though ſhe was betroth'd before
To *Palemon*, that braue Swaine,
Who quite droupes through her diſdaine,
Is with rites ſolemnized,
Vnto *Linus* married;
Whom he finds (as heauen is iuſt)
After, ſtaind with boundleſſe luſt,
So as he laments his ſtate,
Of all moſt vnfortunate,
That he ſhould in hope of pelfe,
Wrong both others and himſelfe.

THE

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Linus tale.

Lou'd a laſſe, *alas that ere I lou'd,*
Who as ſhe ſeem'd to be, if ſhe had prou'd,
A worthier Swaine *the countrey nere had bred,*
And her I woing won, and winning wed.
Tech. *I like thee* Linus, *thy preamble's ſhort;*
Lin. Technis, *indeed I am not of that ſort,*
Who for a thing of nought will pule and crie,
And childiſhly put finger in the eye;
The burden of my griefe is great to beare.
Dor. *What is it* Linus, *pray thee let vs heare?*
Lin. *The* Maid *I got, and* Lesbia *was her name,*
Was to another troth-plight ere I came.
Cor. *How ſhould ſhe* Linus *then be got by thee?*
Lin. *It was my fate, or her inconſtancie.*
Hows'ere I haue her, and poſſeſſe her now,
And would be glad to giue her one of you.
Tech. *Art wearie of thy choice?*
Lin. Technis, *I am,*
For I'me perſwaded ſhe'd wearie any man.
So ſeeming ſmooth ſhe is and euer was,
As if ſhe hardly could ſay Michaelmas:
But priuately ſo violently fierce,
As I'me afraid her name *will ſpoile my verſe.*
Cor. *This is ſome* hornet *ſure.*
Lin. *A very* waſpe,

Whoſe

Whoſe forked tongue who euer ſhould vnclaſpe,
Would find't a taske to charme it.
Dym. *Is't ſo tart;*
Lin. *O* Dymnus, *that thou didſt but feele a part*
Of my affliction, thou wouldſt ſurely mone,
And pittie me, that's matcht to ſuch an one;
For tell me ſhepheards was there ere ſo rare,
A crime, wherein my Lesbia *doth not ſhare?*
Proud, (though before as humble to the eye
As ere was Maid) ſo as one may deſcrie,
Euen by her outward habit what ſhe is,
And by her wanton geſture gather this:
If thou be chaſt, thy body wrongs thee much,
For thy light carriage ſaith, thou art none ſuch.
Sap. *Some faſhion-monger I durſt pawne my life.*
Lin. Sapphus *'tis true, ſuch is poore* Linus *wife,*
Though ill it ſeemes a country Shepheardeſſe,
Such harſh fantaſticke faſhions to profeſſe:
One day vnto a Barber *ſhe'de repaire,*
And for what end but this, to cut her haire,
So as like to a Boy *ſhe did appeare,*
Hauing her haire round cut vnto her eare.
Cor. *Good* Linus *ſay, how lookt that* Minx *of thine?*
Lin. *Like to a fleeceleſſe Ewe at ſhearing time.*
So cowd ſhe was, as next day ſhe did ſhow her
Vpon the Downs, *but not a Swaine could know her;*
So ſtrangely clipt ſhe ſeem'd, and in diſguiſe,
So monſtrous ougly, as none could deuiſe
To ſee one clad in lothſomer attire:
And this ſhe knew was farre from my deſire,
For I did euer hate it.
Tech. *Pray thee Lad*

Tell

Tell vs in earneſt how ſhe might be clad!
Lin. *There is a faſhion now brought vp of late,*
Which here our country Blouzes imitate,
The cauſe whereof I do not thinke it fit,
If I did know't, for to discouer it,
But ſure I iudge, ſome rot's *in womans ioynts,*
Which makes them faine to tye them vp with points.
Dym. *With points!*
Lin. *Yes* Dymnus, *that's the faſhion now,*
Whereof I haue a tale, *right well I know,*
Will make you laugh.
Dor. *Let's heare that* tale *of thine.*
Lin. *Shepheards you ſhall; it chanc'd vpon a time,*
That Lesbia, *whoſe ſpirit euer would*
Obſerue the faſhion, do I what I could,
Bearing a port far higher in a word,
Then my abilitie could well afford:
That ſhe I ſay into this faſhion got,
(As what was th'faſhion ſhe affected not).
Of tying on with points *her looſer waſte;*
Now I obſeruing how her points *were plaſt,*
The Euen before ſhe to a wake *ſhould go,*
I all her points *did ſecretly vndo,*
Yet therewithall ſuch eaſie knots did make,
That they might hold till ſhe got to the wake,
Which ſhe not minding.
Cor. *On good* Linus, *on.*
Lin. *She hyes her to the* wake (*my* Corydon)
Where ſhe no ſooner came, then ſhe's tane in,
And nimbly falls vnto her reuelling,
But ſee the lucke on't, while ſhe ſcuds and skips,
Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,

Whereat

Whereat ſome laught, while others tooke ſome ruth,
That ſhe vncas'd, ſhould ſhew the naked truth.
But heare what happen'd hence, ere th'ſetting Sunne
Lodg'd in the Weſt, ſhe heard what I had done;
So as reſolu'd to quite me in my kind,
Next morne betime, ſhe Hylus *chanc'd to find.*
Sap. *Who,* Clytus *boy!*
Lin. *Yes* Sapphus, *ſelfe-ſame Lad,*
Who was a good boy, ere ſhe made him bad.
Tech. *Pray* Linus *how?*
Lin. *Through her immodeſtie,*
She him allur'd for to diſhonour me.
Tech. *Diſloyall* Lesbia; *but pray the ſhew,*
Did Hylus *(harmleſſe youth) conſent thereto?*
Lin. Technis, *he did;*
Dor. *How ſhouldſt thou know as much?*
Lin. *She did diſplay't her ſelfe.*
Dor. *Is her ſhame ſuch?*
Lin. *Yes, and withall deſide me to my face,*
With ſuch iniurious ſpeeches of diſgrace,
As patience could not beare.
Tech. *And didſt thou beare them?*
Lin. *Yes,* Technis *yes, & ſmild when I did heare them*
For this is my conceit, it ſeemeth no man,
To ſhew his violence vnto a woman.
Dym. Linus *ſayes well, but womans nature's ſuch,*
They will preſume if men do beare too much.
For if the tongue vpon defiance ſtand,
The tongue ſhould be reuenged by the hand.
Lin. *Some would haue done it* Dymnus, *but I thought*
If I reuenge by ſuch baſe meanes had fought,
The woreld would condemne me; ſhe could blind

Moſt

Moſt men with an opinion, ſhe was kind,
But in a modeſt ſort: for on a time,
Rich Amphybæus *offring to the ſhrine*
Of Panaretus *(as there went report)*
Sought for her loue in a diſhoneſt ſort,
With price, with prayer, yet nere attain'd his aime,
To ſoile her honour, or her vertues ſtaine;
Sap. *Women are nice when ſimple heard-men craue it,*
And will ſay nay, when they the fainſt would haue it.
Lin. *'Tis right; and now good ſhepheards tell me true,*
Haue I not cauſe, for I'le be iudg'd by you,
To mone my hard miſhap?
Tech. *Thou haſt indeed.* *(bleed;*
Cor. *Thy woes, friend* Linus, *make my heartſtrings*
Lin. *I thanke you all; but will you heare a ſong,*
Penn'd in the meditation of my wrong!
Dor. *For loues-ſake do!*
Lin. *Iudge if the* deſcant *fit*
The burden *of my griefe, for this is it;*
As for the note *before I further go,*
My tune *is this*, and who can blame my woe?

If *Marriage* life yeeld ſuch content,
What heauie hap haue I,
Whoſe life with griefe and ſorrow ſpent,
Wiſh death, yet cannot die;
She's bent to ſmile when I do ſtorme,
When I am chearefull too,
She ſeemes to loure, then who can cure,
Or counterpoize my woe?

My marriage day chac'd you away,

For

For I haue found it true,
That *bed* which did all ioyes diſplay,
Became a *bed* of rue;
Where *aſpes* do brouze on fancies floure,
And beauties bloſſome too:
Then where's that power on earth may cure,
Or counterpoize my woe?

I thought *loue* was the *lampe* of life,
No *life* without'en *loue*,
No *loue* like to a faithfull *wife:*
Which when I ſought to proue,
I found her birth was not on earth,
For ought that I could know;
Of good ones I perceiu'd a dearth,
Then who can cure my woe?

Zantippe was a iealous ſhrow,
And *Menalippe* too,
Fauſtina had a ſtormie brow,
Corinna'es like did ſhow;
Yet theſe were Saints compar'd to mine,
For mirth and mildleſſe too:
Who runs diuiſion all her time,
Then who can cure my woe?

My *boord* no diſhes can afford,
But *chafing diſhes* all,
Where ſelfe-will domineres as Lord,
To keepe poore me in thrall;
My diſcontent giues her content,
My friend ſhe vowes her foe:

How

How ſhould I then my ſorrowes vent,
Or *cure* my endleſſe woe?

No *cure* to *care*, farewell all ioy,
Retire poore ſoule and die,
Yet ere thou die, thy ſelfe employ,
That thou maiſt mount the skie;
Where thou may moue commanding *Ioue*,
That *Pluto* he might go
To wed thy *wife*, who end't thy life,
For this will cure thy wo!

Dym. *I iudge by this, that thou wouldſt faine forſake*
And freely giue her any that would take her. (*her,*
Lin. Dymnus *I would, but I my* croſſe *muſt beare,*
As I haue done before this many yeare;
But ſince our griefes are equally expreſt,
Let's now compare which is the heauieſt!
Tech. *I loſt my* Amarillida;
Dor. *But ſhe*
Was nothing to Bellina.
Dym. *No, nor ſhe*
Like to my faire Palmira.
Cor. *Nor all three*
Equall to Celia;
Sap. *Let* Siluia *be*
The onely faire.
Lin. *Admit, they all were faire,*
Your griefes with me, *may haue no equall ſhare,*
For you are free, ſo as perhaps you may
Make choice of ſome, *may be as faire as they;*
But I am bound, and that in ſuch a knot,

As

As onely death may it vnloofe, or not.
Tech. *To* Linus *muſt we yeeld; but who are theſe?*
Dor. *Two iollie ſhepheards, that do hither preſe,*
With ribbon fauours, and roſemary ſprigs,
Chanting along our Downes *their rurall ijgs,*
As to ſome wedding boun;
Sap. *You may preſume,*
For Iohn vnto the May-pole *is their tune,*
And that's their bridall note.
Lin. *Let vs draw neare them,*
Cloſe to this ſhadie Beech, *where we may heare them.*

The ſhepheards holy-day, reduced in apt meaſures to Hobbinalls Galliard, or Iohn to the May-pole.

Forth of a curious Spinet *graced with the beſt rarities of* Art *and* Nature, Mopſus *a ſhepheard, and* Marina *a ſhepheardeſſe, ſinging a Nuptiall hymne in the way to the Bridall.*

MOpſo. *Come* Marina *let's away,*
For both Bride *and* Bridegroome *ſtay,*
Fie for ſhame are Swaines ſo long,
Pinning of their head-geare on?
Pray thee ſee,
None but we,
Mongſt the Swaines are left vnreadie,
Fie, make haſt,
Bride *is paſt,*
Follow me and I will leade thee.

Mar. *On my louely* Mopſus, *on,*
I am readie, all is done,
From my head vnto my foote,
I am fitted each way to't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Beſt that all our flocks do render,
Hat of ſtroe,
Platted through,
Cherrie lip and middle ſlender.

Mop. *And I thinke you will not find*
Mopſus *any whit behind,*
For he loues as well to go,
As moſt part of ſhepheards do.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the leg I won at dancing,
And a pumpe
Fit to iumpe,
When we ſhepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a ſort,
Will be well prouided for't,
For I heare, there will be there
Liuelieſt Swaines within the Shere:
Ietting Gill,
Iumping Will,
Ore the floore will haue their meaſure:
Kit *and* Kate,
There will waite,
Tib *and* Tom *will take their pleaſure.*

Mar.

Mar. *But I feare;*
Mop. *What doeſt thou feare?*
Mat. Crowd *the fidler is not there:*
And my mind delighted is,
With no ſtroake ſo much as his.
Mop. *If not he,*
There will be
Drone *the piper that will trounce it.*
Mar. *But if* Crowd,
Strucke aloud,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mop. *Bounce it* Mall, *I hope thou will,*
For I know that thou haſt skill,
And I am ſure thou there ſhalt find,
Meaſures ſtore to pleaſe thy mind;
Roundelayes,
Iriſh-hayes,
Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramſie,
Spaniletto,
The Venetto,
Iohn come kiſſe me, Wilſons fancie.

Mar. *But of all there's none ſo ſprightly*
To my eare, as tutch me lightly:
For it's this we ſhepheards loue,
Being that which moſt doth moue;
There, there, there,
To a haire,
O Tim Crowd, *me thinks I heare thee,*
Young nor old,
Nere could hold,
But muſt leake *if they come nere thee.*

Mop. *Bluſh* Marina, *fie for ſhame,*
Blemiſh not a ſhepheard's name;
Mar. Mopſus *why, is't ſuch a matter,*
Maids *to ſhew their yeelding nature?*
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will beare your ſelues ſo froward,
When you find
Vs inclin'd,
To your bed *and* boord *ſo toward?*

Mop. *True indeed, the fault is ours,*
Though we tearme it oft-times yours;
Mar. *What would ſhepheards haue vs do,*
But to yeeld when they do wo?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with our riches.
Mop. *Yet we know,*
Oft-times too,
You'le not ſticke to weare the breches.

Mar. *Fooles they'le deeme them, that do heare them*
Say, their wiues are wont to weare them:
For I know there's none has wit,
Can endure or ſuffer it;
But if they
Haue no ſtay,
Nor diſcretion (as tis common)
Then they may
Giue the ſway,
As is fitting to the woman.

Mop.

Mop. *All too long* (deare loue) *I weene,*
Haue we ſtood vpon this theame:
Let each laſſe, *as once it was,*
Loue her Swaine, *and* Swaine *his* laſſe:
So ſhall we
Honor'd be,
In our mating, in our meeting,
While we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, *with his* Sweeting.

Dor. *How ſay you* ſhepheards, *ſhall we all repaire*
Vnto this wedding, *to allay our care?*
Dym. *Agreed for me.*
Tech. *And I am well content.*
Cor. *On then, let's make our life a merriment.*
Sap. *See where they come!*
May Hymen *aye defend them.*
Lin. *And far more ioy then I haue had God ſend them.*

FINIS.

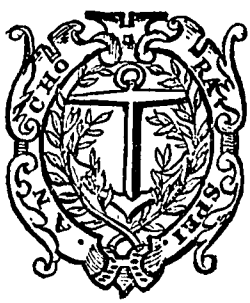
OMPHALE,

OR,

THE INCONSTANT

SHEPHEARDESSE.

Perijſſem, niſi perijſſem.



LONDON,

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WHITAKER.

1621.

To her in whoſe chaſt breaſt
choiſeſt vertues, as in their
Abſtract, are ſeated:

The accompliſhd Lady P. W. *wife to the*
Nobly-deſcended S.T.W. Knight:
and daughter to the much
honoured, S.R.C.

All correſpondence to her worthieſt
wiſhes.

OMPHALE,

OR,

THE INCONSANT SHEPHEARDESSE.

IN bondage free, in freedome bound
I am,
A hopeleſſe, hapleſſe, loue-ſicke,
life-ſicke man;
When I write ought, ſtreight loue
preuenteth me,
And bids me write of nought but Omphale:
When I ride Eaſt, *my heart is in the* Weſt,
Lodg'd in the center of her virgin-breaſt.
The homelieſt cell would chearefull ſeeme to me,
If I in it might liue with Omphale.
My youth growes ag'd, for though I'me in my prime,
Loue hath made furrowes in this face of mine;
So as laſt day (aye me vnhappie elfe)
Looking in th' glaſſe, I ſcarce could know my ſelfe.
And I, from whom theſe ſharpe extreames did grow,
Was not content, but I muſt tell her *too,*
Which made her *proud, for few or none there are,*
(If women) but they'r proud if they be faire.
All this laſt Sommer hath it bene my hap,
To ſport, toy, play, and wanton in her lap,

And

And euer th'more I plaid, if so I could,
Or ſtrength admitted meanes, the more I would:
For truth *confirmes that* Maxime, *where we find*
A louing, loyall, well-diſpoſed mind,
Preſt for encounter, there we loue to plant,
Feeding on Loues delights in midſt of want;
For Loue contemnes all want, and counts't a gaine,
To purchaſe one houres ioy with two yeares paine.
Alas how oft (too oft thou well may ſay)
Haue I in priuate ſpent with her *the day,*
Inuoking th' Sunne, plants, heauen, and earth and all,
If fall I ſhould, ſhe did procure my fall?
And ſtill ſhe vow'd, and bit her lip, and ſlept
Apart from me, and wip'd her eyes and wept,
And ſtood and chid, and call'd me moſt vniuſt,
To harbour in my boſome ſuch diſtruſt.
And I (too credulous I) as one diſmaid,
Was forced to recant what I had ſaid,
Swearing I was reſolu'd that th' conſtancie,
Of *Hypemneſtra *match'd not* Omphale.
Thus did I gull my ſelfe to ſooth my loue,
Who prou'd a Serpent, *though ſhe ſeem'd a* Doue:
For vowes, proteſts, and all that ſhe had ſpoken,
Were by her light affection quickly broken.
And whence came this? not frō me, heauen thou knowes,
But from my loue who triumphs in my woes;
My loue; *raze out that name: ſhe was indeed,*
When thou *and* ſhe *your lambkins vs'd to feede*
On Arnus *flowrie banks, being wont to make*
Poſies and noſegaies for her ſhepheards ſake,
And bind them to his hooke; *but let that paſſe,*
She *is not* ſhe *nor time the ſame it was.*

** Or Hypermneſtra, one of the fiftie daughters of Danaus, who out of a tender nuptiall affection, ſaued her huſband Lynceus from that great ſlaughter which was committed by her ſiſters, in ſlaying their husbands.*

For

For then (ô then) ſuſpicious eyes were free,
And none but heauenly bodies lookt on thee;
(Too faire ſpectators,) *though we now and then*
Diſpence with Gods ſight rather then with men.
And can ſhe thinke on this and not relent,
Or thinking not of this, can ſhe conſent
To leaue Admetus? *Yes, why can ſhe not!*
Now loues ſhe Cloris, *and I feare his lot*
Will proue as fatall, for her very eye
Tells me ſhe meanes to tread her ſhoe awry.
And this I ſaw before, and durſt not ſee,
For th' loue I bore to her, perſwaded me
She could not be ſo thankeleſſe, as requite
My faithfull ſeruice with ſuch ſtrange deſpite:
Yet I perceiu'd, not by ſuſpicious feare,
But by the Organs both of eye and eare,
That loue was fained which to me ſhe bore,
Reſeruing others *to ſupply her ſtore.*
And I confeſſe in th' end I iealous grew,
For ſome *had many fauours, I but few;*
Others *had ſmiles, I frownes, ſo as I ſay,*
I found her former fancie fall away,
Which gaue increaſe to griefe, cauſe to my eye
To looke into her ſteps more narrowly;
So as poore foole (ſo vainely did I erre)
I thought each buſh *did play th' Adulterer,*
So violent was this paſſion; which to ſhow,
Though of Actæons *there be ſtore enow,*
I briefly meane, (and let all others paſſe)
To tell you how my iealous humour was.
Each thing I ey'd, did repreſent to me,
The louely feature of my Omphale,

Yet

Yet ſo, as ſtill that precious forme I ſaw,
Did by attractiue power another draw,
To make her forme more complete, for we know,
Number can ne're conſiſt of leſſe then two.
Streight did I ſee, (ſuſpition made me ſee)
My ſelfe made cuckold in a phantaſie,
Which in my thoughts ſuch deepe impreſſion tooke,
As now and then I threw away my booke,
Calling my ſelfe an Aſſe, to pore on that
Which gaue my wench time to cornute my pate;
And to confirme the height of my diſgrace,
Suffer the rifling of her common place.
Sometimes in ſilent nights, when hoarie care
Is charm'd aſleepe, and men exempted are
From day-bred paſſions, would I ſtart from bed,
And ſweare, the night *had me diſhonoured;*
While ſhe *(ſleepe-lulled ſoule) did thinke no harme,*
But lay entwining me with arme in arme:
Yet hearing me ſhe wakt, and chid me too,
For doing (humerous foole) *what I did do,*
And as ſhe chid I wept, yet inward faine,
My dreames prou'd falſe. I went to bed againe.
If I but found her in diſcourſe with any,
I ſtreight renounc'd her loue, and ſwore too many
Were factors in my Pinnace, *yet one frowne*
Sent from her brow, ſubdude me as her owne.
If ſhe receiu'd a letter from a friend,
I ſtreight coniectur'd what it did intend;
Suppoſing (vaine ſuppoſe) where th' place ſhould be,
That witneſſe might the ſhame of Omphale:
To which I vow'd reuenge, though nothing were,
But my owne thoughts that miniſtred this feare.

Oft

Oft would I faine (for what were all my thoughts,
But fictions meerely) that ſhe played nought
With her owne ſhadow, *and* Narciſſus-*like,*
That in her forme ſhe tooke ſuch quaint delight,
As forced now to ſurfet on her ſtore,
She prou'd this true: Much plentie made her poore.
Thus did her preſence cauſe me to admire her,
Her abſence like occaſion to deſire her;
Without whoſe preſence, though the Sunne ſhone faire,
All ſeemed darke, becauſe ſhe was not there.
Laſt time we parted with teare-trickling eye,
Hand ioyn'd in hand right ceremonially,
I calld the heauens and ſacred powers aboue,
To witneſſe with me my vnfained loue,
And vow'd withall, if ere it ſhould appeare,
I broke the faith which I had plight to her,
Or entred any bed laſciuiouſly,
Intending to play falſe with Omphale,
Or entertain'd leaſt thought of diſreſpect
To her *or* hers *in nature of neglect,*
Or euer cancell'd th' deed, *which (heauens you know,*
Was ſeal'd and was deliuer'd twixt vs two)
Or euer chang'd my fancie, to deuide
My ſhared loue vnto another Bride,
Or ere diſclaim'd what I in ſecret vow'd,
Or diſallow what Hymen *had allow'd;*
If this or that, or any of theſe all,
Should cenſure me of lightneſſe, that my fall
Might recompence my ſhame (which heauens forbid)
And this I vow'd to do, and this I did.
Nor did ſhe *ſpare to ſecond me in this,*
But wiſh'd if ere ſhe chanc'd to do amiſſe,

With

With an intent of ill, or violate
Thoſe ſolemne heſts our loues had conſummate,
Or ſtain'd that ſpouſall reſt, *that* bleſt repoſe,
Where two encountred, yet were neither foes;
Or diſeſteem'd my loue, or prized it
Leſſe then a conſtant louer did befit,
Or let one day or night paſſe careleſly,
Without recalling me to memory,
Or giue occaſion to the world to ſay,
She loues another when her loue's away,
Or entertaine a ſauour, *or deſcry*
Leaſt of affection by alluring eye,
Or riot in my abſence, or conſort
With any that might blemiſh her report,
Or frequent publicke preſence, which might moue
A ſubiect *for varietie of loue:*
If this *or* that, *or any ſhould begin*
To taxe her life, might vengeance plague her ſinne.
Thus we both vow'd, and thus we parted too,
But heare how ſoone my loue infring'd her vow;
No ſooner had the region *of the* Weſt,
Remou'd me from my loue, and reft me reſt,
Where ſteepie mountaines ragged and vneuen,
Oſſa *and* Pelion-*like do menace heauen,*
Where ſcalpie hils and ſandie vales imply,
The ploughmans toile's requited ſlenderly;
Where their courſe feeding and their homely fare,
Makes their wits lumpiſh, and their bodies ſpare:
Then ſhe (inconſtant ſhe) forgot me cleane,
And all her vowes, as if I had not bene.
Diſtance of place, made diſtance in our loue,
And as my body mou'd, her loue did moue

From

From her firſt center: thus euen in my Prime,
Did my loue change, when I did change my clime.
Thus like blind Cupids *ball (by fancie croſt)*
Was I to euery hazard ſtrangely toſt;
Thus was my ſeruice guerdon'd with diſgrace,
While Cloris *crept into* Admetus *place:*
And can her height of ſinne be thus forgot?
No, wanton no, who is it knowes it not?
So as thy crime thy nature will display,
And make thy ſtorie worſe then Creſſida,
Who in contempt of faith, (as we do reade)
Reiected Troilus *for* Diomede!
Canſt thou make ſhew of loue to me or any,
That art expos'd to louing of ſo many?
Canſt thou haue heart to vow, when thou forſooke,
And didſt infringe the oath which thou firſt tooke?
Canſt thou haue face to come in open light,
That haſt incurr'd reuenge in his pure ſight,
Whoſe vengeance thou inuok't? canſt thou repaire
Vnto thy ſex, or taſte the common ayre,
Hauing, (by making of thy faith ſo common)
Infected th' ayre, *impeach'd the* Sex *of women?*
Canſt thou looke on that faithleſſe hand of thine,
And giue it to another being mine?
Canſt thou, and ſee that face, not bluſh to ſee
Thoſe teares thou ſhed, and vowes thou made to me?
Or canſt embrace another in thy bed,
Hearing thy firſt eſpouſed friend not dead?
Suppoſe I ſhould ſurprize thee, could I long
Reſtraine my hand, and not reuenge my wrong?
Could I allay my paſſion vnexpreſt,
Or ſee th' Adulterer *ſleepe within thy breſt?*

Could

Could I endure my bed *ſhould be abus'd,*
Or ſee her *ſtrumpeted, whom I had chus'd?*
Could I content my ſelfe to ſee my ſhame,
And coward-like, not to redreſſe the ſame?
No, no infatiate thou, ſooner could time
Leaue his gradation, or the Sunne *to ſhine,*
Light bodies to aſcend and leaue their center,
Riuers their downeward courſe, then I ſhould venter
My patience on that odds: but fooliſh I,
That gaue no credit to mine eare or eye,
But made my ſenſes *all* Caſſandra's, *where*
Mine eare *preſag'd, yet I'de not truſt mine* eare:
Such ſtrange diſtempers doth this Circe *breed,*
This phrenſie-*fancie in a louers head,*
That though he heare, ſee, taſte, *and* touch, & ſmell
His loues vnkindneſſe, yet he dare not tell,
But muſt renounce th' inſtruction of all theſe.
Yea, (euen himſelfe) that he his wench may pleaſe.
O why ſhould man tearme woman *th' weaker kind,*
Since they are ſtronger, *as we daily find,*
In will, *and* head, *although their huſbands browes,*
Oft to a harder kind of temper *growes?*
So as for all that we do ſtyle them weaker,
They oft become to be their huſbands maker!
But now Admetus, *wilt thou pine and die,*
And waſte thy ſelfe for her inconſtancie?
Wilt thou lament the loſſe of ſuch an one,
As hath reſolu'd to keepe her faith with none?
Or canſt thou dote on her, *that longs to be*
Affected of each youth that ſhe doth ſee?
No, no Admetus, *ſince ſhe proues vntrue,*
Shed not one teare nor ſigh, for none is due,

But

But offer Pan *the chiefe of all thy flocke,*
That thou art rid of ſuch a weathercocke.
Now maiſt thou pipe vpon thy oaten reede,
Whileſt thy Mug-ſheepe *on* Arnus *paſtures feede:*
Where bonnie Clytus *will attend on thee,*
And Mopſus *too will keepe thee companie.*
There the late-freed Capnus *will repaire,*
And ioy to taſte the freedome *of the ayre;*
Where he will deſcant on no rurall theame,
But on Ambitions *curbe,* the golden meane.
And ioy he may, for who did euer heare
Such alterations as in him *appeare?*
Where long reſtraint hath labour'd to reſtore
That loue *to* him *which he had loſt before.*
With whom Admetus *may in conſort ioynè,*
Comparing of your fortunes one by one;
He *to regaine the* loue *which he had loſt,*
Thou *to forget her loue that wrong'd* thee *moſt.*
And well would this beſeeme Admetus *ſtraine,*
" *For ſhepheards ſhould not laugh at others paine,*
But in compaſſion of their grieues and them,
To imitate their paſſions *in the ſame.*
And this's a better courſe, and ſafer too,
Then to do that which thou ſo late didſt do,
Pining and puling, wiſhing death *appeare,*
Which for thy wiſhes was no whit the neare.
" For death (whē we are happie) will come nie vs, Iole in Oet. Her.
" But if we wretched be, then death will flie vs.
How oft hath my experience made this good,
When wiſhing death, I was by death withſtood?
For ſtill I thought my woes would haue an end
If *Death *arriu'd, afflictions welcome friend.*

* Mors ſola portus, dabitur ærumnis locus. *ibid. Deian.*

But th' more I ſought, the more he *fled from me,*
To make me riper in my miſerie:
" For griefe is of that nature, as it growes
" In age, ſo new effects it daily ſhowes.
Yet now thou *liues (and thanks to th'powers aboue)*
Haſt neare by this, ſuppreſt the thoughts of loue.
Now canſt thou feed, *and* ſleepe, *and* laugh, & talke,
Sport, *and tell tales, refreſh thy ſelfe, and walke*
In flowrie Meedes, whileſt thou ſeeſt Cloris' *hing*
His iealous head to heare the Cuckow ſing.
Alas (poore man) what bondage is he in,
To ſerue a Swaine that's cauteriz'd in ſin,
Expos'd to ſhame, and proſtitute to luſt,
In whom nor's grace, nor faith, nor loue, nor truſt?
And heauen I wiſh, ſhe may in time reclaime
Her former courſe, and rectifie the fame:
But th' Pumice ſtone will hardly water yeeld,
Or grace appeare in ſuch a barren field:
For ſuch light mates *encompaſſe her about,*
As Vertue's choak't before it can take roote.
O Cloris, *if thou knew* Admetus *mind,*
And th' hard conceit he h'as of womankind,
Whoſe faireſt lookes, *are* lures, affections, baits,
Words, wind, vowes, vaine, *and their* proteſts deceits,
Songs, charms, teares, traines *to trace vs to our end,*
Smiles, ſnares, frowns, fears, *which to our ruine tend:*
Then wouldſt thou (Cloris) *cenſure* Omphale,
The pregnant mirror of inconſtancie,
And curbe thy fancie, ere it haue leaſt part
In one *can vow ſo often with one heart.*
For heare me (Cloris) *ſhe did neuer ſhow*

More

More loue to thee, *then ſhe to others too:*
Yet what art thou (if man) maiſt build thee more
Vpon her faith then others *did before?*
What art thou canſt perſwade thy ſelfe of this,
She'le not tread right, h'as trod ſo long amiſſe,
Or that ſhe'le now proue conſtant, that h'as prou'd,
So faithleſſe to the moſt, that ſhe has lou'd?
No, Cloris, *no, the* Prouerbe *it is true,*
And is confirm'd in her whom thou doeſt sue;
" To waſh the Moore, is labouring in vaine,
" For th'colour that he h'as, is di'd in graine.
So th'more thou ſtriues to make her blacknes white,
Thou drawes heauens curtaine to diſplay her night.
Her night *indeed, ſaue that no ſtarres appeare,*
(No lights of grace) within her hemi-ſpheare,
But th'changing Moone, whoſe lightneſſe doth expreſſe
That light-inconſtant mind of Omphales:
" *Where* Vertue *ſeemes at* Nature *to complaine,*
" *That* vice *ſhould be at* full, *and ſhe at* waine.
Yet Nature anſwers, ſhe h'as done her part,
And that the fault is rather in her heart,
That is ſo ſpacious, to entertaine
The wauering loue of euery wanton Swaine.
And I aſſent to Nature, for it's ſhowne,
By her rare workemanſhip, what ſhe h'as done,
In giuing beautie luſtre, her *content;*
In forming her, *her ſelfe to repreſent.*
And reaſon good; for when I thinke vpon,
That Zeuxes, Phydias, *and* Pigmalion,
(Thoſe natiue artiſts) *who indeed did ſtriue*
To make their curious ſtatues *ſeeme aliue,*
Reducing art *to* Nature; *then I find,*

Nature had cauſe to ſatisfie her mind
In ſomething aboue art, *that after-time*
Might moue her *to reioyce*, art *to repine.*
And what more mouing patterne *could there be,*
Then the admired forme of Omphale,
Whoſe feature equall'd Nature, *and did ſhow*
The very Spring *whence fancie's ſaid to flow?*
For firſt her ſtature's ſeemely, which I call,
Neither too dwarfiſh low, nor giant-tall;
Her front *a riſing mount, her* eyes *two lamps,*
Which, whereſoere ſhe lookes impreſſion ſtamps;
Her cheeke *twixt roſie red and ſnowie white,*
Attracts an admiration with delight;
Her noſe *nor long nor ſhort, nor high nor low,*
Nor flat, nor ſharpe, the token of a ſhrow;
Her mouth *nor ferret-ſtraite, nor callet-broade,*
But of an apt proportion, as it ſhould;
Her breath *the fragrant odour, which loue ſips*
From theſe two cherrie portels of her lips;
Where thoſe two iuory pales or rowes of teeth,
Accent her ſpeech, perfumed by her breath;
Her chin *th'inclining vale, deuided is,*
By th' daintie dimple of loues choiſeſt bliſſe,
Which, as maine flouds from ſmalleſt currents flow,
Deriues her ſweets to th'riuelings below;
Her necke *a rocke enazur'd with pure veines*
Of orient pearle, which with amorous chaines
Of loue's deſir'd embraces, charmes the eye,
And tyes it to her obiect, *when ſhe's by;*
Her breaſts *two Orbs or Mounts, or what you will*
That may include perfection, which to fill
The world with admiration, are layd out,

To

To worke the feate her lightneſſe *goes about;*
Two prettie nipples, one oppos'd gainſt t'other,
Challenge the name of Nurſe aſwell as Mother:
Though ſome (for ſtate makes loue to children worſe)
Scorne, being mothers to become their nurſe.
In briefe her *all, (becauſe I'le not deſcend,*
In praiſe of that, *where praiſes haue no end)*
Is beauties faire Idæa, *which implies*
Height of content, to loues amazed eyes.
And yet this ſhe, *the modell of delight,*
Though outward faire, ſeemes to my inward ſight,
As ſpotted as the Ermine, *whoſe ſmooth ſkin,*
Though it be faire without, is foule within.
For what more foule then vice? *but chiefly that*
Which makes a woman to degenerate,
From her more ſhamefaſt Sex, where modeſtie
Should ſit vpon her cheeke, *to verifie* (reſt,
*What th'*Comick *ſaid:* *ſtraid thoughts find neuer
" But ſhamefaſt lookes become a woman beſt.
Indeed they do; for there is greater fence,
That ſhame *ſhould moue man more then* impudence;
For baſhfull lookes adde fuell to loues fire,
*While th'*ſpirit *of* luſt *doth with her flame expire.*
Which makes me wonder, that th' interiour light
Whence man reſembles God, ſhould loſe his ſight,
By doting on an Idoll, that can take
To charme loues dazled eyes a Syrens *ſhape,*
Making Art *vye with* Nature *for the beſt,*
And foiling that which ſhould ſurpaſſe the reſt.
For what is faire, *if that be all there is,*
But an eye-pleaſing thing, that yeelds no bliſſe,
Wanting that inward faire, *which who enioyes,*

* Errant, nec ſedem repetunt ſerenam Quæ petulanti corde reſurgunt, &c.

Eſteemes all outward ornaments as toyes,
Compared to that beauty, which no Art
Could euer equall, or expreſſe in part?
Indeed the grace of vertue is more rare,
And exquisite, when ſhe *that's* good *is faire,*
For ſhe *becomes moſt complete well we know,*
That's grac'd with vertue and with beautie too.
* Socrates. *Whence that experienſt* * *Morall vs'd to reach*
A looking glaſſe to ſuch as he did teach;
Wherein, if ſuch were faire themſelues did eye,
He would exhort them rather to apply
Their minds *to* vertue, *for great pittie twere,*
Foule ſoules (*quoth he*) ſhould haue a face ſo faire:
But if deform'd, he ſtreight would counſell them,
With wholeſome precepts to ſupply the ſame;
For fit it were (*quoth he*) a face ſo foule,
Should be prouided of a beauteous ſoule.
But rare's this compoſition, for we find,
Seldome that double bliſſe in woman-kind,
Where ſhe *that's* faire *can ſoone admire her owne,*
And knowes what Nature for her ſelfe hath done:
Yea ſhe by this can learne another ſtraine,
Put on coy looks, *and th'faſhion of* diſdaine, (breath,
Minſ-ſpeech, huff-pace, ſleeke-ſkin, *and* perfum'd
Goats-haire, breſts-bare, plume-fronted, fricace-
All which infuſe new motions into man, (teeth,
Late borrow'd of th' Italian Curtezan.
But now to thee *thou wanton, will I come,*
To taxe, not viſit that polluted tombe,
Of all infection, which to giue it due,
Is now become no Temple *but a* flue;
Tell me, diſdainfull faire, if I ere wrong'd,

Or

Or thee, *or any that to* thee *belong'd!*
Haue I incurr'd diſhonour, or deuoted
My loue to many, whereby I am noted?
Haue I bene too profuſe in my reſpect,
To otherſome, and blancht thee with neglect?
Haue I incurr'd a merited diſgrace,
In begging loue when thou was out of place?
Haue I by courting any, ere expreſt,
My ſelfe ought leſſe then what I ſtill profeſt?
Didſt euer ſee a fauour worne by me,
But that poore bracelet *I receiu'd of thee,*
Twiſted with gold, and with thy faithleſſe haire,
Which now I'ue throwne away *with all my care?*
Did I ere vow and breake, as thou haſt done,
Or plight my faith (ſaue thee) *to any one?*
Why then ſhouldſt thou infringe that ſacred oath,
Which with a kiſſe was ſealed to vs both,
When ſcarce one houre *did vs occaſion giue,*
(So ſhort was time) to take our laſting leaue?
But I can gueſſe where thou wilt lay the blame;
Not on thy ſelfe, *but on* them *whence thou came.*
That luſtfull flocke *I meane, which gaue beginning*
To thee of being firſt, and then of ſinning.
It's true indeed, we know a poiſoned ſpring,
Can feld or neuer wholeſome water bring,
Nor can we looke that any barren field,
Should ought ſaue tares *or fruitleſſe Darnell yeeld:*
For this from Scripture may collected be,
" Such as the fruite is, ſuch is ſtill the tree.
Too late I find this true, and heauens I wiſh,
My former harmes may caution me *of this;*
For what is ill deſcendeth in a blood,

Sooner and furer too, then what is good.
" For th'fathers vertues ſtill attend his bere,
" And being dead, with him lie buried there ;
" But th'vices which he had are not content
" To die with him, but liue in his deſcent.
So natiue is thy ill, hauing her birth
From that corrupted ſtock *which brought thee forth,*
As ſooner may the Æthiope *become white,*
Th' Cymmerian *pitchie ſhade tranſparent light,*
The Tiger *leaue his nature, th'*Wolfe *his prey,*
The Sunne *to guide the chariot of the day,*
The * Pellican *her deſart, or the* * Craine,
That nat'rall loue which in her doth remaine
Vnto her parents ; then thy parents *ſhame,*
Got by their ſinne, *be wiped from thy* name.
No wanton, no, thy darkneſſe is diſplayd,
Which can by no meanes re-diſperſe her ſhade,
But ſhall ſuruiue all time ; for it's the will
Of Powers aboue, there ſhould be life in ill,
As well as good : *that th'* memory *of the firſt*
Might make ſucceeding ages count her curſt.
For I haue red (and thou was cauſe I red)
Some fickle Dames *in ſtories mentioned,*
Whoſe ſmall reſpect to th' honour of their name,
Hath made them ſince the laſting heires *of ſhame :*
And ſuch were Meſſalina, Martia,
Fauſtina, Lays, Claudia, * Portia,
Two of which name there were of different kind,
In th' various disproportion of their mind ;
" *One good, one ill, one light, one conſtant prouing,*
" *One ſpouſall-lothing, one her honour louing.*
But which of theſe *can equall* Omphale ?

* Queis pario perio ; quod acerbæ prolis imago Extitit, & teneræ nota parentis erit. *vid. Alcyat.*

* Quæ parenti confecto ætate conſulit, eique preſtando natale officium, proprijs alis gerit. *vid. Baſil. in Homil.*

* *Portia the famous Curtizan ; and that noble Ladie, an eminent patterne of modeſtie, wife to Port. Cato the Senatour.*

Or

Or which of theſe *liue more licentiouſly ?*
All patternes in their time (as well they might)
And cautions too, to moue vs tread aright
That do ſucceed them: yet obſerue this ſtaine,
This wedlocks-blemiſh, and you will complaine,
Of th'preſent times, that they'r more ripe in ſinne,
And breach of faith, then former times haue bin.
More ripe *indeed, for where's that age become,*
" Folke di'd for loue, as we haue red of ſome,
Who their affections ſo implanted haue,
As nought could bury fancie but their graue ?
But theſe were childiſh times; indeed they were,
For rather then for her *I'de ſhed one teare,*
That diſeſteemes my loue, or ſend one grone,
Or ſigh, or ſob, or pule, or make a mone,
Or fold my armes, as forlorne louers vſe,
Or grieue to loſe, when ſhe doth others chuſe,
Or breake my ſleepe, or take a ſolemne faſt,
I wiſh that taske *might be* Admetus *laſt.*
No Omphale, *though time was when I mourn'd,*
That time is chang'd, and now my humour's turn'd;
So as I ſcarce remember what thou art,
That once lay neare and deare vnto my heart.
Now is my Paſture *greene and flouriſhing,*
And poore Melampus *which was wont to hing*
His heauie head (kind curre) for's maiſters ſake,
Begins his ſullen humour to forſake.
Now is my bottle mended, and my hooke,
My bag, my pipe, ſo as if thou ſhould looke,
And ſee Admetus *with his woollie ſtore,*
Thou'de ſay, he were not th'man he was before;
And iudge him too, (to ſee him now reuiue,

And

And change his note) the happieſt man aliue.
And ſo I am, to liue and leaue to loue,
(Though faithfull mates would flinty natures
Whoſe rare effects the Poet *ſeemes to ſhow,* moue)
When wiues expreſſe th'affections which they owe.
" * Turtle with Turtle, husband with his mate,
" In diſtinct kindes one loue participate.
But ſince affection is ſo rare to find,
Where th'face weares not the liuerie of the mind,
And womans vowes (as * *th'*Satyre *rightly ſaith)*
Be rather made for complement then faith ;
Be free from loue Admetus : *if not free,*
At leaſt from loue of ſuch as Omphale.

* Turture ſic turtur iungit amanda ſuo.

* Sic iurare ſolent, ſed non ſeruare puellæ. *Lucian.*

FINIS.

A Poem deſcribing the leuitie of a *woman: reſeruing all generous reſpect* to the vertuouſly affected of *that Sexe.*

FIrſt I feare not to offend,
A very thing of nothing,
Yet whom thus farre I commend,
She's lighter then her clothing:
Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,
Her very Fan will weigh her downe:
And marke how all things with her Sexe agree,
For all her vertues are as light as ſhe.

1.

She chats and chants but ayre,
A windie vertue for the eare,
T'is lighter farre then care,
And yet her ſongs do burthens beare.

2.

She dances, that's but mouing,
No heauie vertue here ſhe changes,
And as her heart in louing,
So her feete in conſtant ranges.

She ſoftly leanes on ſtrings,
She ſtrikes the trembling lute and quauers:

Theſe

Theſe are no weightie things,
Her ſtrokes are light, ſo are her fauours.
Thoſe are her vertues fitting to her kind,
No ſooner ſhowne, but they turnd all to wind.

Then to you, O Sexe of fethers,
On whoſe browes ſit all the wethers,
I ſend my Paſſion weau'd in rimes,
To weigh downe theſe light emptie times.

Deſcript.

WHat are you, O heires of ſcorning,
But like Dew that melts each morning;
Euening vapours, and nights prize,
To anſwer our voluptuous eyes:
And but to ſcreene that ſinnes delight,
I thinke there neuer had bene night.

Nor had we bene from vertue ſo exempt,
But that the tempter did leaue you to tempt.
You bit the Apple firſt that makes vs die,
Wheres'ere we looke the apple's *in our* eye,
And death muſt gather it; for your turn'd breath,
And mortall teeth e'en to the core *ſtrucke death.*

FINIS.

HIS ODES:

OR,

PHILOMELS TEARES.

Odes *in ſtraines of ſorrow tell*
Fate and fall of euery fowle,
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owle;
Whence you may obſerue how ſtate
Rais'd by pride, *is raz'd by* hate.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker.
1621.

TO THE GENEROVS, INGENIOVS, AND IVDICIOVS PHILALETHIST, *Thomas Ogle* Eſquire: the *ſucceeding iſſue of his diuineſt wiſhes.*

VNknowne to you *I am, yet knowne I am*
*To th'*better *part of* you, *your vertuous name;*
Which like a precious odour *hath infus'd*
Your loue *ſo much in* me, *as I haue chus'd*
Your ſelfe, to patronize what I haue writ,
Whoſe name I thought had power to ſhelter it.
I grant indeed, Smooth * Eagle *for your* name,
Includes that Sun-reflecting (Anagram)
Theſe birds *which in my* Odes *their fates diſplay,*
Are ſome *night-birds, as* others *of the day;*
Which in my iudgement, tenders more delight,
To ſee how ſin's orecurtained by night,
Whereas the day *ſends forth his golden raies,*
And ſhewes ſuch birds *as chant their* maker's *praiſe.*
Which Morall, *as it ſuites theſe times of ours,*
I do diſclaime my right in't, it *is yours,*
If you eſteeme it worthie to obtaine
Your approbation: This is all our ayme.

R. B.

* Sic tereti curſu repetit ſpiracula montis
Aquila, quæ valles ſpernit, vt alta petat.
Sol radios mittit, radioſq; reflectit ocellis;
Aquila ſis viſu ſemper (Amice) tuo. *Alcyat. in Emblem. Samb. ibid. Plin. in Nat. Hiſt. Ælian. ibid. Greg. in Mor. expo. in Iob.*

THE TRAVELLOVR, DILATING VPON THE ſundrie changes of humane affaires, *moſt fluctuant when appearing* moſt conſtant.

AN ODE.

TEll me man, what creature may
Promiſe him ſuch ſafe repoſe,
As ſecure from hate of foes,
He may thus much truly ſay,
Nought I haue I feare to loſe,
No miſchance can me diſmay;
Tell me, pray thee (if thou can)
If the *woreld* haue ſuch a man!

Tell me, if thou canſt diſcerne
By thy reaſons excellence,
What man for his prouidence,
Of the *Piſmire* may not learne:
Yet that creature hath but ſenſe,
Though ſhe do her liuing earne,
Spare, not coſtly, is her fare,
Yet her *granar* ſhewes her care!

Tell me, canſt thou ſhew me him,
That exact in each deuice,
Is at all times truly wiſe,
And is neuer ſeene to ſwim
(For in this his iudgement lies)
Gainſt the current of the ſtreame,
But ſeemes to haue full command,
Of each thing he takes in hand!

Tell me, was there euer knowne
Such a man that had a wit,
And in ſome part knew not it,
Till at laſt conceited growne,
He grew prowder then was fit,
Euer boaſting of his owne;
For that *Maxime* true we know,
" *He that's wittie, knowes him ſo!*

Tell me, is that *man* on earth,
Whoſe affaires ſo ſtable are,
As they may for all his care,
Fall not croſſe and crabdly forth,
And of ſorrowes haue no ſhare,
Which deſcend to man by birth;
What is he can promiſe reſt,
When his mind's with griefe oppreſt!

Tell me, is there ought ſo ſtrong,
Firmely-conſtant, permanent,
Or on *earth* ſuch true content,
As it fadeth not ere long:
Is there ought ſo excellent,

As

As it changeth not her ſong,
And in *time* that all deuoures,
Mixeth ſweets with ſharpeſt ſoures !

Tell me, who is he that ſhines
In the height of Princes loue,
Sitting minion-like with *Ioue*,
Glorying in thoſe golden times,
But he feares ſomething may moue
His diſtaſt by whom *He* climbes :
Wherefore he that feares to fall,
Should forbeare to climbe at all !

Tell me, where is *Fortune* plac'd,
That ſhe may not men beguile,
Shrowding frownes with fained ſmile ;
Where is *He* ſo highly grac'd,
Shewing greatneſſe in his ſtile,
Hath not bene in time out-fac'd,
By ſome *riuall*, where ſtill one
Striues to put another downe !

Tell me, then what life can be
More ſecure, then where report
Makes vs onely knowne to th' Court,
Where we leade our liues ſo free,
As we're ſtrangers to reſort,
Saue our priuate familie ;
For I thinke that *dwelling beſt*,
Where leaſt cares diſturbe our reſt !

THE NIGHTINGALL.

2. ODE.

IVg, IVg; faire fall the *Nightingall*,
Whoſe tender breaſt
Chants out *her* merrie *Madrigall*,
With *ſtawthorne* preſt:
Te'u, Te'u, thus ſings ſhe euen by euen,
And repreſents the melodie in heauen;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wiſh.

Rape-defiled *Phylomel*
In her ſad miſchance,
Tells what ſhe is forc'd to tell,
While the *Satyres* dance:
Vnhappie I, quoth ſhe, vnhappie I,
That am betraide by *Tereus* trecherie;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wiſh.

Chaſt-vnchaſt, defloured, yet
Spotleſſe in heart,
Luſt was all that *He* could get,
For all his art:
For I nere attention lent
To his ſuite, nor gaue conſent;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wiſh.

Thus

Thus hath faithleſſe *Tereus* made
Heartleſſe *Phylomele*
Mone her in her forlorne ſhade,
Where griefe I feele :
Griefe that wounds *me* to the heart,
Which though gone, hath left her ſmart;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wiſh.

THE LAPWING.

3. *ODE.*

VNhappie I to change my *aerie* neſt,
For this ſame *mariſh* dwelling where I reſt,
Wherfore my ſong while I repeate,
I'le cloſe it vp ;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Euery Cowheard driuing his beaſts to graze,
Diſturbs my reſt, *me* from my *neſt* doth raiſe,
Which makes my young take vp this ſong,
To wreake my wrong ;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Thou ſubtile *Stockdoue* that haſt cheated me,
By taking vp thy *neſt* where I ſhould be,
Haſt me and mine in perill ſet,

Whoſe ſong is fit;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Solely-retired, ſee I liue alone,
Farre from recourſe or ſight of any *one*,
And well that life would ſuite with me,
Were I but free;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Young-ones I haue, that thinking I am fled,
Do leaue their *neſt*, and run with *ſhell* on *head*,
And hauing found *me* out *we* cry,
Both they and I;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Creſt-curled mates why do you beare ſo long
The *Stockdoues* pride, that triumphs in your wrong
Let vs our ſignals once diſplay,
And make him ſay;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Too tedious hath our bondage bene I wis,
And onely patience was the cauſe of this,
Where if we would contract our power,
We'de ſing no more;
Rue yet, rue yet.

March on then brauely, as if *Mars* were here,
And hate no gueſt ſo much as *ſlauiſh feare*,
Let the proud *Stockdoue* feele your wing,
That he may ſing;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Let

Let none eſcape, though they ſubmiſſiue ſeeme,
Till you haue ſpoil'd and quite vnfether'd them,
So you ſhall make them vaile the wing,
And henceforth ſing;
Rue yet, rue yet.

THE OWLE.

4. *ODE.*

I A Kings daughter, ſee what *pride* may do,
In fatall *yewe* takes vp my forlorne ſeate,
The cauſe wherof was *this*, if you would know,
I would haue better bread then grew on wheate,
Though now a *Mouſe* be all the food I eate,
And glad I am when I can feed of it.

Ruff-curled necke, ſee I reſerue ſome ſhow
Of what I was, though far from *her* I was,
Wherein my boundleſſe *pride* ſo farre did grow,
That as in place I did the reſt ſurpaſſe,
So in the pureſt *beautie* of my face,
Courting my ſelfe in fancies looking-glaſſe.

Milke-bathed ſkin, ſee *wantons* what I vs'd,
To make my *ſkin* more ſupple, ſmooth, & ſleeke,

Wherein my natiue hue by *Art* abus'd,
I lay a new *complexion* on my cheeke,
Sending my *eyes* abroad ſuters to ſeeke,
And vying faſhions with each day i' th weeke.

Nought I affected more then what was rare,
" Beſt things (if common) I did diſeſteeme,
Seld was I breathd on by the publike ayre,
" *For thoſe are moſt admir'd are ſeldome ſeene,*
Which is, and hath a cuſtome euer bene,
" Such as come oft abroad, we vulgar deeme.

Thus ſelfe-admir'd I liu'd, till thus transform'd,
I got a *feature* fitting with my *pride:*
For I that ſcorned others, now am ſcorn'd,
Had in diſgrace, and in purſuite beſide;
May the like *fate* like ſpirits aye betide,
So worthleſſe honour ſhall be ſoone deſcride.

For *ruff* thick-ſet, a curle-wreathed *plume,*
Round 'bout my necke I weare, for *tyres* of gold
A downie *tuft* of *feathers* is my crowne,
For *fan* in hand my clawes a pearch do hold,
And for thoſe cates and dainties manifold,
" *A mouſe I wiſh, but wants her when I would.*

Be well aduis'd then *Minions,* what you do,
" Portray my *feature,* and make *vſe* of it,
What fell to *me* may likewiſe fall to you,
And then how daring-high ſo ere you ſit,
Nought but diſhonour ſhall your *pride* begit,
" Dead to report of *Vertue* as is fit.

THE

THE MERLIN.

5. *ODE.*

WHence *Niſus*, whence,
Is this the fate of kings,
For arme on Scepter,
To be arm'd with wings?
Poore ſpeckled *bird*, ſee how aſpiring may
Degrade the high, and their eſtate betray.

Once Fortune made
Niſus her fauorite,
And rer'd his throne
To ſuch vnbounded height,
That forreine ſtates admir'd what *he* poſſeſt,
Till ſlie *ambition* neſtled in his breaſt.

Till then how bleſt,
And after ſee how baſe
His *greatneſſe* fell,
When reft of Princely grace;
Thoſe many fleering *Paraſites* he gain'd,
In his ſucceſſe, not one in want remain'd

Cheſſes he weares
Now on his downie feete,

Where

Where once *guilt ſpurs*,
With ſtore of pearle ſet
Adorn'd his nimble heeles, and *hooded* now,
His *beuer* wants: this can *ambition* do.

Vp ſtill *he* mounts,
And muſt a pleaſure bring,
That once was king,
To meaner then a king;
Where *he*, who once had *Falkners* at command,
Is faine to picke his meate from *Falkners* hand.

Imperious *fate*,
What canſt not thou effect,
When thou perceiues
In man a diſ-reſpect
Vnto thy honour, which we inſtanc'd ſee,
In no one *Niſus* better then in thee!

But *ſtow* bird *ſtow*,
See now the game's a foote,
And white-maild *Niſus*,
He is flying to't;
Scepter, Crowne, Throne & all that Princely were
Be now reduc'd to *feathers* in the ayre.

THE

THE SWALLOW.

6. *ODE.*

YOu chatt'ring *Fleere*, you *Faune*,
you *ſommer-friend*,
Not following vs, but our ſucceſſe,
Will this your flatt'ring humour nere haue end,
Of all other meritleſſe?
Flie I ſay, flie, be gone,
Haunt not here to *Albion:*
She ſhould be ſpotleſſe, as imports her *name*,
But ſuch as *you* are borne to do her ſhame.

How many faire proteſts and ſolemne vowes,
Can your hatefull conſorts make,
Wheras (heauen knows) theſe are but only ſhows
Which you do for profit-ſake?
O then leaue our coaſt and vs,
Blemiſh'd by your foule abuſe,
Vertue can haue no being, nor could euer,
Where th'*Paraſite* is deem'd a *happy liuer.*

Tale-tattling goſſip, prone to carrie newes,
And ſuch newes are euer worſt,
Where falſe report finds matter, and renewes
Her itching humour till it burſt,

Where

Where each euen finds tales enough,
All the gloomie winter through,
To paſſe the night away, and oft-times tries,
That *truth* gets friendſhip ſeldomer then *lies*.

Spring-time when flowers adorne the chearefull (mede,
And each *bird* ſings on her ſpray,
When flowry groues with bloſſoms checkered,
And each day ſeemes a marriage day,
Chatt'ring *Swallow* thou canſt chuſe
Then a time to viſit vs;
Such are theſe fained friends make much vpon vs,
When we are *rich*, but being *poore* they ſhun vs.

The ſtormie *winter* with his hoarie locks,
When each branch hangs downe his head,
And icie flawes candies the ragged rocks,
Making *fields* diſcoloured,
Driues *thee* from vs and our coaſt,
Where in *ſpring-time* thou repo'ſt;
Thus thou remaines with *vs* in our delight,
But in our diſcontent th'art out of ſight.

Time-ſeruing *humoriſt* that faunes on Time,
And no merit doeſt reſpect,
Who will not loath that fees that vaine of thine,
Where deſerts are in neglect,
And the *good* is priz'd no more
Then the *ill*, if he be poore?
Thou art the rich mans claw-backe, and depends
No more on men, then as their *trencher-friends*.

Go

Go turne-taile go, we haue not here a *Spring*
For ſuch temporizing mates,
Pan's in our Ile, and he ſcornes *flattering;*
So thoſe *Guardians* of our States,
Who are early vp and late,
And of all, this *vice* doth hate:
Flie tell-tale, flie, and if thou wilt, complaine thee,
That Albyon's harſh, and will not entertaine thee.

THE FALL OF THE LEAFE.

7. *ODE.*

FLora where's thy beauty now,
Thou was while'om wont to ſhow?
Not a *branch* is to be ſeene,
Clad in *Adons* colour *greene;*
Lambkins now haue left their ſkipping,
Lawn-frequenting *Fauns* their tripping;
Earths bare breaſt feeles winters whipping,
And her brood the North-winds nipping.

Though the *Boxe* and *Cypreſſe* tree,
Weare their wonted liuerie,
And the little *Robin* ſcorne
To be danted with a ſtorme,
Yet the *Shepheard* is not ſo,
When *He* cannot ſee for ſnow,
Nor the *flocks* which he doth owe,
And in drifts are buried low.

Nor

Nor the *Grazer*, diſcontent
That his fodder ſhould be ſpent,
And when winter's ſcarce halfe-done,
All his ſtacks of hay are gone;
Nor the *Lawyer*, that is glad
When a *motion's* to be had,
Nor poore *Tom*, though he be mad;
"Cold makes *Tom* a *Bedlam* ſad.

Nor the *Webſter*, though his feete
By much motion get them heate,
Nor the knaue that curries leather,
Nor the croſſ-ledgg'd *Taylor* neither,
Nor at *glaſſ-worke*, where they doubt
Leſt their *coſtly fire* go out,
Nor the carefull carking *Lout*,
That doth toyle and trudge about.

No nor th' *Ladie* in her coach,
But is muff'd when *froſts* approach,
Nor the crazie *Citizen*,
But is furrd vp to the chin,
Oiſter-callet, ſlie *Vpholſter*,
Hooking *Huxſter*, merrie *Malſter*,
Cutting *Haxter*, courting *Roiſter*,
Cunning *Sharke*, nor ſharking *foiſter*.

Thus we ſee how *Fall of th'leafe*,
Adds to each condition griefe,
Onely two there be, whoſe wit
Make hereof a benefit;
Theſe, concluſions try on man,

Surgeon

" *Surgeon* and *Phyſician*,
While it happens now and than,
Kill then *cure* they ſooner can!

Now's their time when trees are bare,
Naked *ſcalps* haue loſt their haire,
Teeth drop out and leaue their gumms,
Head and eyes are full of rheumes,
Where if *Traders* ſtrength do lacke,
Or feele *aches* in their backe,
Worſe by odds then is the racke,
They haue *drugs* within their packe.

Thus the harſheſt ſeaſons come
In good *ſeaſon* vnto ſome,
Who haue knowne (as it is meete)
Smell of gaine makes labour ſweet:
But where labour reapeth loſſe,
There accrews a double croſſe;
Firſt, fond cares his braine doth toſſe,
Next, his gold reſolues to droſſe.

FINIS.

To my knowing and worthie eſteemed friend AVGVSTINE VINCENT, all meriting content.

Auguſtines Vincentius. Tute vincas ingenioſus.

MAy you be in
Your actions proſperous,
And as *ingenious*,
So victorious;
So may your *fate*,
Smile on your happie name,
And crowne you with,
A glorious *Anagram:*
While *Vertue*,
(Mans beſt luſtre) ſeemes to be,
That *ſtyle*, which ſtamps
You deepe in *Heraldrie.*

BRIT.

BRITTANS BLISSE.

A Pean of thankſgiuing for our long enioyed peace vnder a gracious Soueraigne.

PEace, Plentie, Pleaſure,
Honour, Harbour, Health,
Peace, *to encreaſe*
In ſubſtance and in wealth;
Plentie, *to praiſe,*
Heauens Soueraigne the more,
Pleaſure, *to ſolace vs*
Amidſt our ſtore,
Honour, *to guerdon*
Merit in our time,
Harbour, *to ſit*
Each vnder his owne vine,
Health, *to enioy*
A bleſſing ſo deuine,
Deriu'd from Ieſſes *roote*
And Dauids *line.*

Health, Harbour, Honour,
Pleaſure, Plentie, Peace,
Which from our Soueraigne
Haue their prime increaſe;
Health, *to performe*
Our diſtinct offices,
Harbour, *to ſhroud vs*
From extremities,
Honour, *to crowne*
The temples of deſert,
Pleaſure, *to cheare*
The intellectuall part,
Plentie, *to ſtore*
Our hopes *with all ſucceſſe,*
Peace, *to accompliſh*
Our full happineſſe.

All which, by heauens hand powr'd on *Albyon,*
Make vp a Catalogue to looke vpon;
That for ſo many quiet *Halcyon* dayes,
Her preciouſt *prize,* might be her Makers praiſe.

Pacis, honoris, amoris, Edena Britannica noſtri,
Rege regente bono, leta trophæa gerit.

Vpon

Vpon the worthie and ſincere Proficients and Profeſſants of the common Law; an Encomiaſtick Poem.

Law is the *line*,
Whoſe leuell is diſpatch,
A *lampe*, whoſe light ſhewes
Iuſtice what is right,
A *larke*, whoſe vnſeal'd eyes
Keepes early watch,
A *loome*, whoſe frame
Cannot be ſway'd by might,
A *liſt*, where truth
Puts iniury to flight;
Streight *line*, bright *lampe*,
Sweete *larke*, ſtrong *loome*, choice *liſt*,
Guide, ſhine, ſhield, guard,
And liue truths Martialiſt.

Law is the *ſterne*,
Which ſteares the ſhip of ſtate,
The glorious *ſtem*
Whence *Iuſtice ſciens* ſpring,
The chearefull ſtarre,
Which early ſhines and late,

The *ſtaffe*, whoſe ſtay
Supports the languiſhing,
The *ſtreame*, whoſe ſpring
Is euer cheriſhing;
Rare *ſterne*, rich *ſtem*, cleare *ſtarre*,
Firme *ſtaffe*, pure *ſtreame*,
Steere, cheare, direct, ſupport,
Refreſh the *meane*.

Bleſt then are *you*,
Who labour to redreſſe
The poore mans caſe,
And meaſure your contents
By ſhielding th'weake
From awfull mightineſſe,
Like graue *Profeſſants*,
Good *Proficients*,
Clozing with *equitie*
Your ioynt conſents;
'Tis you, 'tis you,
Who in this blemiſhd time,
Send out your lights
While other ſtarrs decline.

When Greece in glory flouriſh'd,
She did reare
Some *Images* neare
Iuſtice ſacred throne,

Which

Which to be *lame* and *blind*
Portrayed were,
As proper obiects
To be look'd vpon,
Implying what
In *Iuſtice* ſhould be done;
Blind to diſtinguiſh
Friend or foe, and *lame*,
From taking bribes,
To ſtaine *Aſtræas* name.

Cleare *lights*, pure *lamps*,
Rare *ſtemms*, rich *ſtreames* of life,
Who ſhine, beame, ſpring,
And draine your chriſtall courſe
From *Iuſtice* throne,
To coole the heate of ſtrife,
By curbing *aw* with *law*,
With *cenſure*, force,
To chaſtiſe with *reſtraint*,
Cheare with *remorſe*;
Long may *you* liue,
Since by your life *you* giue
Iuſtice new breath,
And make *her* euer liue.

Salus ciuitatis ſita eſt in legibus.

IN MOMVM.

QVid carpendo premis tua viſcera ferrea Mome?
Momus, Mimus *eris dum mea ſcripta premis.*
Haud curo inuidiam, mea ſpes tenuiſſima tuta eſt,
Nam tuta eſt tenuis vena, ſed alta minus.
Anguis es, & viridi latitans ſub fronde, venenum
Eijcis, exiguo tempore inermis eris.
Me paucis mal le à ſapientibus eſſe probatum.
Non ſum cui fortuna nocet, vel fata inuabunt,
Fata canunt magnis, non cecinere meis.
Non cecinere meis, licet iſta poemata magnis
(Si mihi vota fauent) ſint relegenda locis.

IN ZOILVM.

TExit vt exiguam ſubtilis Aranea *telam,*
*Zoile *ſic ſcriptis tela retorque meis.*
* Mercurium in lingua, non in pectore geris.
Torque, retorque, manet mea laus, mea gloria maior,
Quo magis exhauſta eſt gloria maior erit.
Vlciſcar ſcriptis: tua mens tuus vltor adibit,
Inuidiæ ſtimulis mens tua puncta tuis.
Pone miſer miſeræ monumenta miſerrima vitæ,
Vixiſti miſero more, miſerq. mori.

IN PARONEM.

PAro parem, nec habet nec habere optat,
Impar eſt præmijs, impar & laboribus;
Opera carpit mea ſtudijs aſſiduis,
Tacet, attamen aliena carpit;
Inuiſurum facilius quam imitaturum. Zeuxes.

O quantæ tenebræ tenuere locum,
Tuum, *Cymmerijs* inuolutum vmbris?
Vt minus afflares aliorum operibus,
Opera corrigis, emendare nequis;
Oleum & operam perdidit *Paro*
Per aurea ſecula tranſeat *Maro.*
Non plura referam, reticere iũuat,
Si tu maleuolam reprimes linguam,
Sin male dicendo pergas diſpergere
Hiſce teterrima crimina ſcriptis,
Scribam, liuorem irritare magis
Torquendo rigidi viſcera *Paronis.*

Vid. Martial. in. Lib. 3. Epigr. in Zoilum. Conuiua quiſquis Zoili poteſt eſſe, &c. ——rumpantur ilia *Codri* inuidia.

Creſcant & crepant. Vid. Apotheg.

AD INVIDVM.

Exeat Menippus.

I *Nuidus vlciſcens vltor ſibi maximus eſſet,*
Nam ſtupet ille malis ſic periendo ſuis.

AD SEIPSVM.

Intret Ariſtippus.

TV *tibi res ſolitus non te ſubiungere rebus,*
Me peritura doces ſpernere, ſpreta pati.

FINIS.

Danc'd are my Meaſures, *now I muſt repoſe,*
(Retire at leaſt) and laugh at vertues foes,
Who let them frowne, fume, fret, this is my Mot,
My ſpirit's *aboue their* ſpite ; *I feare them not.*

Faults are as obuious to bookes in Preſſe, as miſconſtruction after. Do me the ſauour to correct ſuch eſcapes with thy *pen* as are paſt in the *Print:* for *ſuch* as are more conſequent they are here noted, for the impertinent they are to thy diſcreeter iudgement referred.

Errata.

Pag. Tab. for ſubihct, reade in ſome coppies ſubiect. pag. 48. line vlt. for liuer. leaue. pag. 51. l. 15. for thas, r. that. p. 68. l. 16. for ſuppreſſed, r. ſuppreſt. p. 79. l. 14. for heare, r. feare. p. 110. l. vlt. for marks, marts. p. 160. l. 8. for excellent, r. exquiſite. p. 161. l. 1. adde, are euer to be. p. 164. for eminent, r. imminent. ibid. tit. ψεσδολ. ψεσδοφ. πολιγοτ. p. 209. in marg. adde, iſſue.

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